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THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

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MANAGER.

NEGRO PREACHERS OF DURHAM.

BY JAMES T. HENRY.

Almost all of the negroes in Durham are in one of the suburbs of the city known as Hayti. It is located on the southeastern side of the city and can be easily seen from the Southern railroad just after one leaves the depot going east. The population is about 3,000 or one-fourth of the entire population. It is composed of many small houses and narrow streets. There are some good residences and stores in the place and three very creditable churches. It is in this suburb that almost all the negro preachers reside.

The colored race about Durham need have no lack for preaching for there are about twenty preachers in Hayti alone, besides several others scattered over the town. In Hayti it often happens that you find two preachers living in the same house in order that they may be more intimate with one another, and that they may plan their work together.

Not one-half the preachers have regular charges, especially among the Baptists. They say the Lord called them and they have responded, but that men have failed to call them to fill any appointment. Several of the pastors have charges out of the city, for instance, three have charges in Raleigh, one in Hillsboro and one in Chapel Hill.

The pastors of the four leading churches are well educated and well read. Rev. L. D. Twine, the pastor of the Presbyterian church, was born and raised in Virginia. He was a poor boy and worked his way through the Lincoln University of Pennsylvania. He supported himself and mother at the time of going to school by doing odd jobs at whatever he could get to do. He is a good pastor and preacher, He has been in the ministry for eighteen years, during which time he has held appointments at Monroe, Thomasville, Winston, Reidsville and Durham. He has been at Durham for nine years. His congregation is said to be the most intelligent in Durham. It is not large but is composed of good, industrious negroes. Not one of his members has ever been charged with any serious misdemeanor. He has been quite successful as a church builder. He has very materially aided in the erection of many churches but does not know how many. He built the Presbyterian church in Hayti in less than one year's time. The church cost five thousand dollars and almost all of this was paid by the "sacrifice plan." "We did not depend on church festivals or any kind of side-shows." When the church was almost complete, but not paid for, he made a trip North where he preached and asked for help to be paid through the church Board. He only asked for enough money to be paid to him to bear his expense to the next town. He was quite fortunate in getting passes on railroads. He never paid fare for more than one half of his trip. When he came back to Durham he had checks to the amount of fifteen hundred dollars besides much help that was paid in through the church

Board. He found that he yet lacked two hundred dollars of having enough to pay the church entirely out of debt. He went to Mr. Washington Duke and Mr. George Watts and asked for that amount. They gave it to him and he was a happy man. His church is not well seated but meets all requirements very well. He hopes soon to be able to have it comfortably seated. He has a library of about two hundred well selected books. I give the names of a few :

Henry's Commentaries, Swedenborg, 2 volumes, Life of Christ, 9 volumes, Schaff's Church History, Trent's Parables and Miracles, Bacon's Essays, Analysis and Summary of Testament History, Cruden's Concordance, Barrows Sacerd Geograpy and Antiquities, Hitchcock's Analysis of the Bible, Buried Cities Recovered—De Hass, Hodge's Systematic Theology, Talmage's Works, Cooper, George Eliot, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Dickens, Wallace, Poe's Tales, De Foe, Scott, Shakspeare, Pope's Iliad, Burns, The Century, Harper and Scribner Magazines, Papers, Pulpit Treasury, Church at Home and Abroad, Evangelist, Presbyter and Herald, Presbyterian Journal, Independent A. H. Presbyterian, New York Tribune. He is continually adding to his library, and bids some day to have a most excellent stock of books.

He is quite systematic with his work. He has certain hours to study, certain hours to attend to his business not connected with his members, and certain hours to transact his business with his members and do his pastoral visiting. He does not vary from his regular program except in exceptional cases.

Rev. Twine's plan of general church work is good. He believes all the pastors should co-operate for the conversion of souls and then allow the converts to join the church of their own choice without the persuasion of the pastor.

He is a good revivalist; has had several hundred converted under his ministry. He has tied the matrimonial knot for almost one thousand persons and baptized over

fifteen hundred. He is very modest, gentlemanly, and commands the respect of all classes.

Rev. Walker, pastor of Hayti Methodist church was born in Wake county, N. C., and educated at Shaw University, graduating from that institution in 1893. He has a good library of well selected books, embracing about the same theological books that Rev. Twine has. He takes no magazines but takes "three or four leading papers," including the Durham Sun.

He has been in the regular ministry but five years and is not so systematic as Rev. Twine. He is quite egotistical and boastful of what he has done or may do. He spends most of his time in visiting his flock. He is fairly intelligent and will, no doubt, some day make a good minister.

Rev. Eaton, of the Baptist church, is a good preacher and much liked by his congregation. He has not so large or well selected library as some of the other ministers but reads and studies the books that he has to the best advantage. He is a close, hard student of the Bible and books explanatory of that Book of books. He is never done one sermon before he has several others partly worked up. He collects all he can bearing on the subject he wishes to talk on. He reads no magazines but takes several good papers. He is much interested in young people and their work. He is a man of good common sense and his church is to be congratulated on securing him as their pastor.

Rev. Roberts, pastor of the Methodist church near the cemetery, is not so well educated as some of the other ministers. He was born a slave near Richmond, Va., and at the age of fifteen was shipped with a drove to Wilmington, N. C., and sold to a farmer. The drove was shipped in a box car like so many cattle, save the car was not ventilated so well as a cattle car. At his master's death in 1857 he was hired out till January, 1865, and then sold to settle the estate. At this sale he was sold for less than

one hundred dollars. He thought he was no account or he would have brought more. He never once dreamed that he was almost a free man.

In August, 1856, he professed religion and soon felt it his duty to preach but could not decide to go at it till some time in 1869. When converted he could neither read nor write. He began praying the Lord to help him to learn to read and studied hard at night by pine torches. He longed to be able to read the Bible and in little more than a year's time he was able to read moderately well. He did not learn to write until 1875, when he was on a circuit in Alamance county. He there made his first effort and wrote to his wife who was then at Wilmington.

He has very few books and carries most of them with him as he travels around on his circuit. Reads no magazines and takes the Biblical Recorder and Durham Sun in order that he may keep abreast with the times.

He has no system about his work. He is irregular in all his duties, has no regular time for anything, except preaching. He spends most of his days in visiting. He is quite a pleasant fellow and is beloved by his people.

Of the ministers who have charges in other places we wish to say a word. The most intelligent of this class is one who lives in Hayti and works in Raleigh. He lives in Hayti on account of his wife's health. He owns a house and three lots in that suburb. He has a most excellent library of good books. He reads many good books and papers, takes three or four of the leading magazines, including North American Review and the Atlantic Monthly. He is a graduate of Dorge Institute, of Wilmington, N. C., where he was born and raised. He was converted when quite young and at once took an active hand in church work. He has filled charges in all the principal towns and cities in the State. He was presiding elder of the Morganton district for three years just before he was sent to Durham. He served the church here for two years and

while here built the Methodist church in Hayti, the best church of the colored people in Durham. He is now pastor of St. Paul's church, Raleigh, which has a membership of seven hundred. He has been quite successful in his work, having received into the church over two thousand persons. He has baptized nearly twenty-five hundred persons and married seven hundred and fourteen couples. He is sure of always getting up all of his conference assessments. In this line he has never fallen behind since he has been in the ministry. He has built seven good churches, besides ten smaller ones. He is quite successful in revival work. He realizes that he must have the Holy Spirit with him as he can not do God's work without God's power. He is quite a gentleman and no one is the worse off by knowing him.

The other ministers who have churches out of town have charges too small to pay enough to live upon. They work in one of the tobacco factories until Saturday noon and then leave for their charges. They return on Sunday night or soon Monday morning. They have little or no time to read. Some of them can not read and most of them have no books. None of them take papers that are published outside of Durham. They depend almost entirely on inspiration direct from God.

The ministers who have no charge work all the time in the factories, rarely ever preach. Some of them can neither read nor write and are preachers because they think it their duty. Their wives either cook for some one or take in washing, thus helping to clothe herself and help pay the house rent. When asked how they got up their sermons they invariably replied, "I think 'em out." One says he depends entirely on inspiration after he gets up to preach. "De great men ob de Bible could not read, you know, boss, and relied on de spirit." Of this class not one owns a home. All live in rented houses that are not comfortable. Their homes show no evidence of care or happy home life.

The most interesting character that I found was Rev. Markham, of Hayti. He was born in Edenton, N. C., and ran away to Ohio when he was sixteen or eighteen years old. He went with two young Quakers. He did not stop long in Ohio but went on to Canada. He has often seen a boat load of refugee slaves land in Canada, who had run away from the South by way of the underground railroad or some other sly route. He came back to North Carolina when Holden was governor. He began preaching in what is now Hayti. In 1869 he made a brush shelter where the Methodist church now stands. The north side of the street was then an old field and the south side was in woods. He carried the brush across the road and built his arbor. There was at that time not a colored Methodist in the place. He preached four or six weeks and had thirteen to join his church. Most of his converts joined other churches. He joined the first African Methodist Conference held in the State, which convened in Greensboro in '69 or '70.

He has been superannuated five years. He was superannuated without his consent. It was a trick of his presiding elder to work in some young preachers in whom he was interested. Markham had been on the Morganton circuit. One of his charges was forty miles away in the mountains. He was sick with rheumatism on one occasion, and failed to make his monthly visit to this church. The elder censured him most severely for not going anyhow. When the Conference convened the elder had him superannuated on the ground of disability. The Bishop advised against it but the young preachers voted him out. He is now strong and resides in the shadow of the church that he founded almost a generation ago. He is a kind and genteel negro and is much beloved by all who know him.

VACATION EXPERIENCES OF TWO COLLEGE STUDENTS.

BY "AGENT."

Near the close of the summer two college students who had been canvassing during vacation, the one for fruit trees, the other for books, happened to get together and in their conversation each gave an account of what he considered the richest and raciest experiences he had had during the season. The book agent was a compactly built, wiry young man with coal-black hair, brown eyes, and a winning smile. The fruit tree agent, on the other hand, was a large, fleshy man, with light hair and gray eyes. His face showed deliberation and his easy, self-confident air seemed to imply that success was his for the asking—at least in his own estimation. We will let these two men tell their experiences in their own words.

“Why, hello, John! Wasn’t expecting to see you here! Glad to see you tho’. Which way are you beating?”

“Well, Jim, old boy, I too am surprised at this meeting. I certainly am glad to find a Trinity boy in this forsaken country. I’m just on my way home from R—— Co., Va., where I have been for the last six weeks acting as salesman for a nursery down in my county. Where have you been and what have you been doing?”

“Oh! I have been in almost the same boat with you! I’ve been selling books for a Richmond Publishing Company in A—— Co., N. C. It’s a bad business, let me tell you, and if I ever get forgiven for this summer’s escapade I hope somebody will take me to Cuba if I ever try anything like it again. Did you like your business?”

“Yes, fairly well. I had a great deal of experience and that’s worth something, they say, and besides I was in a mountainous county tramping, and pure, cold water helped me very much. The people were very kind to me, in truth the most hospitable among whom I ever had the good fortune to travel, and of course that fact made matters

very much better for me. Altho' as a general thing I fared exceptionally well, yet it takes all kinds of people to make a world, you know, and I know of no way in which more kinds can be seen in the same length of time than by traveling as an agent. And so at times I was treated rudely enough. For instance, on one of the hottest days of the summer, when the thermometer was standing near 100, I climbed a mountain of considerable height, with the sun pouring its intensely hot rays down fairly and squarely on my back; my path was a narrow, rocky way which wound around this way and that to escape large boulders. This same path was liable to lose me at any time, and did so without further provocation as soon as I reached the top of the mountain. But I could see houses in the valley and made a break for them the best way I could. Soon I got tangled in the woods on the mountain side, then disentangled myself the best I could and kept going. About noon I was glad to reach a decent looking house and entered the gate with the settled conviction that I was going to get a good dinner at that place. How subject to disappointment are human hopes! I knocked at the door and an old woman with a look on her face that would turn sweet milk responded; 'Good morning!' said I, lifting my hat, and smiling my blandest smile. 'Is your husband at home?' 'Yaas,' drawled she, 'my old man is on the front piazza and you ken go round thar and see him. What might your name be?'

'Oh, I beg your pardon,' I replied in soothing tones, 'Smith is my name, and I'll go round and see your husband.'

'I started 'round the house, but alas! just as I was going 'round the corner the lady spied my hand-satchel which contained my outfit, and sang out: 'Say you ar agent?' That was a stunner and nearly paralyzed me and I did'nt know exactly how to meet it, but I put on a confident air and very distinctly told her that I was an agent,

a fruit-tree agent. Her answer was not long in coming: 'Wal, you needn't go to see my old man, he ain't a wantin' to see no agents.' And straightway her old man lent evidence to her testimony by raising his voice from somewhere in the interior of the house, and piping out the same sentiment in regard to agents in general and fruit-tree agents in particular. And as hot and tired as I was and lonesome as my breakfast was, I then had to walk a mile and a half, a great part of the way up hill, to another house before I could get dinner. The people there received me very kindly and finally gave me a dinner which you can imagine I greatly enjoyed, for I had to wait until they could prepare it as I got in too late for their regular meal.'

"That wasn't so bad, not nearly so tough an experience as I had once. I struck a house late one afternoon and asked the lady who met me at the door if I might stay all night. She referred me to the man of the place, her son-in-law, who was down in the field, and I went down, found the man, and asked him if he could accommodate a stranger for the night. He said it was all right with him if the women folks didn't object, and so I decided to stay, supposing that everything was as it should be. Early next morning I was awakened from a dreamless sleep by a great commotion in the kitchen downstairs. Such arguing and quarrelling is not to be heard every day. And what do you suppose it was about? Why, the man, his wife, and his mother-in-law were all mad and each of them was accusing one of the others of having permitted me to stay, the man declaring that it was his mother-in-law's fault, the mother-in-law asserting it was her daughter's good-for-nothin' doings, and the wife laying the awful charge to her mother. Soon the man uttered his convictions in unmistakable terms and took his departure through the back door. Then the two women tried to decide who was to get breakfast for me, the one declaring that the other was the cause of my being there and that she had to

get breakfast, and the other making counter-charges. What a predicament I was in! By this time I had dressed and at this juncture made uncerimoniously my appearance in the kitchen. I assumed a very dignified, haughty air, and in a tone which indicated that I was very much hurt at what had occurred, I said: 'I staid here because I thought I was welcome, but now I have been awakened by this wrangling over who is responsible for my stay. Tell me what I owe you and I'll pay you and get away from such a place? At this both women began to weep, declining any pay whatever, and the mother begged me to stay till I could get breakfast. A woman's tears always did make a fool of me and so I consented to stay; you see I thought I had given them enough trouble already, from previous indications, without making them feel worse than they already did about their treatment of me. After breakfast each again refused to accept pay, and so I departed and shook the dust of that place from my feet as I went.'

"That was a rough experience, sure enough. Did you usually have trouble in finding places to stay at night? The people I was among treated me as well (perhaps better!) as if they had been knowing me all their life. They counted it almost a sin for a man to refuse to entertain a stranger.'

"My people were quite different. They were not so anxious to entertain angels unawares as those you speak of seem to have been. Mine were 16 to 1—16 that wouldn't keep you to 1 that would. So much for men, 'to say nothing of the dogs.' Dogs are the great enemies of agents of any kind, you know. Every time a man in the county I canvassed sees an agent coming he begins to whistle for his dog. You seem to have fared so well with people, how about dogs?"

"Oh, I had quite dogged experiences, too. The only reason the calf of my right leg is whole now is due to the

fact that the cur that snatched hold of it had lost his natural teeth and hadn't then had a set of 'store-bought' ones put in. He did what he could, however, and I for one was willing to let him off with them. Another time I got hot under the collar, not so much at the canines as at the feminine of the *genus homo*. I went up to a house and three fierce looking dogs of various complexions came rushing down upon me. I saw the lady of the house on the porch and yelled very vociferously and asked if the dogs would bite. I was wanting information and I was wanting it badly. She seemed to rise to the occasion and casually informed me that the *black* one would bite. That was comforting, to say the least. I grew wrathful, decided that that wasn't the house I was looking for at all, hurriedly enquired the way to the next, and beat a guarded retreat with my best eye on the black dog and a tight grip on my umbrella handle, and with not the best wishes for the well-fare of the lady.'

"Was that time you mentioned when you climbed the mountains the only time you got lost?"

"No, not by any means! Whenever I got directions to go to a place, and the man added as he finished the directions, 'You can't miss the way,' I took that as a sure sign that I was going to get lost. But it is time for me to move on. I'll tell you next time I see you about getting lost and about the time I spent the night with a truly typical mountaineer, who lived with his innumerable family in his one-roomed log cabin on the side of a mountain of the Blue Ridge, and other experiences, and want to hear more of yours."

"Good night!"

"So long!"



HON. JAMES H. SOUTHGATE.
President Board of Trustees, Trinity College.

SOUTHERN STUDENTS' CONFERENCE.

BY W. N. PARKER.

What more beautiful or appropriate place could have been selected for a gathering of Christian young men than was the Blue Ridge city of Asheville, with its picturesque and ever-changing scenery, with its clear mountain streams and its cloud-capped peaks, which seemed to unite heaven and earth. Look where you would you could discern the hand of God. It was an ideal place for a band of Christian young men to meet together to learn more of their God and of His teachings. Those having in charge the selection of a place were so fortunate as to secure the buildings and grounds of the Bingham School, which is located about three miles from the business portion of Asheville, on one of the foot hills overlooking the French Broad river. A more suitable place than this could not have been found, for it was out where there was no noise and bustle of business to disturb the solemnity of the occasion.

Perhaps it would not be amiss for me to stop just here and give you an idea as to the purpose of this Conference, for no doubt there are many who are not acquainted with it. The object of the Students' Conference is to develop trained Christian workers in our universities and colleges, and to this end the strongest men to be found in the north, south and west are invited to speak and teach at these gatherings. Some of the speakers and teachers at the last Conference were Bishop Hendrix, of Kansas City, Mo.; Dr. Vance, of Nashville; Dr. Pearson, of Asheville, and Messrs. Speer and Brockman, who are so well known in connection with the Y. M. C. A. work.

At the Conference this year every Southern State was represented except Florida, and the total attendance was 134. Out of the different delegations the two largest were those of the University of Mississippi and Trinity, they

having each sent six men to represent them. The inspiration gained from the meetings and from mingling with the Christian men from all parts of our Southland, was a rare one and one not soon to be forgotten.

This Conference is no place for a man to go who is not willing to do good, solid work. It is not the place to be sought by mere pleasure seekers, for you are expected to study, take lectures and recite just as you do at college. In order that you may have some idea as to the work done here, I give you a schedule of recitations for one day as I find it in my note book: At 7:30 a. m., Missionary Institute; 8:30, Devotional Bible Class; 9:30, College Conference; 11:00, Platform Meeting; at 7:30 p. m., Life Work Conference, and at 8:00, Platform Meeting. It was thought that better work could be done if the students took exercise, so the afternoons were given over to outdoor games. There was an experienced athletic instructor who had charge of these grounds and who had classes in the gymnasium. On one afternoon the delegates were so fortunate as to secure a permit to the grounds of the Vanderbilt estate, which is located about five miles from Asheville.

If there was any one feature of the Conference from which we derived the most good, and which left a deeper impression on our minds, it was the Life Work Conference, which met at sunset out on the hill overlooking the French Broad. There we sat about on the grass in the still twilight and listened to earnest Christian men speak on the motives which should influence us in choosing our life work. And if all the inspiration gained from the other features of the Conference should be forgotten by us, we shall never forget the lasting impressions made upon our hearts and minds during those evening hours.

THE HACKS AND HACKMEN OF DURHAM.

BY H. M. NORTH.

There are twenty or more licensed hackmen in the town of Durham, eighteen of which have been interviewed with reference to the writing of this paper. Fourteen of these are negroes and four are of the white race. Of the whole number, sixteen are married, two white boys being single. Only one man out of the whole lot was born in Durham. All are natives of this State except one, who came from Virginia. Orange claims a larger number, as her sons, than any other county. There are eight Methodists among them, two Baptists, two Presbyterians, and four or five with no church affiliations at all. One old man has been in the hack service for sixteen years, but the greater part of the men have been in the business only two or three years. About two-thirds of the drivers use their own horses and carriages. The others work for their employers, who furnish everything and take half of the receipts. Very little capital is required to work in this sort of business. The horses used in connection with these hacks cost from twenty to fifty dollars. Most of them amble along in a painful manner, and look as though they had served their time and had earned a place among the superannuated. They all appear to be built on the Gothic style of architecture. The hacks are mostly phaetons and surries that have been cast off by livery stables and private citizens. They cost from fifteen all the way up to thirty-five or forty dollars.

The hacks have usually two seats, the front one being reversible. When both of these are occupied, the driver is compelled to crouch down on his knees in the foot of the vehicle. The back and side curtains may be removed at pleasure, leaving a cover for the top, after the manner of a surry. This gives to the rig a summer look. At times these curtains become frayed and torn, and when our

driver is hurrying along at his greatest speed, they flap and dance as you have seen the bark of a sycamore tree when tossed by the winter wind. Although these carriages are not of the finest order, still when you consider that they are mostly the property of negroes, they show up pretty well, being altogether in keeping with the pavement of the streets, and with the other surroundings in general. Whenever Durham will demand something better, and is willing to pay for it, she will get it.

One man says that he can keep his horse in running order for one dollar and a half per week, while another requires two dollars and a half. The reason for this difference may be seen in the fact that the first mentioned horse, not being burdened with flesh, can be more easily kept in "running order." It is the old story of the "lean hound for the long chase." Horses and men have associated together until they look somewhat alike. They differ in this particular, however, that the horses are lean while the men are fat. Often we see the knees of the poor jades sprung forward, owing to long walking on hard, uneven pavements. Patient beasts they are. Many years ago some of them were doubtless fiery steeds with quivering limb, distended nostrils and flashing eyes. But their fiery ardor has long since been extinguished by the drizzling rain on "Lambe's corner." The once lithe and active limb is now warped and swollen, the flashing eye now sunken and dull—the small ears, once laid forward in eagerness and expectation, now lie backward in a spirit of resignation to the powers that be.

Ten dollars per year is the amount paid for license to run a hack. There was only one man who said that he did not consider the rate too high. It is worthy of note that this man is a local Methodist preacher, and possibly the most cheerful of all the drivers. They claim that it is unjust for Durham to charge a higher license than Raleigh and the other large towns of the State. The rates for

carrying passengers in Durham are, ten cents for anywhere in the city by day, and twenty-five at night; and fifteen cents for outside the incorporate limits by day, and twenty-five and fifty at night. The hackmen say that if they were to charge a higher rate that they could give much better service to their patrons. There is an unwritten law among them not to cut rates; but rather than to lose a customer they do cut a little sometimes. They know that some other fellow will cut if they do not.

Those who have lately begun the business profess to like it very well. Some few are indifferent. The larger part, however, say that they are barely able to earn a living. Not a single one will own up to the fact that he is growing rich. There are two who do not own their turnouts, and are laying by something to buy them with, or paying for them on the installment plan. The others declare that when they have to contend with high license, low fares, strong competition, and are at the expense of keeping a horse, it is impossible for them to think about saving money. A middle-aged negro, with six children, said that his family required all of his spare money, but that he did not care for this, as he would rather give up anything else in the world than his children and his religion. He did not say how about his wife.

Occasionally trouble is found in collecting the fare. Almost all of them agreed that the young white men, or the "sports," are the worst pay in the city. The poorer class of people are the best to pay, either because they are naturally more honest, or because they fear that they will never be trusted again. The hackmen say that since there is a law compelling them to pay their license, that common justice should require all patrons to pay their fare. There is some point to this.

The negroes seemed to be very much pleased at the thought of being interviewed by a reporter. They had an idea that it would work them a good in the way of an

advertisement. One fellow apparently thought that he was going to be arrested or drawn up some where. A young white man refused to tell anything at all about his affairs. He did not want his name to go down on the list. Whether he had a natural aversion to have his life made public, or felt a delicacy in having his name put down with the colored brethren of the order, or whether he believed that he was about to be conscripted for the Spanish war, it is difficult for us to say. A certain negro, on being asked what church he belonged to, answered that he was a Methodist. "Now, Boss," he says, "you know I can't exactly say I'm a member of the Methodist church, but I've got my name just kinder 'tached to it, you know."

Another said that he was born at the University. He says that Chapel Hill is the garden spot of the whole land, and the front yard of the State. Although he owns his turnout, he says that he is tired of the business; that it interferes with his religion, and that no man can be a christian and at the same time be a hack driver. Abuse on the part of unruly passengers, and temptation to work on Sunday, when he ought to be at church, are too much for him. He says that he would much rather quit and be a common day-laborer.

The hackmen generally are orderly and well behaved. One of them says that he is now twenty-five years old, and that he has never been drunk, never been called up before a court.

Possibly the greatest curiosity on the whole list is an old white man. He has just begun the work and is hopeful of great results. He is really a grown up child. His stammering is painful. He says that he is forty-eight years old going on forty-nine. He used to drink a great deal, but has now reformed. He says that he ought to be a better man, as he realizes that he is old and may drop off at any time. As the writer turned away the hackman added: "Be certain to tell 'em to ride with me, for I can c-c-comidate 'em as good as anybody."

There are few towns, especially in the South, with the population of Durham, which have as many private carriages and coachmen as are found here. This is very hard on the hack driver, as it cuts off from him all of the wealthier element of the city. The phrase "on the street" is a technical term which the cabbies use to distinguish the public from the private hackmen. Of course those in private service usually get more money and dress finer than those "on the street."

The character of their business requires the hackmen to be genial and polite. But aside from that they seem to be naturally inclined to amiability. A few of them have a sleepy, vacant stare, which apparently arises either from repeated disappointments, or having to be on the go at all hours of the night. The larger number have a pleading, wistful look, which has been cultivated for a long time by striving to gain the attention of some foot-passengers on the further side of the street.

Of course there are ups and downs in this vocation as in all others, but taking everything into consideration, there are many things in which a man may engage, with far worse results, and a much harder life, than driving a Durham hack.



BENEATH THE STARS.

BY D. W. MEWSOM.

Alone I stand, with darkness closed about,
 Through boundless realms of night my vision sweeps;
 Silent I stand, in ignorance and doubt,
 A new thought starts, from wonder on it leaps!
 Infinite Being, Infinite Time and Space,
 Whose mighty voice ten thousand spheres obey,
 How little need I hope e'er to embrace
 Of that broad domain which mine eyes survey!
 I who in silence dwell within a home,
 Of many, one, within the village bounds;
 The village one through which the breezes roam
 From Blue Ridge shim'ring smoke to silent Sounds.
 And when I think that e'en our stretching state
 Stands only one amid the kindred group,
 The group itself but one 'mid nations great
 That span our world, and on through stillness scoop
 The depths of space. And then the mighty world
 But one faint glimmer of light that ever streams
 From countless spheres which rush with trembling whirl—
 One far-off ray 'mid universal gleams!
 Ah, when on this I dwell, the thought doth whip
 My being to nothingness.

But sweet to know
 That in me dwelleth that which can outstrip
 Remotest flight of sense; whose eyes oft go
 Beyond the gleaming realms where starry sentinels
 Forever keep their silent watch, and catch
 The joy of being.

WILLIAM W. HOLDEN.

BY W. K. BOYD.

PART III.—RECONSTRUCTION TO CANBY CONSTITUTION.

The series of events that followed the surrender of the Confederate army are so closely interwoven with the legal and constitutional development of the Nation as well as with that of the South, that a concise and adequate view of the period embracing the years 1865 to 1870 is the most tantalizing task that a student of American institutions might undertake. In this discussion no claim is made to present a final estimate of Reconstruction, State or National. Only those facts will be discussed that are more or less reflected in the life of Mr. Holden, facts that demand the consideration of every dispassionate enquirer into North Carolina's contribution to the progress of the Nation. But in the beginning may the reader pardon one criticism upon the popular conception of the period about to be discussed? Nearly every one who has spoken or written of these years of trial has portrayed them in the very darkest colors, attributed to them not a few evils of the present, imaginary and otherwise. The sins of "carpet-baggers," "scallawags" and "radical misrule" and the offenses of the ignorant freedmen are unfortunately still the themes of as bitter partisanship as ever graced the campaign of 1876. Shall we ever be free from "the weariness, the fever, and the fret" of the dark days of Reconstruction?

The mistake has been and yet is, that the problem of Reconstruction was not so much one of social equality of the Caucasian with an inferior race, but the paramount issues were constitutional. While legislators were devoting time and talent to the legal and constitutional reconstruction of the Union, the attention of the multitude was turned to the status of the emancipated slave. In many instances strife and crime were precipitated by the unprin-

cipled office-seeker or the well meaning but ignorant descendants of abolition. At least an insane disdain and hatred for everything black "from Touissaint to the Devil" culminated in the Ku Klux outrages. These secret clans organized for mutual protection from criminals in localities where the civil authority was too weak to be effective, finally developed into a political organization for the suppression of the new suffragers. It was forgotten that questions of "social equality," questions which deal with humanity in the concrete, "make problem not for head but heart." Consequently the restoration of the Southern States to their sovereignty was delayed. Before a relation of events in North Carolina during this period, some consideration must be given to the attitude of the law makers of the Nation toward the States that were to be re-admitted to the Union.

The problems connected with the restoration of the Union to its former dimensions were the most serious that ever claimed the attention of Congress. It is no wonder then that those entrusted to the task should hold conflicting opinions as to the work in hand. Briefly stated, two theories demanded the attention of Congress. One may be called the "restoration" theory, its genesis was in the mind of Lincoln—the other, that of "reconstruction," a conception of existing conditions held exclusively by the President's opponents. So the issue of the time, from a standpoint of legislation, was one of administration and executive supremacy, Congress or the President? The central point in the struggle was the status of the seceding States, and the history of Reconstruction may be said to begin with Lincoln's inaugural. All eyes were directed to the President-elect and his position regarding the affected States. The only expression on the question of the hour in his address was as follows:*

*For facts concerning Congressional Debates, the author is indebted to S. S. Cox's "Three Decades of Federal Legislation," and E. G. White's "Reconstruction During the Civil War."

“It follows from these views that no State, upon its own mere notion, can lawfully get out of the Union; that resolves and ordinances to that effect are legally void; and that acts of violence, within any State or States, against the authority of the United States, are insurrectory or revolutionary, according to circumstances. I therefore consider that in view of the Constitution and the laws, the union is unbroken.”

The President's notion was then, that a seceding State was yet in the Union. “Once in the Union, always in.” But the Union's attitude in case of rebellion was not stated.

At first Lincoln was given entire support in his conduct toward the South and also in his views as to a State's relation to the Union. But harmony did not long remain. The first evidence of division of opinion was on July 22, 1861, when Representative Crittenden introduced the following resolution:

“That the present deplorable civil war has been forced upon the country by the dis-unionists of the Southern States, now in arms against the constitutional government and in arms around the capitol; that in the National emergency, congress, banishing all feelings of mere passion or resentment, will recollect only its duty to the whole country; that this war is not waged on our part in any spirit of oppression or for any purpose of conquest or subjugation, or purpose of overthrowing or interfering with the rights or established institutions of those States, but to defend and maintain the supremacy of the constitution, and to preserve the Union with all its dignity, equality, and rights of the several States unimpaired; and that as soon as these objects are accomplished the war ought to cease.”

This resolution passed with only two dissenting votes. A few days later Andrew Johnson introduced a similar resolution in the Senate. It was adopted. But on December 4, less than five months later, the resolution was again offered in the House and was tabled, the vote standing seventy-one ayes and sixty-five nays. At the same time Charles Sumner introduced in the Senate a resolution declaring that:

“Any vote of Secession or other act by which any State may undertake to put an end to the supremacy of the Constitution within its territory, is inoperative and void against the Constitution and when maintained by force it becomes a practical abdication by the State of all rights under the Constitution while the treason which it involves still further works an instant forfeiture of all those functions and powers essential to the contin-

ued existence of the State as a body politic. So that from that time forward the territory falls under the exclusive jurisdiction of Congress as other territory, and the State being, according to the language of the law, *felo-da se*, ceases to exist."

Although no action was taken upon this resolution, it foreshadows the future policy of Congress, executed with martial force. The lines were being drawn. Congress was falling into a mood foreshadowed by Thaddeus Stevens when he said :

"Mr. Speaker, I thought the time had come when the laws of war were to govern our action; when constitutions, if they stood in the way of the laws of war in dealing with the enemy, had no right to interfere." (Aug. 2, 1861.)

It is impossible here to trace the growth of that spirit that caused Congress to ignore the indestructibility of the State. It was due to the unusual authorities exercised by Congress during the war, the numerous appropriations and confiscation bills, the border State issues, and the thousand and one questions involved in military operations. Perhaps one of the most important of these influences was the emancipation of slaves, an act that transcended many constitutional technicalities. In January, 1863, Thaddeus Stevens in prophetic words portrayed the future policy of Congress :

"I desire to say," he said, "that I know perfectly well . . . I do not speak the sentiments of this side of the House as a party. I know more than that; that for the last fifteen years I have always been a step ahead of the party I have acted with in these matters; but I have never been so far ahead, with the exception of the principles I now enunciate, but that the members of the party have overtaken me and gone ahead; and they will again overtake me, and go with me, before this infamous and bloody revolution is ended. They will find that they cannot execute the Constitution in the seceding States, that it is a total nullity there, and that this war must be carried on upon principles wholly independent of it. They will come to the conclusion that the adoption of the measures I advocated at the outset of the war, the arming of the negroes, the slaves of the rebels, is the only way left on earth in which these rebels can be exterminated. They will find that they must treat those States now outside of the Union as conquered provinces and settle them with new men, and drive the present rebels as exiles from this country; for I tell you they have the pluck

and endurance for which I gave them credit a year and a half ago, in this side of the House, nor by the people in the free States. They have such determination, energy and endurance that nothing but actual extermination or exile or starvation will ever induce them to surrender to this government. I do not now ask gentlemen to endorse my views, nor do I speak for anybody but myself; but in order that I may have some credit for sagacity, I ask that gentlemen will write this down in their memories. It will not be two years before they call it up, or before they will adopt my views, or adopt the other alternative of a disgraceful submission by this side of the country."

Another doctrine of the supporters of the Congressional policy was the centralization of authority in Congress. In a debate on the confiscation of rebel property, Mr. Morrill of Maine noted that the Nation was in general hostility and that it had the power of defense. He then enquired in what particular department of the government this authority was vested. The answer, he declared, to be in Congress itself.

"In the contingency of actual hostilities the nation assumes a new and extraordinary character, involving new relations and conferring new rights, imposing extraordinary obligations on the citizens, and subjecting them to extraordinary penalties. There is then, no limit on the power of Congress; but it is invested with the absolute powers of war—the civil functions of the government are, for the time being, in abeyance when in conflict, and all state and national authority subordinated to the extreme authority of Congress, as the supreme power, in the peril of external or internal hostilities. The ordinary provisions of the Constitution peculiar to a State of peace, and all laws and municipal regulations, must yield to the force of moral law, as resolved by Congress."

This utterance was revolutionary for it demanded a path of action over a prostrate constitution but that had already been taken by the seceding States.

All the combined hosts of the opposition, however, could not prevail on the President, whose views were safely entrenched behind his wonderful personality. His message of December 8, 1863, contained the first formulated plan for reconstruction. The policy of this message provided for a general amnesty except in the following cases—all who deserted judicial positions or seats in Congress or posts in the army and navy to join the Confederacy—

also all officers in the Confederate army above the rank of colonel or lieutenant in the navy and all of any grade who maltreated colored or white prisoners. With this introduction, Mr. Lincoln proceeded to set forth his plan of restoration.

“Whenever, in any of the eleven States in rebellion, a number of persons not less than one-tenth of the number of votes cast in such State at the Presidential election of the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty, each having taken the oath aforesaid (the amnesty oath), and not having since violated it, and being a qualified voter by the election law of the State existing immediately before the so-called act of secession, and excluding all others, shall re-establish a State government, which shall be republican, and in no wise contravening said oath, such shall be recognized as the true government of the State, and the State shall receive thereunder the benefits of the constitutional provision which declares that ‘the United States shall guarantee to every State in this Union a republican form of government, and shall protect each of them against invasion, and, on application of the Legislature, or the executive (when the Legislature cannot be convened) against violence’”

In the House that part of the message dealing with the the duty of the United States to guarantee a republican government to those States where the constitution was overthrown, was referred to a committee. Its report was adopted by a majority of eight, another evidence of the conflicting opinions on reconstruction in the House. The outline of the bill was as follows, as related by Cox, “Three Decades of Federal Legislation,” p. 339 :

“The President was authorized to appoint a provisional Governor for each of the States declared in rebellion, with the pay and emoluments of a Brigadier-General. He was to be charged with the civil administration until a State government should be recognized. The Governors were to direct the United States Marshals to enroll all the white male citizens of the United States resident within the respective States as soon as the insurrection should be suppressed, and whenever a majority of them should take the oath of allegiance. The loyal people thus to be ascertained were authorized to elect delegates to conventions for the purpose of re-establishing the State governments. Qualified voters in the United States Army were allowed to vote in camps. No person who had held or exercised any civil or military office (except offices ministerial, and military offices below the grade of Colonel), State or Confederate, created by the usurping power, was to be recognized or paid by the State. The constitutions framed by

the conventions of the several States were to be ratified by the people and reported to the President, who would lay them before Congress; and upon their approval by that body, the President would make proclamation recognizing the governments so established, and none others; whereupon the people might proceed to the election of members of Congress, and exercise all other functions of co-equal States. In the mean time the Governor would enforce the laws of the Union and of the particular State, as they existed before the rebellion, except as regards slavery."

In the Senate the bill was passed with two amendments, one fixing the salary of provisional Governor at \$3,000 per annum, the other striking out the word "white" where it occurred in defining the qualifications of voters and office-holders. Mr. Brown offered a substitute depriving the people of the rebellious States of the right to elect Senators and representatives to Congress and Presidential electors until the rebellion should be suppressed and the return of the States be recognized by the President. This was accepted and the bill passed its final reading. There was some hitch when the measure reached the House, but it finally passed both House and Senate. In the main it conformed with Mr. Lincoln's plans. But he rejected it because its provisions would have necessitated the overthrow of the inchoate State governments established according to Presidential plans and proclamations in Arkansas and Louisiana. This action of President Lincoln was seriously considered. Senators Davis and Wade charged him with perpetrating:

"A studied outrage upon the legislative authority of the people."

Also:

"If electors for President be allowed to be chosen in either of those States, a sinister light will be cast on the motives which induced the President to hold for naught the will of Congress, rather than his government in Louisiana and Arkansas."

On January 30, 1865, a resolution passed both the House and Senate and received the signature of the President which refused to accept any electoral votes from the States in insurrection. Applications were made for the admis-

sion of Senators from Louisiana, Tennessee and Arkansas, but they were continued until the next session.

Just four days before his assassination, Mr. Lincoln made the following statement concerning Reconstruction—among the very last words addressed to the public by him. Throughout his career he had foreborne to make any statement of his views on the status of the seceding States—the very question that was the key to all the debates in Congress on Union attitude toward the Confederacy.

“As appears to me,” he said, “that question has not been, nor yet is, a practically material one, and any discussion of it, while it thus remains practically immaterial, could have no effect other than the mischievous one of dividing our friends. As yet, whatever it may hereafter become, that question is bad, as the basis of a controversy, and good for nothing at all—a merely pernicious abstraction. We all agree that that the seceded States, so-called, are out of their proper practical relation with the Union, and that the sole object of the government, civil and military, in regard to those States, is to again get them in that proper political relation. I believe it is not only possible, but in fact, easier to do this without deciding, or even considering, whether these States have ever been out of the Union, than with it. Finding themselves safely at home, it would be utterly immaterial whether they had ever been abroad.”

The death of President Lincoln was of the most serious import to the peaceful restoration of the seceded States. His attitude toward the subject States was most friendly as well as most watchful. Foreseeing the difficulties that should follow the admission of an ignorant people to full citizenship, he suggested in his amnesty proclamation that the Southern States be allowed to institute a guardianship for the negro. Thaddeus Stevens proposed that the South be held under military rule for ten years until the negro might be educated to take an equal civil position with the white. To Lincoln's death may be attributed the frauds of the Freedman's Bureau and many other evils that marked the administration of far inferior successors.

Andrew Johnson, Mr. Lincoln's successor, though a native Southerner, pursued a far less liberal policy toward the South. Though he in the main followed the outlines

of his predecessor's policy and opposed the radical views of Congress, his amnesty conditions were more stringent than those of Lincoln. In addition to the classes excepted in Lincoln's proclamation, Johnson excluded the following :

"All officers who had resigned or tendered resignations of their commissions in the army or navy of the United States, to evade duty in resisting rebellion. All persons who had been or were then, absentees from the United States for the purpose of aiding the rebellion. All military or naval officers in the rebel service who were educated by the Government in the military academy at West Point, or the United States Military Academy. All persons who had the pretended offices of governors of States in insurrection against the United States. All persons who had left their homes within the jurisdiction and protection of the United States, and passed beyond the Federal military lines into the pretended Confederate States for the purpose of aiding the rebellion. All persons who had been engaged in the destruction of the commerce of the United States upon the high seas. All persons who had made raids into the United States from Canada, or been engaged in destroying the commerce of the United States upon the lakes and rivers that separate the British provinces from the United States. All persons who at the time might seek to obtain the benefits of the amnesty by taking the oath presented in the proclamation and were in military, naval, or civil confinement or custody, or under bonds of the civil, military or naval authorities or agents of the United States, or prisoners of war, or who were detained for offences of any kind, either before or after conviction. All persons who had voluntarily participated in the rebellion and the estimated value of whose taxable property was over twenty thousand dollars—and all persons who had taken the oath of amnesty as presented in the President's proclamation of December 8, 1863, or an oath of allegiance to the government of the United States since the date of that proclamation, and who did not keep and maintain the same inviolate." (Cox's "Three Deacons," p. 347.)

On May 29, 1865, the day of the Amnesty proclamation, President Johnson also stated his policy of reconstruction in another proclamation, a document closely related to the history of North Carolina, Mr. Johnson's native State. The constitutional grounds for his action are thus told :

"The fourth section of the fourth article of the Constitution of the United States declares that the United States shall guarantee to every State in the Union a republican form of government—and shall protect each of them against invasion and domestic violence; and, whereas, the President of the United States is by the Constitution made Commander-in-Chief of the army

and navy, as well as chief civil executive officer of the United States, and is bound by solemn oath faithfully to execute the office of President of the United States, and to take care that the laws be faithfully executed; and, whereas, the rebellion which has been waged by a portion of the people of the United States against the properly constituted authorities of the government thereof in the most violent and revolting form, but whose organized and armed forces have now been almost entirely overcome, has in its revolutionary progress deprived the people of North Carolina of civil government; and, whereas, it becomes necessary and proper to carry out and enforce the obligations of the United States to the people of North Carolina, in securing them in the enjoyment of a republican form of government; now, therefore, I, Andrew Johnson, President of the United States and Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States, do hereby appoint William W. Holden Provisional Governor of the State of North Carolina."

According to directions, Mr. Holden was to call a State convention at the earliest time practicable. The purpose of the convention was to amend and alter the State Constitution. No persons were eligible who might be included in the fourteen excepted classes of the Amnesty proclamation, and all voters must first take the oath of allegiance. Special applications for pardon by those under ban might be made through Mr. Holden. This was the first of a series of similar proclamations and appointments, and it may be said to end the first chapter in Reconstruction from the national point of view.

Let us now turn to events in North Carolina and study them as they relate to Mr. Holden's life.

In May, 1865, he tells us in his unpublished memoirs, he was summoned to Washington by President Johnson, who requested him to bring with him such other gentlemen as he might choose. Mr. Holden invited William S. Mason, R. P. Dick, John G. Williams, J. P. H. Russ and W. R. Richardson. These gentlemen, with the exception of Mr. Dick, who lived in Greensboro, resided in Raleigh. Others, representing different sections of the State, Mr. Holden would have summoned, but time would not permit, as his orders were imperative. Governors Swain and Vance, B. F. Moore and William Eaton were already in

Washington. When Mr. Holden arrived, President Johnson asked him to furnish names for appointment to offices in North Carolina. Mr. Holden's nominations were as follows: District Judge, Mr. Dick; District Attorney, Wm. L. Mason; Marshall, W. R. Richardson, and J. P. H. Russ, Postmaster of Raleigh. Dr. Robert Powell was appointed State Agent to represent North Carolina in Washington. Holden asked Mr. Powell what he thought would be done with the Confederate Governors. Mr. Powell replied that they would all be hanged. Holden answered that if that course were pursued, reconstruction would be impossible, that Vance had the same relation to North Carolina that Davis sustained to the entire South. In the mean time Governor Vance was a prisoner in Washington. Holden did not visit him in person, on account of their relations during the days of the Peace movement, but privately offered him his services. In July, when Holden had returned to the State, he received news of Mrs. Vance's serious illness. He at once telegraphed to Washington, asking that Governor Vance be released. In a few hours he received an answer, that Governor Vance was on his way home on parole.

In regard to the treatment of the more wealthy Southern planters, President Johnson told Holden that he expected to confiscate the estates of the large slave-holders who were traitors, and would divide the proceeds among the "wool hat boys" of the South, who fought for slavery against their will. Holden and Dick remonstrated. President Johnson acquiesced, but said: "Gentlemen, treason must be made odious, and coming generations ought to know it and profit by it."

At the request of President Johnson, all the North Carolina men in the city met him at an appointed time. During the meeting Governor Swain took Holden outside and asked him not to accept the Provisional Governorship. Holden thought that Governor Swain had apprehensions

for the University of which he was the President. Holden assured him that he was friendly to the institution, and need have no fears for its safety if he (Holden) received the appointment. "We had walked from the White House to a point overlooking the statue of General Jackson," says Mr. Holden, "and when we returned, as we did very slowly, to the ambassadors, where the President and his friends were, it was announced that I had been appointed Provisional Governor." This account of Mr. Holden's is important, for it discredits the popular opinion that North Carolina was not consulted in the appointment of Holden as Provisional Governor.

Having returned to North Carolina, the Provisional Governor at once entered upon the duties of his office. His duties were burdensome, for to him had been entrusted the work of reorganizing civil government, and all officers, from county sheriffs and constables to the highest State officials, were subject to his appointment. Robert W. Best was appointed Secretary of State; Jonathan Worth, Treasurer, and David H. Barnes, Edward J. Warren, Daniel G. Fowle, Ralph P. Buxton, Robert B. Gilliam, Edwin G. Read and Anderson Mitchell, Supreme Court Judges, and Sion H. Rogers, Attorney-General. Many of those who accepted offices and positions of trust from Mr. Holden, were later his political opponents and enemies.

Governor Holden has been for years accused of trying to place the negro on a plane of "social equality" with the white man. But an examination of his Inaugural Address fails to justify the charge. That part addressed to the negro was full of good council, but not a word could have the remotest kinship to "social equality."

"To the colored people of the State I would say, you are now free. It now remains for you, aided as you will be by the superior intelligence of the white people and cheered by the sympathies of all good people, to decide whether the freedom thus suddenly bestowed upon you will be a blessing to you or a source of injury. Your race has been depressed by

your condition of slavery and by the legislation of your former masters for two hundred years. It is not to be expected that you can soon comprehend and appreciate as they should be comprehended and appreciated by a self-governing people, the wise provisions and limitations of the constitution and laws . . . But you are free, in common with all our people, and you have the same right, regulated by law, that others have, to enter upon the pursuit of prosperity and happiness. You should henceforth sacredly observe the marriage relation and you should provide for your offspring. . . . But to be prosperous and happy you must labor, not merely when you feel like it or for a scanty support, but industriously and steadily, with a view to making and laying up something for your families . . . The same Providence that has bestowed freedom upon you, has told you that diligence in business is required of all His creatures, and you cannot expect that your race will escape ultimate extinction if you wilfully violate or disregard this, one of His great commandments . . . I will see to it as far as I can, that you have your liberty; that you are protected in your property and persons; and that you are paid your wages, but on the other hand, I will set my face against those of you who are idle and dissipated, and prompt punishment will be inflicted for any breach of the peace or violation of the law . . . It is my duty, as far as I can, to render the government 'a terror to evil doers and a praise to those that do well.' And this I will endeavor to do in relation to the whole people of the State of North Carolina, 'without fear, favor or affection, reward or the hope of reward.'"

One of the most delicate duties of Governor Holden was the endorsement of pardons. It was provided that those who were excluded from citizenship by the Amnesty proclamation might secure pardon. Applications must be made through the Provisional Governors of the States. Holden had won the enmity of all the old line Democrats by his action with the Peace party. Now many of these, as well as the survivors of the Whigs, were compelled to apply to him before their disabilities could be removed. It is not my intention to make the basis of this paper the unfortunate personal animosities that were so bitter during this period. But a few accounts of the issue of pardons from Governor Holden's private memoirs are valuable, if not necessary, for they are a sidelight on the political feelings of the time.

"I received every day a large number of applications for pardons, which I read carefully. I was the medium through

which these applications went to the President, and my duty was to mark them granted, postponed or rejected, not that I did that, but they were thus marked for the President. It was for him to grant them, postpone or reject them. During my term of seven months about twelve hundred pardons were thus obtained from the President. I asked him during all of this time to reject only four. Some were postponed, and some were granted.

“About the middle of my term, in August, ex-Governor Graham came to Raleigh. I was sick at the time and confined to my house, and did not see him. He filed in my office his application for pardon, addressed to the President. When I got back to my office I read his application carefully, and was pleased with it. It was an able and truthful paper. I raised up from my place in the office and approached Maj. Bagley, who was pardon clerk, and asked him to endorse ex-Governor Graham’s paper, his pardon to be granted by the President at once. Colonel Cannon, one of my aides, who was standing by, said to me, “Governor, have you seen the *New York Herald* of this morning?” I said “No, what of it?” He said, “The *Herald* says that Governor Graham has been pardoned already, and you are engaged in pardoning a great many unpardoned rebels. I would advise you to send on the paper and mark it ‘continued,’ and in a few weeks see the President and ask him to send the pardon.” Col. Cannon and Maj. Bagley were both old line Whigs, or had been, and both devoted friends to Governor Graham, as I was. I took his advice and continued his case. They advised me to pursue this course and not grant the pardon immediately, lest the Radicals North should complain and lose confidence in the President.

“In the course of a week or so, being still feeble on account of my hard labor, I went to Kedrick Springs and there saw Mr. Don Webb. In the course of a conversation with him, I said, “I hope ex-Governor Graham will soon have

his pardon, and that he can enter public life and be of great service to us." On my return to Raleigh, I found that he had written a communication in the *Hillsboro Recorder* assailing the constitutionality of Congress. The communication referred to was published in the *Hillsboro Recorder* and *Raleigh Sentinel*, and of course, excited attention. We were then under military rule and it was not therefore proper that an unpardoned person asking for pardon should write in that way over his own name.

"Meanwhile, the Hon. Josiah Turner called on me at my office and had a long and warm conversation with me in regard to his pardon and that of ex-Governor Graham. I told Mr. Turner I could not tell him what endorsement I had made on his application, or that of Governor Graham. They were both leading public men, and it was not my habit to give information of that kind, but would tell him of one case of a private citizen and of what I had done. I said, "The summer you wrote your father's application for a pardon he owned a large amount of lands. He was no doubt apprehensive that it might be confiscated. You made him say that if he had been a young man he would have shouldered his musket and fought for the South. I feared that this expression might move the President to refuse his pardon, whereupon I wrote a note of it that your father was an old man and had been a Henry Clay Whig, and that the President might overlook the expression and send the pardon. I received the pardon by return mail and sent it to your father at Hillsboro. I found it impossible to satisfy Mr. Turner, and he left my office evidently unsatisfied. About this time Mr. Turner made a speech in Raleigh. I did not hear him. The speech was said to be against me and my policy of Reconstruction. Under all these circumstances it was not to be reasonably expected that I would at that time write to the President to forward either of these pardons. I had the greatest respect for Governor Graham and did not intend

to be in the way of his pardon. If he could have come to Raleigh and the whole matter explained between us, I would no doubt have written to the President and obtained his pardon.

“An old and esteemed friend of mine, now dead, Council Wooten, of Lenoir county, called on me several times for his pardon. I put him off, but having heard at last from his friends and neighbors in relation to his application and merits, I obtained his pardon. I will make this statement also in relation to Governor Bragg. I had marked his application to be continued as Governor Graham’s was marked. The package containing a number of pardons was received in my office by express, and Colonel Cannon opened it and much to his surprise found Governor Bragg’s pardon. He said, “You marked this application to be continued.” I said, “I did.” He then removed it and put it in my drawer in my room. In a few days Governor Bragg called for his pardon. The clerks in the office of the Private Secretary said it was not there. In a few days Dr. Powell, State Agent, who handed these pardons, came to Raleigh and asked for Governor Bragg’s pardon. I told him the facts. He told me that the President told him the pardon had been received and I might just as well give it to Governor Bragg. Dr. Powell then said he did not know that it was Governor Bragg’s, but thought it was plain Thomas Bragg. I told him I was not disposed to treat Governor Bragg unkindly, but he had not been to see me since I was Governor, but if he would call on me as I returned from the office, I would hand him his pardon myself. Governor Bragg called in that day, 29th December, 1865, and I handed him his pardon.*

“One day toward the close of my term, Col. Tod R. Caldwell, who had lately been to Hillsboro, said to me that Mr. P. C. Cameron was much concerned about his

*NOTE.—Governors Bragg and Graham were two of the prosecutors in Governor Holden’s impeachment.

application for a pardon. I told Col. Caldwell that the President was not disposed to favor applications for conspicuous persons who had been engaged in the rebellion. I could not therefore recommend Mr. Cameron's pardon just then. He said that Mr. Cameron was in town and out in the passage in the Capitol. He said that he was in attendance at the Episcopal Conference. I asked him to request Mr. Cameron to come in. He did so, and I received him very politely indeed. I told him what I had just said to Col. Caldwell, and furthermore I had no apprehension of the confiscation of the property. This did not seem to satisfy him, and I at last said, "Mr. Cameron, I will obtain your pardon from the President." He seemed very glad at what I had said, and said to me, "Governor, please bear in mind that my father-in-law, Judge Ruffin wishes to know before he dies, how much he is worth. I replied, "Mr. Cameron, I am glad you have mentioned Judge Ruffin. He and Governor Morehead stood in the Peace Congress like rocks in the Union. I will see your application to-day," and at the same time asked the President to send pardon to Judge Ruffin and Governor Morehead. I have no doubt that the pardons of Judge Ruffin, Governor Morehead and Colonel Cameron were all granted and sent. It affords me pleasure to be the humble servant through which they were obtained. There were two persons possessed of large means, who obtained their pardons from the President directly, when I had not consented to it, and the President, when informed of the fact, telegraphed me advising me to tax each one of these persons for thus obtaining their pardons, \$10,000 each by way of punishment, which, of course, I declined to do. . . .

"I was robust and in good health when I entered on my duties, but at the end of them I was thin and shallow and weak, so intensely had I labored as I thought for North Carolina."

For his expenses and services Governor Holden received

seven thousand dollars. This was carefully and economically expended, many minor contingencies of the executive office being paid for out of the Governor's private purse. He also induced President Johnson to turn over to the State the remains of its war property, valued at one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. This was done for no other State. President Johnson was also influenced to suspend the Federal land tax in Guilford county. When Governor Holden retired, there was a surplus of forty thousand dollars in the State Treasury.

In the mean time, a State convention had been called by Governor Holden. It met in Raleigh, October 2, 1865. The ordinance of secession was repealed, slavery prohibited and its acts were ratified by a popular vote. In the plans of President Johnson, the State was now ready to govern itself. An election was ordered. The candidates for Governor were Holden and Worth, the State Treasurer. Neither took an active part in the campaign. Mr. Worth was elected by a large majority. This was regarded as a reaction against the Union and President Johnson sent the following letter to Governor Holden :

Hon. W. W. Holden, Provisional Governor :

Accept my thanks for the valuable and efficient manner in which you have discharged your duty as Provisional Governor. You will be sustained by the Government.

The results of the recent election in North Carolina have greatly damaged the prospects of the State in the restoration of its governmental relations. Should the action and spirit of the Legislature be in the same direction, it will greatly increase the mischief already done and might be fatal.

It is hoped the action and spirit manifested by the Legislature will be so directed, as rather to repair than increase the difficulties under which the State has already placed itself.

ANDREW JOHNSON,
President United States.

Editorial.

D. W. NEWSOM, - - - - - CHIEF EDITOR.
 R. B. ETHERIDGE, - - - - - ASSISTANT EDITOR.

The trains have gathered us from our homes and brought us again to a common roof where we propose to combine our efforts in the one common cause of learning how to live. The dynamo has gathered together its bands and begun anew its heavy thrum. The gladsome sound of Chapel bell has welcomed us to our places of morning worship again. We enter upon our work with new vigor and enlarged hopes. We miss many familiar faces that were with us last year, but welcome the new men who have come to join us. To the old men we say, you are now placed where you will have more influence for the College than ever before. While business duties may place heavy demands upon you, we do not expect you to forget the ties that still bind you to us. We expect the new men to join hands with us in our efforts to give to college life a deeper meaning. In all lines of life to-day, we must look for growth and development not from men as an organic whole, but from the individual. If there is need to-day for higher thought, purer motives, and more intense action, stop looking to men to make the start and begin yourself; otherwise the stars will burn to cinders and the need will be still unsupplied. So enter actively into all lines of college work. and don't wait for somebody else.

An immense amount of work has been done towards beautifying the college grounds, all of which has been made possible through the beneficence of Mr. B. N. Duke, during the summer. It was interesting to watch the busy, steady stir of a hundred mules, and to listen to the hum of as many hands, as the hills disappeared before them and the valleys

were lifted up. The location of the Athletic grounds has been changed to the further end of the race-track, where we can soon boast of an excellent ball ground. A large and handsome High School building has been erected over among the oaks on the hill, and is now in successful operation. The old Grand-stand has been moved, and a gymnasium is now in process of construction. The walls of the Epworth Hall building have been plasticoad, the floors stained, and a coating of fresh paint has given to the outside a new and trim appearance. The Woman's Building has been furnished and is now a beautiful home for the young women. Plans for the Craven Memorial Hall have also been drawn up and the work will soon begin. We welcome all these changes. We feel that we are taking on new energy.

With all this work weighing upon his mind, the College President has not relaxed his untiring efforts along other lines, but has toiled and planned diligently to meet the requirements which we, as students, needing the advantages of Christian education, have demanded. With the unusually large powers given to the work of the College through endowments, the President must of necessity feel an especially deep responsibility for the success of his charge.

As a student-body we enter upon another year's work with a feeling of profound gratitude for the immense possibilities which the Christian generosity of Mr. W. Duke has opened to us. Base were we, and devoid of the very elements of Christian manhood, did we not feel a deep love and reverence for one who has put such a power in the hands of Christian educators for the growth of Christian manhood. We regret that some men are so selfishly marble-hearted as to have no sympathy for such acts of generosity. However, good men will continue to live, and good work will continue to be done, in spite of them. Fence-straddling politicians may sneer, but the beneficent influences of Christian educa-

tion will continue to spread, and hope at last to reach out and help save such men. Trinity College had her birth in an unselfish love for men, in a heroic devotion to truth, and though she has had to grapple with the hatred and jealousy of unscrupulous enemies at every step, yet she has never betrayed, and never will betray, the great principles upon which she was founded. Trinity is here to live, and she intends to live.

During the summer the editor of *THE ARCHIVE* had the great pleasure of accompanying Dr. Kilgo through his native State of South Carolina. Every town or city in which we stopped had its host of Kilgo and Trinity friends. Dr. Kilgo's absence from his old home State has not weakened the love of those large-hearted people. On the contrary, they realize more deeply than ever, the great loss they sustained in the transfer of Dr. Kilgo to North Carolina. South Carolina is anxious to have him back among her homes, and in her educational and ministerial work. There are thousands of men and women within her bounds, from whose lips has come nothing but sorrowful regret that Dr. Kilgo ever withdrew from their midst. But North Carolina will not give him back to the good brethren under any circumstances. Notwithstanding the great onslaught of abuse and misrepresentation that has been directed against him since his arrival in North Carolina, by those jealous of his success and outspoken action, the Doctor has withstood it all with magnificent poise, and is in the finest health and hope. The sincerity of his work, his devotion to truth and Godliness, and the excellency of his character need no vindication at any hands. Trinity offers no apology for the fidelity to duty, the loyalty to truth, the fearlessness of action, the uncompromising faith, and the unconquerable purposes that men find in her President.

It's hard for men to see the purity of a man's life, and the sincerity of his toils, while he labors among them. Too often the cruel earth must wrap his tired bones in rest, before men rise up to call him blessed.

While, as a rule, THE ARCHIVE is opposed to the principle of giving prizes, still, after consideration, we have decided to give three prizes, the contest to be open to the Freshman, Sophomore, and Junior classes.

(1) A prize for the best Historical article, the subject matter to be confined to North Carolina history.

(2) A prize for the best Poem, not to exceed 75 lines.

(3) A prize for the best piece of Fiction.

This gives to every man an opportunity to test his skill along any line. If one finds that he is not gifted with poetical powers, or imaginative flights, he has a chance to try himself along historical lines; if another finds himself incapable of handling historical subjects, let him court the Muse, or stray through the fields of fancy-land.

A competent committee will pass upon all the work done along these lines during the year, and the announcement of the successful contestants will be made in the June issue of THE ARCHIVE. Of course all matter presented will be subject first to the approval of the editor, just as all regular matter; in other words, it must "meet the requirements for entrance." No student who is not a subscriber to THE ARCHIVE will be allowed to enter this contest.

We trust you will appreciate this offer, and take advantage of this opportunity to develop your powers of imagination, thought, and expression. We take it for granted that you are desirous of entering actively into all phases of College work. The pages of THE ARCHIVE are open for your thoughts,—your highest, purest, noblest, and best thoughts. So when such thoughts come to you, put them down and preserve them, think them over and over, expand them, beautify them, and then contribute them to the life and growth of others.

Wayside Wares.

“They had their usual evening quarrel as they sat by the hearth. On one side lay quietly a blinking dog, and on the other a purring cat; and the old woman pleaded with her growling husband: ‘Yust look at dat gat unt tog; they never gwarrels unt fights like us.’ ‘Yah,’ said the old growler, ‘I know dot; but yust tie dem together one dime, und den you see blazes!’”

AFTER THE DAY'S BUSINESS.

When I sit down with thee at last alone,
 Shut out the wrangle of the clashing day,
 The scrape of petty jars that fret and fray,
 The snarl and yelp of brute beasts for a bone,—
 When thou and I sit down at last alone,
 And through the dusk of rooms divinely gray
 Spirit to spirit finds its voiceless way
 As tone melts meeting in accordant tone,
 Oh, then our souls far in the vast of sky
 Look from a tower too high for sound or strife
 Or any violation of the town,
 Where the great vacant winds of God go by,
 And over the huge misshapen city of life
 Love pours his silence and his moonlight down.

—Sel.

THE TRUE AND THE FALSE.

“Then you are another’s,” he hissed. She sat silent, as one benumbed. “Confess,” he thundered, “you are another’s.”

She shivered. “Partially,” she faltered. “This hair”—she pressed her hand to her brow—“and the upper teeth I wear are borrowed. The rest is yours. I swear it.”

“A couple of Yankee neighbors became so inimical that they would not speak to each other; but one of them having been converted at a camp-meeting, on seeing the former enemy, held out his hand, saying: “How d’ye do, Kemp; I humble enough to shake hands with a dog.”

FEEDING A MODERN SCIENTIST.

“Placid I am, content, serene,
I take my slab of gypsum bread,
And chunks of oleomargarine
Upon its tasteless sides I spread.

“The egg I eat was never laid
By any cackling, feathered hen,
But from the Lord knows what ’tis made
In Newark by unfeathered men.

“I wash my simple breakfast down
With fragrant chickory so cheap,
Or with the best black tea in town—
Dried willow leaves—I calmly sleep.

“But if from man’s vile arts I flee
And drink pure water from the pump,
I gulp down infusoriae,
And hideous rotatoriae,
And wriggling polygastricae,
And slimy diatomaciae,
And hard-shelled orphryocercinae,
And double-barreled kolpodiae,
Nonloricated ambroeilae,
And various animalculae,
Of middle, high and low degree,
For nature just beats all creation
In multiplied adulteration.”

“A Yankee who had never paid more than twenty-five cents to see an exhibition, went to a New York theatre one night to see the ‘Forty Thieves.’ The ticket seller charged him seventy-five cents for a ticket. Passing the pasteboard back he quietly remarked: ‘Keep it, Mister, I don’t want to see the other thirty-nine,’ and out he walked.”



MR. B. N DUKE.

Literary Notes.

F. T. WILLIS,

MANAGER.

“October is to see the publication of another volume in Mr. Murray’s new edition of Byron. This is to contain more letters. The succeeding volume will contain ‘Childe Harold’, the ‘Thyrza’ poems, and probably ‘The Corsair.’”—*Outlook*.

Mr. Corlin is writing the “Life of Robert Louis Stevenson.” Many of Stevenson’s letters are to be published in *Scribner’s Magazine* next year and these with the biography will appear in book form as soon thereafter as possible. Mrs. Stevenson informed Gelett Burgess, who contributed his interview to the *Bookman*, that most of the letters are to Edmund Goss, W. E. Henley, Henry James, and Wm. Archer, besides those to his parents. She said that the gayest are directed to Mr. J. M. Barrie of whom he was very fond, although they had never met.

THE WOMAN OF KRONSTADT, by Max Pemberton, was concluded in *The Munsey* of June. The scene of the story is laid in Russia. It portrays the life and ideas of the Russian soldier. A young lady from London was governess in the family of the general of the fort at Kronstadt in order that she might obtain certain information concerning the fort for the English government. A young officer fell desperately in love with her and carried her off in his own yacht after she was arrested and imprisoned. They were overtaken in London where they were glad to comply with the orders of the general to marry and return to Russia. They all seemed to recognize that the wife of a Russian officer would reveal no secrets that belonged to Russia.

This story, together with others now appearing in the same magazine, was published by the editor while in Europe last year.

Mr. Frank Munsey has purchased *The Peterson* and merged it into the *Argosy*.

Mr. Munsey, in an address before the Press Association at Ottawa, gave recently a brief account of the battles he had fought in order to give to the people a ten cent magazine. He said that he left Maine fifteen years ago with "a very large stock of enthusiasm, a grip partially filled with manuscripts, and forty dollars in my pocket" to begin the publication of the *Argosy* in New York. It is now his ambition to raise the circulation of *The Munsey* from three fourths of a million to the million mark.

There seems to be a wide difference of opinion as to whether or not *The Prisoner of Zenda* needed a sequel. One at least has expressed the opinion that a sequel detracts from any novel while George Merriam Hyde exclaims, "Perish, then, on the threshold, beneath slaps of uncounted fans, he who would protest that *Prisoner of Zenda* needed no sequel."



Editor's Table.

W. N. PARKER,

MANAGER.

In vain have we awaited the arrival of the September issue of our contemporaries. We have on our table, however, a few June issues, some of which contain very readable matter, still we shall not attempt to offer any criticisms or suggestions, except to express our appreciation at the number of colleges who got out the June issue. It seems to us that this is one of the weak points of most of our exchanges (ourselves not excepted), that we are inclined to relax interest in our publications towards the end of the college year, and by persuading ourselves that they will not be missed we fail to come out with the last issue. So it is to be hoped that during this year our colleges will keep alive this interest, and that the last number will not only be as good as any previous number published, but that it will be the best.

Criticism, as we regard it to-day, has lost its original meaning, and in thinking of a critic of literature we are apt to think of him in the light of the present every-day meaning of this word; but by criticism, as first instituted by Aristotle, was meant "a standard of judging well." To be a critic in the true sense of the word, then, a man must be able to look at all sides of a question. No man who allows himself to become biased can ever be a successful critic. He must see the good as well as the bad. Matthew Arnold sums up the rule for the course of criticism in this one word—disinterestedness—which means the free play of the mind on all subjects which it touches. And in making our criticisms we shall endeavor above all things to give the mind free play, and to the best of our knowledge to "judge well."

Among our exchanges we came across this poem, the thought of which is beautiful and which is well worth reading:

TWILIGHT BELLS.

“There comes to my mind a legend, a thing I had half forgot,
And whether I read or dreamed it—ah, well, it matters not!
It is said that in heaven at twilight, a great bell softly swings,
And man may listen and harken to the wondrous music that rings.
If he puts from his heart’s inner chamber all the passion, pain and strife,
Heartache and weary longing that throb in the pulse of life,
If he thrusts from his soul all hatred, all thoughts of wicked things,
He can hear in the holy twilight how the bell of angels rings.
And I think there lies in this legend, if we open our eyes to see,
Somewhat an inner meaning, my friends, to you and me;
Let us look in our hearts and question: Can pure thoughts enter in
To a soul if it be already the dwelling of thoughts of sin?
So then let us ponder a little—let us look in our heart and see
If the twilight bell of the angels could ring for us—you and me.”



Y. M. C. A. Department.

J. H. BARNHARDT,

MANAGER.

College has again opened and many of us back in our accustomed places. But we look in vain for some familiar faces. Those who have been prominent in Y. M. C. A. work in former years have left these restricted circles for broader fields of activity. Our best wishes attend them wherever they go. Their high-toned, christian manhood which was of such great value to the college community while they were here, was simply the outward expression of a hidden power within. Their work continues to live, and their influence will long be felt in Trinity College. But their departure brings to every one who still remains here, a double responsibility. The Y. M. C. A. is placed our hands. It is for us to determine whether it shall be a success or a failure. Is it not our duty to take hold of the work and carry it on? As Christian students in a Christian college we should give religion the first claim upon our lives, and never be satisfied until we attain the highest possible standard of Christian living. There are many new men in our midst—men who will make valuable workers in this department of college life. While we are finding new friends and forming new associations, let us not forget to speak a word in the interest of the Y. M. C. A. The old men should become reconciled to the fact that we owe our first duty to our fellow-students. Every man's place on Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock is in the College Chapel. Nothing should be allowed to interfere with our attendance upon these meetings. In all seriousness, can a great deal of good be accomplished elsewhere when at the same time, the voice of duty calls so loudly in our own midst? Make no engagement that will conflict with this one hour which is fraught with such immense opportunities. Let

every new man feel that he is welcome to our hall, and that his help will be of great value to the work. And when the old college bell rings in the tower, may its tones inspire every heart to a high sense of duty, and urge every student both old and new, to present himself at the place of prayer.

The Southern Student's Conference held at Asheville June 17-27, was a success in every sense of the word. Students were present from almost every State in the South, representing fifty-seven Colleges and Universities, and eight delegates were present besides twenty-six officers and speakers, making a total of one hundred and thirty-four. Elsewhere in this issue will be found an account of the Conference. Look it up and give it a careful reading.

On Saturday night, September 10th, the Y. M. C. A. gave a reception to the new students. Mr. H. M. North spoke in behalf of the old students, and welcomed the new comers to all the associations and peculiar advantages of student life. Fitting remarks were made by Hon. James H. Southgate, President of the Board of Trustees, Dr. Jno. C. Kilgo, Rev. W. C. Tyree, Prof. A. H. Meritt, and Rev. J. N. Cole. We were glad to have with us the resident members of the Board of Trustees and also several of the pastors in the city. Prof. Dowd served as toast-master for the evening and contributed materially to the enjoyment of the occasion. Refreshments were served at intervals. This social feature of the Y. M. C. A. work should not be under-estimated. Such occasions furnish to the new students an opportunity of coming in active touch with the friends and leaders of the college, and inspire friendly relations between all the students both old and new.

The first devotional meeting was held in the College Chapel on Sunday afternoon, September 11th. Those who were really interested in the work approached this meeting with no little anxiety. How encouraging it was to see so many present. After some preliminary exercises, the

meeting was thrown open for remarks by the new men. Quite a number responded, and spoke freely of their desire to live Christian lives and to exert an influence for good while in College. In response to a proposition, almost the entire body of students arose, thus giving expression to the fact that they were ready to take a stand for Christ. Professors Pegram, Cranford, and Edwards were present and made suitable remarks. Upon the whole, it was the most encouraging meeting we have yet had. Let us take fresh courage and exert every effort to enlarge the usefulness of the Y. M. C. A. in the college.



At Home and Abroad.

EDW. R. WELCH, - - - - - MANAGER.

Mr. Geo. B. Pegram, class '95, is principal of Roxboro Academy, assisted by his sister, Miss Annie, class '96.

Mr. Joe. Breedlove, class '98, has the position as Librarian at Trinity College.

Mr. J. A. Sharp, class '98, has charge of Elkin High School. He is assisted by his sister, Miss Kate, of the Park.

Mr. Wade H. Anderson, class '98, has a flourishing school at New Berne.

Mr. J. T. Stanford, class '98, is principal of Tatum (S. C.) High School.

Mr. Robert T. Poole, class '98, is taking a law course at the University.

Mr. Geo. H. Humber, class '98, is on the Park, and takes a law course in Durham.

Mr. B. F. Carpenter, class '98, is pastor of King's Mountain Station.

Mr. J. C. Wooten, class '98, has the pastorate of Edenton station.

Mr. Jack Gibbons, class '98, is traveling for Standard Oil Company.

Mr. D. H. Littlejohn, class '98, is teaching in Trinity High School.

Mr. J. B. Needham, class '98, is preaching in California.

Mr. G. O. Green, class '97, is taking a Theological course in Vanderbilt University.

Mr. W. P. Isley, class '97, takes a Medical course at the same University.

Mr. J. C. Gibbs, class '97, is professor of Physics and Greek at Littleton Female College.

Mr. S. E. Mercer, class '96, is pastor of Sneed's Grove Circuit.

Mr. D. T. Edwards, class '92, now of New York city, is visiting relatives on the Park.

Miss Fannie Carr, of Raleigh, class '96, is spending some time with friends at the Park.

Rev. Jas. W. Kilgo, pastor of Trinity Church, Charleston, recently spent several days on the Park, the guest of his brother, Dr. J. C. Kilgo.

Prof. and Mrs. Mims are for the present located in the Woman's Building.

The College Inn is managed this year by Mrs. Turner of Durham.

College opens with the largest attendance since its removal and probably in its history. The high stand the new students take in their classes is very remarkable. Also the high tone and moral dignity of the students is very gratifying.

We can not fail to make mention of the "new women" of the College as well as the new men. Of course, they take a very high stand. There are about twenty-five in all.

Mrs. John Campbell, of Blenheim, S. C., is visiting the family of her brother, Dr. Kilgo.

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THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

TRINITY PARK, DURHAM, NOVEMBER, 1898.

MANAGER'S NOTICE.

All matter for publication must be in by the 20th of the month previous to month of publication.

Direct all matter intended for publication to D. W. NEWSOM, Chief Editor, Trinity Park, Durham, North Carolina.

SUBSCRIPTION.

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ADVERTISING.

Advertisements of all kinds solicited. Rates given on demand. All advertisements are due after the first insertion.

Direct all communications to

L. W. ELIAS, Business Manager,
Trinity Park, Durham, N. C.

Literary.

W. H. ADAMS, - - - - - MANAGER.

THE MYSTERY OF A RING.

BY J. M. CULBRETH.

Everything was activity at the old Worth homestead. It was the first week of September. The morning was perfect, almost, as a day in June. The hired man was industriously engaged in getting the spring wagon ready for a trip. A beautiful thoroughbred, confined at a hitching post, his sleek, dark coat almost reflecting the colors of the rainbow as he turned in the sunlight, stamped the ground impatiently and neighed entreatingly, anxious to be off. Every member of the household was doing something. "Aunt Winnie," the cook, tremulously humming a 'big meetin'' tune, appeared to be completely absorbed with stowing away in a lunch basket some plump, brown bread and juicy, delicious-looking chicken. The hall was a true picture of confusion and haste. An open trunk stood near the front door. Into the little space left in its tray, a small, brown-eyed woman was hastily throwing a

brush and comb, tennis slippers, a shaving mug and razor strop, and numerous other little articles belonging to a boy's toilet and wardrobe. There was an expression of sadness mixed with pleasure on her face.

Alan Worth, as he was called, was going off to college. He was a proud, industrious boy of seventeen. There was a mystery in his life. He was not really a son of Mr. Worth, but was an adopted child. He did not know it, however, and never dreamed of anything else than that genial, warm-hearted Mr. Worth was his father. The truth was they were no kin at all. Sixteen years previous there had been a frightful wreck on the railroad, at a high bridge over a narrow, swift-running river, five miles distant from Mr. Worth's. Many of the unfortunate passengers had been swept away by the fierce current of the river, and their bodies never recovered. Among the survivors was a fat, crying baby, apparently a year old. It had been found near the water's edge, lodged against a pile of wreckage. Not a trace of its parents was discovered. Only one clew to its identity remained. After Mr. Worth had carried the little thing to his home, his more closely observing wife had discovered a small locket chain about the baby's neck. On the inside of the tiny locket, she found engraved in miniature characters "Alan Walton." Whether this was the baby's or its father's name, Mr. Worth had never been able to find out. Being without children of their own, the generous farmer and his wife had adopted the child.

The packing was finished, the hearty good-bye said, and the impatient horse quickly carried Mr. Worth and Alan to the station, which was only three miles away. They waited only a few minutes there before the long passenger train came puffing slowly in. Mr. Worth spoke a few low words of instruction and advice to Alan, and they were separated.

Immediately on entering college, Alan made himself felt

among his class-mates. He stood high in his class, and the whole circle of his acquaintances respected his firm, moral character, and effective determination to accomplish something. Near the close of his second year in college, he wrote a very short letter home. It read:

“DEAR FATHER:—I want to be a doctor. I believe I should succeed in that profession. Please advise me. Your affectionate son,
ALAN.”

Consequently, on a September morning, two years after he first went off to college, Alan found himself on the way to a medical college in Virginia.

On the night of his arrival, he and the rest of his class were duly and dutifully initiated into all the accessible mysteries of the institution. The “old meds” subjected the “newies” to a thorough blacking and washing. They also “renovated” their rooms, and left them in worse plight than the poor boys ever saw their homes on a spring cleaning day.

Soon after their first night’s experience, the “newies” were subjected to a more trying ordeal than even the pranks of the mischievous “meds.” They were taken for the first time into the dissecting hall. A ghostly show was before them. White covers were lifted and corpses of criminals, with marks of crime still on them, and hideous expressions on their cold, fixed features, were revealed. Vats were opened, and their foul, decaying contents exposed to view. Some “old meds,” who were dissecting a “stiff” at one end of the room, mischievously cut off flaps of skin, a finger or a toe, and put them slyly into the coat-pockets of the weak, almost disgusted “newies.” They also threw pieces of skin at each other, much as boys sometimes play with watermelon rind.

After this things moved on at the college in the regular accustomed routine. Alan Worth had a strange fondness for cutting. Indeed, he liked it so much, and could do it so cleverly, that he was allowed to do nearly all the work

in that line for his class. This was a valuable advantage to him over the rest of his class.

The dissecting department was supplied with bodies by the State. Whenever a prisoner died, or a criminal was executed, the body was sent to the college. Occasionally corpses would be sent in from the county poor houses. Often, specially from the hands of dead colored persons, large brass rings were taken by the students. Rarely a more valuable ring was obtained. The authorities permitted the students to keep such little trinkets as they considered desirable.

In the Spring term of Alan's first year at the medical college, a notorious criminal was hanged in a little town in the mountains of Virginia. He had been as dangerous as he was powerful. He was said to be a fine specimen of physical manhood. Naturally the young students at the college were anxious to see his body.

The morning the corpse arrived it was placed on a large operating table nearly in the center of the dissecting hall. Wrapped in a clean, white sheet, only the large head and Herculean shoulders and arms exposed, it "lay in state" that day for the observation of the entire student body. On the following day it was to be cut up, and Alan Worth was to do the cutting.

The wonderful body had excited a large per cent. of the students almost to a feverish interest. Many two years' men begged to be allowed to see the large body cut up. Precisely at nine o'clock as many boys as could be allowed were at the door, ready to file in to the operating table. There was no delay. The cover was removed, and the naked corpse exposed. Great knots of muscle stood out on the arms and legs. The breast and shoulders had the appearance of being carved from rock. A face hard, in expression, as the muscles on the arms! Hard, powerful, cruel-looking hands!

Alan took his instruments, and, after gracefully receiv-

ing some important instruction from the chief surgeon, began the operation. Under his skillful and strong hand the wonders and beauties of the remarkable anatomy were discovered to the on-lookers with desirable despatch.

“A brass ring for Worth,” said half a dozen fellows at once.

Alan, for the first time, noticed what appeared to be a brass ring on the little finger of the left hand of the “stiff.” “A few like this would make me rich, even though they were bass,” he remarked pleasantly, as he quietly removed the ring from the stiffened finger, and dropped it into his waistcoat pocket.

Nothing else was said about the ring. Probably not another thought was given it. All were so intent on the operation and the accompanying explanations by the surgeon, that they did not speak, only to ask a question occasionally.

The operation was completed by dinner time, and when the gong sounded, the hungry boys delayed not to obey the summons. Alan, as he frequently did, lingered behind the rest, and walked out with the Professor, conversing quietly, but eagerly, about some question that had been raised during the morning’s work.

At dinner there was a perfect babel of talk. Every boy seemed anxious to express his opinion about the merits and defects of the magnificent body. At times the conversation amounted almost to boisterous disputation. Alan took no part in the heated argument. He arose from the table, and sauntered out for a short walk before going to his room. He felt in his pocket for a toothpick, when his fingers touched the ring. He took it out and looked curiously at it. He rubbed it violently against his coat-sleeve. It did not smell of brass. Alan believed it was gold. He went to his room, closed the door, and sat down by a window to examine it more carefully. Suddenly his gaze was fixed on the inside of the ring. He saw, engraved

in small, but perfectly intelligible characters, "Alan Walton, Lake City, Cal."

To say that he was surprised would be saying too little. He was shocked. To his sensitive mind many alarming thoughts suggested themselves. Why did this criminal wear a ring with "Alan" inscribed in it? Could he possibly be a relative, and sunk so low in crime? Perhaps he was an uncle, and Alan Worth had been named for him. Perchance a cousin. Alan did not leave his room again that day. He feared to be questioned. He could not find words exactly to express his fears, and so, having failed again and again, he abandoned the idea of writing home. Towards evening he became less agitated. When he had eaten supper, he took a quiet stroll alone, and laid out his future course of action. He would not tell any one about the disturbance the ring had caused him. He would wait till he went home in June to tell his father. Having resolved this, Alan returned to his room, and with his usual eagerness and determination prepared his work for to-morrow.

The pleasant spring days passed swiftly by. In the strain of preparing for and going through with the two or three weeks of examination, Alan's mysterious treasure gave him but little anxiety. When these had passed, however, and he was going home, a strange presentiment that an extraordinary event was about to happen, took possession of him. He tried hard to get rid of it, but it only oppressed him more, until, when the train stopped at his destination, he was so nervous and exhausted that Mr. Worth, naturally, supposed he was sick.

The refreshing ride from the station home, in the cool atmosphere of a late afternoon in June, greatly revived Alan's spirits. When they reached the old farm home, he was his old merry self again, and Mrs. Worth was caused no unusual anxiety about him.

After tea, as they used to do frequently, Mr. Worth and

Alan strolled about the farm. They visited the stalls, and Alan affectionately caressed his faithful horse, Rush. Then they went to the bars to see a large drove of hogs feed. They next entered the orchard, and Alan especially enjoyed the sweet May apples that hung on the trees in great abundance.

In the twilight of the evening, as they were returning to the house, they came to the old family spring. There was a large rustic seat under a tall poplar. Alan drew Mr. Worth to it, and they sat down. He looked very grave, and Mr. Worth did not understand it.

"I have something to tell you which may mean much to us both," he said.

Mr. Worth was silent.

Taking the ominous ring from his purse, Alan showed it to Mr. Worth, and simply told him all about it; how it had come into his possession, what he had found engraved on the inside, and the troublesome thoughts it had occasioned.

"Come to the house and let me examine it," said Mr. Worth.

In silence the two walked to the house, and entered the library. Adjusting his glasses, Mr. Worth scrutinized the ring for what seemed to Alan an age.

"Dollie!"

Mrs. Worth immediately appeared.

"Haven't you a small locket-chain put away somewhere? Bring it here, please."

The little woman hurried upstairs, and soon re-entered the library with the chain in her hand.

Mr. Worth touched a spring in the tiny locket, and looked very closely at the miniature letters on the inside.

"See here, Alan," he said, quietly, putting the locket into his hand.

Once more Alan gazed wonderingly at the mysterious name, "Alan Walton."

“What does it all mean?” asked Mrs. Worth, eagerly.

Mr. Worth repeated Alan’s story to her. Then he turned to Alan.

“My dear boy, the time has come when you must know the truth. You are not really our child. You are only an adopted son.” And in a voice trembling with suppressed emotion, he told him his early history; how he had found him in a debris of iron and splintered wood, on the verge of the rapid current; about Mrs. Worth finding the tiny locket and chain; and about their fruitless attempt to find a trace of his parents or kindred.

Alan was very much affected. “If you are not my natural parents,” he said, “you have been father and mother to me in the truest sense.”

The next day Mr. Worth and Alan left for Virginia to search the records of the notorious criminal whose body Alan had dissected. They found that he had fled to the mountains of Virginia, originally from California. He had been a burglar and a murderer out there. His name was not Walton. Alan was quite relieved of his fears on learning this.

Mr. Worth at once sent a long telegram to Alan Walton, Lake City, Cal., mentioning Alan Worth and enquiring after his parents. In due time this answer came: “The lost is found. Meet me in Richmond, Va., June 28.”

June 28 found Alan and Mr. Worth in Richmond. They found the name of Alan Walton on the hotel register, and, after some delay, found a gray-haired, handsome old man who proved to be Mr. Walton.

When Mr. Worth made himself and Alan known to him, the old gentleman’s joy was almost childish. He clasped Alan raptuously in his arms, while his great frame quivered with emotion.

“Come to my room, Mr. Worth, and let us learn something about each other,” said Mr. Walton. “This boy,” he continued, indicating Alan by a jesture, “I want to

know all about him. Why is he living with you? Are you really ignorant of the whereabouts of his parents?"

Mr. Worth, as soon as they had got to Mr. Walton's room, sat down, and, as briefly as possible, related Alan's history up to that time. Before he had finished, Mr. Walton was in tears. "My only son! my only son!" he cried between his sobs.

When he could control himself, he said: "I have grieved for my lost boy for nearly twenty years. He was happily married in California. He had always wanted to come east, and on his wedding day, I agreed for him to leave. It was my intention to come out here, too, as soon as I could close up my extensive mining interest in California. When my boy arrived here he set up a milling business, and, as long as I heard from him, succeeded well. His letters suddenly stopped, and I never heard from him again until I heard you speak. His mother has been dead six years. I am a widower, alone." Here he broke down, and there was silence in the room for several minutes. Alan and Mr. Worth were grieving with him.

Suddenly he checked his grief and asked: "Mr. Worth, how did you learn that I lived in Lake City?"

"I never knew for certain, till I received an answer to my telegram. Alan will tell you about it."

Alan then told him the history of the ring, omitting no detail, and added: "Now, Grandpa, possibly you can throw some light on the mystery."

"I can. My house was entered two years ago by burglars, and some money, my watch and chain, and this ring were taken. It was my engagement ring, and I prized it very highly. The burglars fled the State, and I never recovered anything they took from me."

Mr. Walton went home with Alan and Mr. Worth, and spent a week. When he left for California he took Alan and Mr. and Mrs. Worth with him.

They all spent the summer in the mountains and at the

popular watering places of California. In the fall Mr. Walton returned with Mr. Worth to California and made his home with him. He was pleased always to call him his adopted son. And, indeed, he could hardly have been kinder and more helpful to an only son than he was to Mr. Worth. He spent a large amount of money on the farm and made it the richest in that section of the country.

To-day as one passes along a beautifully winding country highway, he may espy, situated a good distance from the road, a stately old mansion, locked in the embrace of a score of sturdy oaks. Off to the left, some distance from the house, can be seen a small cluster of weeping willows and beautiful cedars, keeping a continuous vigilance over the still resting place of two sweet spirits. An old man may occasionally be seen strolling slowly beneath the shade of the mighty oaks. His hair is silvered and his shoulders droop under the burden of age, but on his furrowed face there lingers a sweetly-sad, contented expression. It is Mr. Worth. Very frequently a strong, handsome man, in the prime of life, supports the aged gentleman in his evening walks. He is the successful physician, Dr. Worth. For in affectionate gratitude Alan always bore the name of the man who had been a father to him.




**WORDSWORTH'S RELATION TO THE FRENCH
REVOLUTION.**

BY MISS MABEL CHADWICK.

Among the chief causes of the French Revolution were the abuses and extravagances of the Bourbon monarchy; the wretched condition of the common people of France; and the revolutionary character and spirit of French philosophy and literature as taught by Voltaire and Rousseau. To these must be added, as a proximate cause, the influence of the American Revolution.

The Revolution in France made a deep impression on many noted Englishmen, among whom were Burke, Carlyle, Coleridge and Wordsworth. To Burke, the great conservative patriot of England, the idea of this revolution was revolting. For him the crown and royalty were invested with a kind of sanctity, and some of his most powerful speeches were made against these Revolutionary evils. Carlyle after years of thought came to the conclusion that the French Revolution was necessary. that it was the natural outcome of the suppression of the people and extravagance on the part of the nobility.

Coleridge and Wordsworth, who were then young men, just entering life, were completely carried away by this, the greatest event in all Modern History. No man's experience during the Revolution is of more interest to us than William Wordsworth's. Gradually from his fifteenth to his twenty-second year nature's power over him became greater and greater until it was the ruling passion of his life. He says, "Whatever of Terror, Love or Beauty, Nature's daily face put on, I was as sensitive to this as the waters are to the sky's influence; was as obedient as a lute that waits upon the touches of the wind." Up to this time man had been to Wordsworth a secondary object. His interest in humanity had been particularly awakened by his intercourse with the shepherds in his early life;

then his university life had helped to develop the social side of his nature and afterwards his stay in London where he had made a study of man. All these resulted in more elevated views of human nature. All these years the human feeling had been gradually developing in him, but it was still subordinate to his love of nature. It took a great struggle like the French Revolution to intensify and fully develop his interest in humanity.

France was just now in the throes of the French Revolution. A year previous to this time, Wordsworth in crossing the Alps had seen the dawn of this Revolution, when the people were mad with joy in the hope of a regenerated earth. He says: "A happy time that was; triumphant looks were then the common language of all eyes:

As if awakened from asleep, the nations hailed
Their great expectancy; the fife of war
Was then a spirit stirring sound indeed,
A black bird's whistle in a budding grove."

In 1791 Wordsworth went to Orleans by the Loire to spend the winter and study French. On his way he stopped over in Paris; he saw "The revolutionary power rocked like a ship at anchor, tossed by a storm." He visited all the places made famous by recent events; went to see the demolished Bastille, picked up a stone from the ruins, feigned an enthusiasm that he did not feel. In a few days he went on to Orleans. Still he did not feel any special interest in these revolutionary movements. While in this little town he began to hear these questions discussed. It was at this time that he met Beaupuis, a French noble of pure soul and high ideals, who sympathizing with the downtrodden peasants of France had given his life to their cause. Beaupuis and Wordsworth became interested in each other. They took long walks together, discussed the great events that were coming one upon the other, talked of government and man's natural rights; and "of ways and means by which nations had arisen from a state

of imbecility fresh as the morning star." On one occasion when they were out, they saw a girl with a pallid cheek leading a half-starved heifer out to graze. Beaupuis turning to Wordsworth, said with feeling, "It is against that we are fighting." Wordsworth was by rearing a republican, having been brought up in the northern part of England, he had never come in contact with rank or nobility. He says he never remembered to have seen a titled person. At Cambridge this principle had been strengthened, when each boy had to stand on his own merit and not on his title or rank; nature too had taught him the individual worth of a human soul. This together with the degradation and suffering of the peasants of France, and the enthusiasm and unselfish life of Beaupuis had a great influence upon Wordsworth, and resulted in fixing his allegiance to the republican ideas.

Wordsworth then became as enthusiastic as he had formerly been indifferent. He was a patriot of the people. He says his heart was all given to the people and his love was theirs. For the first time in his life, nature became subordinate to man, and the cause of the common people of France held the first place in his heart.

Wordsworth and Beaupuis spent some months together sharing these dreams of a great and free republic, then they separated, Wordsworth for the metropolis, and Beaupuis to perish fighting for the common people whom he so much loved.

In the autumn of 1792, Wordsworth returned to Paris, one month after the September massacre. The King's family was in prison; the republic proclaimed, and Robespierre in power. He walked the streets so recently the scene of such horrible slaughter, visited the Tuilleries, and the Place de Carrousel, a month since heaped with dead bodies. The horror of the massacre, and the imprisonment of the royal family made a deep impression on Wordsworth and he says, "That night I felt most deeply in what world I

was, what ground I stood on and what air I breathed." After having seen for himself what atrocious crimes were committed in the name of the republic, he began to give deep thought to the subject; his first wild enthusiasm was checked. He then lost confidence in the leaders of the Revolutionary movement, and wished for a man capable of taking command. He thought of how often the destiny of a nation had hung upon the actions of one individual; he began to think, perhaps he was the right one to assume the head of affairs and guide the Revolution to a happy issue. Luckily for him, just at this time he was called to England. He arrived in England a "patriot of the world," and instead of going to the Lake Country, he found greater delight in London where the Slavery Question was being agitated; but this interested him little in comparison with the French Revolution.

Month after month brought news of fresh atrocities committed in the name of the republic. Wordsworth was horrified at these crimes but still clung to his idea of a great and free republic. His indignation knew no bounds when England allied with the Powers against France. When taunted with the terrible result of popular government, he retorted by saying that the wrong doing of King and nobles had accumulated "until there was a reservoir of guilt that could no longer hold its loathsome charge, but burst and spread in deluge through the land."

The tyrants in power, now incensed by the intervention of the Powers, laid aside all restraint and the most terrible passions of man ran riot, and France was in the midst of the memorable Reign of Terror. Domestic carnage reigned; old men from the chimney nook, the mother from the cradle of her babe, the warrior from the field, all were torn to feed the guillotine. "Head after head and never heads enough for those that bade them fall." Wordsworth's state of mind at this time was pitiable; he said to Coleridge,

"Most melancholy at that time, O friend!
Were my day thoughts—my nights were miserable."

At this time he heard of Robespierre's death, hope revived in him once more and he expected to see the golden time of freedom and equality come at last. His faith in the people was still strong—he said, “I had approached like other youths, the shield,

Of human nature from the golden side,
And would have fought, even to the death, to attest
The quality of the metal which I saw,”

France now changed the war of self-defence to one of conquest. The Pope was called in to crown Napoleon and the crisis of Wordsworth's life was at hand. Having lost faith in the leaders and people, he now loses faith in the doctrines. He saw his last hope of liberty betrayed. Overcome with shame and despondency at the wreck of all his hopes and faith, he became skeptical, searched deeply into all social life, laws and customs; he gave motives to all actions, at last tired out with it all he yielded up moral questions in despair. This was the soul's last and lowest ebb.

Just at this time his sister Dorothy came into his life and saved him from the consequences of his wrecked faith. Convinced that political questions were not for him, and that his life work was that of a poet, she took him to the Lake Country, where his over-wrought feelings were calmed by the restfulness and grandeur of the scenes about him. This free intercourse with nature and with the humble shepherds whom he met restored him to his former faith in humanity and in nature as the expression of God. Before this time Wordsworth had looked on nature with merely a poet's eye, but now he is broadened and developed by the struggle through which he has past. Adding the power of a philosopher to that of a poet, during the next ten years he gives us the best works of his life.

We have traced Wordsworth's progress from the time he took his degree at Cambridge, through the Revolution when his heart and sympathy were given to the peasants

of France, then his subsequent period of despair, "when in France the worst came to the worst; and everything vanished of liberty except the crimes committed in her name;" and finally his restoration to faith in humanity through the companionship and sympathy of his sister; the influence of nature; and the purity and beauty of the Cumbrian shepherd life.

Looking back now, we can see the mistakes made by Wordsworth together with the other sympathizers in this Revolutionary movement. First, they disregarded everything that had come to them from the past. They had no respect or reverence for past customs, laws, or religion. Burke says no one generation has a right to cut itself loose from the past, or to be unmindful of what they have received from their ancestors. They should not consider that they have a right to cut off or waste that which they have received by inheritance, and to leave to those who come after them a ruin instead of a habitation. By changing the state as often and in as many ways as there are floating fancies or fashions, the whole continuity of the government is broken; no one generation can link with another.

Government is a contract the ends of which can not be obtained in a single generation; therefore it becomes a contract between the dead, the living and those that are to be born; hence the necessity of reform but never revolution. Burke did not believe in completely changing the laws and constitution, but in retaining that part which was effective, and applying a remedy to that part which was defective. Tennyson says:

"A land of unsettled government,
A land of just and old renown,
Where freedom slowly broadens down,
From precedent to precedent."

The French Revolutionists believed in complete change and refused to retain anything that had come to them by

inheritance either from royalty or from the judicial, military or ecclesiastical orders. Then they had a false conception of the idea of liberty. They wanted no liberty that was in accordance with the law and order of the Past, Milton said "License they mean when most they bawl for liberty." Burke's conception of liberty was far different from this. He said he had no idea of liberty unconnected with law and order and that he would always consider liberty equivocal in her appearance which had not wisdom and justice for her companions; and did not lead prosperity and plenty in her train. The liberty of the French Revolution let loose the wildest passions of man and brought about a state of affairs in France that has not been equaled in all history. Then last was the over-estimation of human nature. The leaders of the Revolution forgot the fact that human nature only reaches its highest perfection through gradual development and such development as is effected by the application of the principles of justice, law and order. They over-estimated human nature in thinking that the people could be suddenly wrenched from all restraints of the past; and utterly disregarding God and man could upon such anarchy as this build up a government that would bring in the golden time of happiness and prosperity.



STUDENT-LIFE AT HOPKINS.

BY W. F. GILL.

On December 24, 1873, Johns Hopkins, of Baltimore, died, and by his will left a legacy which, like that of Smithson, has brought him greater fame than all the activity of his long life. I refer to the seven and a half millions bequeathed to the Johns Hopkins Hospital and University. By the gift, this humble and unpretentious man wrought a work for education in America that the oldest and wealthiest colleges had long neglected. As often happens, however, later men and circumstances made this work possible. Mr. Hopkins' only aim was to furnish to Southern boys of moderate means the same educational advantages that were enjoyed by their Northern brothers at Harvard, Yale, etc. When the trustees of this fund called to the work Daniel Coit Gilman, then of the University of California, then it was that a new era was begun in American education.

Before this the policies of educational institutions were largely the traditions of the past three-quarters of a century. Their work was of the highest grade, but it was collegiate in its nature. The student who desired to fit himself for independent work in any department was compelled to betake himself to European universities. Mr. Gilman believed that this work could be done in America equally as well as abroad. From this belief comes the fact that Hopkins, though one of the youngest of our great institutions for learning, is the mother of American universities. The great revolution wrought in American colleges testifies to the correctness of Mr. Gilman's views.

Not the least obvious result of this policy is the change seen in the age and character of the students gathered in its halls. Any college founded only to follow in the footsteps of its predecessors must necessarily have struggled against traditions that clustered around those colleges.

But Hopkins, hewing its way, as it did, through untried forests, instead of coming in contact with Harvard, Yale and others, drew students from their graduates. To-day two-thirds of its students have graduated at other colleges before coming to Hopkins.

If the student-life of an institution is the life of a majority of its students, then Hopkins student-life may be expected to differ largely from that of other institutions.

If asked to name the most interesting feature at Hopkins, the task would be far from easy. There are so many interesting people, from the president to the fireman. Hopkins has an ideal president, who knows how to inspire respect by maintaining a difficult approach, and still to become on occasion a most obliging servant. No one knows better than he how to conduct distinguished visitors through McCoy hall and point out the department of History or the Classics, calling attention to agreeable features and passing others by. But for the students in their daily intercourse with the president's office, the second and real president is the Registrar of the University, a remarkable man, who needs not to be introduced a second time to a student as an individual or as a member of the University.

The student's interest centers, however, around the seminary room, for this is the principle on which the several departments are conducted. Here he has an opportunity to avenge himself for the many hours of lecturing he undergoes at the hands of the several instructors. Herein lies the great advance over the collegiate methods he has followed up to his entrance into the graduate courses. Into his seminary papers go the best efforts of the year's work. Whatever may be the theoretical good to be derived from the individual courses of lectures, in fact the average note-book furnishes little else than bibliography and general impressions, the details being left until examinations shall create a more immediate need. For the seminary paper, on the other hand, the student reads widely and thinks deeply.

Another most commendable feature in Hopkins University life, is its library. Unlike the other university whose library system I have investigated, the Hopkins library is thrown open to its students without reserve. The University library contains more than 80,000 volumes, but these books are not congested into one room or one building. The main library room, containing books of general interest to all or several departments, occupies one floor of the largest building. A most advantageous feature of this library is the New Book department, to which the chief new books of university interest are sent for inspection and purchase. This is peculiarly the work of Chief Librarian Murray. But the technical works bearing more particularly on any one department are conveniently arranged, usually in a room adjoining the seminary room. This room is the student's workshop. This is the Socratic basket in which he is lifted from the business world. It is unnecessary to point out the advantages of the system.

It may not be out of place to mention some other libraries, the use of which is open to Hopkins students. To obtain which the president purposely located the buildings in the heart of the city. Chief of these is the library of the Peabody Institute, within five minutes' walk of the University. Mr. Gilman uses his office of director of the institute decidedly to the benefit of Hopkins students, with the result that the two libraries practically supplement each other. Of minor importance are the Enoch Pratt free library, the Maryland Historical library, the Law library, the Medical library, and others.

No remarks on Hopkins would be even reasonably complete without mention of the excellent system of public lectures, at which Hopkins students and the Baltimore public meet on practically equal terms. The principal public lectureships are: (1.) The Turnbull lectures on some literature. (2.) The Levering lectures before the Y. M. C. A. (3.) The Williams lectures on scientific sub-

jects. (4.) Donovan lectures. Besides these there are numerous transient lectures, if such a term may be so used.

It will be evident, as we proceed that these features of Hopkins have a material effect on its student life and no remark could be intelligible without a knowledge of these facts. One chief result is the sharp division of the students into graduates and under-graduates. The University deals with these two classes along very different lines. But the social relations are even more distinct, and cannot be spoken of together.

For reasons that will appear later, Hopkins graduate students are less a body than those of other institutions. But associations must be formed to some extent. There are three separate agencies that bring this about—his department, his home, and the State from which he comes.

Naturally, where departments are so distinct and leisure so scarce, young men become more or less clamish. There is no assemblage of University students except at public lectures and special exercises.

At Hopkins, as elsewhere, the home is the chief center from which social ties spring. A map of Baltimore would show why McCulloh, Madison and Linden streets furnish homes for so large a per centage of Hopkins students. As a rule where you find one Hopkinsian on these streets you find perhaps eight or ten or even more. From this circle, which is not formed entirely on departmental lines, grows a more or less extended circle of speaking acquaintances. Time is not at hand to make extensive visiting acquaintances. Perhaps there is a slight tendency for the representatives of a State to gather into one home. At any rate North Carolina boys, with valuable additions from Kentucky and Utah, made as jolly a set at old 1217 (Mad. Ave.) as is generally found.

One organization, whose avowed purpose it is to draw these separate clans of students together, I have not included as an agency, for the very simple reason that it has

failed so signally. I refer to the Graduate-Students' Association. Its purpose is good, its real features do not make so pleasing a picture. It may be said to accomplish three ends: First, to enroll, perhaps, four-fifths of the graduate students; second, to collect the annual fee; third, to expend that money in harlequin cream, Mason's cakes and Levering coffee, over which the members talk shop and look bored, while they professedly honor some distinguished visitor that happens to pass that way.

During four years there was, perhaps, one month when G. S. A. stock went up. As usual the increased interest was due to the kicker. A few members organized an attempted reform, and earned for their pains the title of professional revolutionists. "The powers that were" proved too strong and matters remained in *statu quo*. It is sincerely hoped that the laudable mission of the society will be fulfilled in the future.

So much for the graduate student in the University. The chapter of his relations with the town is a short one. Occasionally, on Saturday afternoons, he may be pointed out on the street by the intensity of his gaze into the decorated shop windows, where he hopes to find some much needed article marked down at half price, and, if you watch him very close, you may see him drop into some second-hand book store to see what odd volume he can find, whose owner is supposed not to know its value, but who, in reality, holds all his wares so precious as to preclude any one man driving many successful bargains in a short period of time.

Again, on Sunday afternoon, if work is not too pressing, he generally takes a stroll up Eutaw place into Druid-Hill Park, and if the spring is specially beautiful and his landlady's daughter very attractive, he may consent to so far remember earlier days before he abandoned civilization, as to take his lady friend. But usually he is either alone or else is one of a group of Hopkinsians. His one dissipation

is the theater. At each theater in the city, he has a box that is always open to him. Being directly in front of the stage and raised quite above the rest of the audience (except a few peanut venders, etc.), he has plenty of room, and with the aid of borrowed glasses, a good view of the play. It is needless to say that he is uniformly in the confidence of the actors, and especially the actresses. He knows how she was led to adopt her profession, knows her successes and reverses, and consequently rejoices in her triumphs and sympathizes with her failures. He usually goes to the Saturday matinee or perhaps to the evening performance, and rising as early as practicable for Sunday morning, he buys the Sunday *Herald* to see whether the "Disagreeable Man" has properly appreciated the play.

The under-graduate in his college work, though working along different lines and under different instructors, still does not require separate treatment on this point, inasmuch as this sketch is to picture him aside from his work. The body of graduate students has been gathered from the Union at large; the under graduate, on the other hand, is usually a citizen of Baltimore, or certainly of Maryland, with a small representation from neighboring States. He does not differ much from the college student wherever he is met. He shows the same class spirit, the same friendly antagonism to his instructor. He has his literary society, a thing unknown to his graduate brother, unless the society for reporting current literature be magnified into a literary society. He has one decided advantage in his enthusiasm and leisure for athletics.

This last named quality suggests one obvious vacancy in Hopkins life, viz: the lack of facilities for outdoor athletics. If the literary life has been served by the location of the University buildings, the the social life has certainly been starved by crowding the several buildings into a block in such a way that they look much more like the component parts of a great manufacturing plant than like univer-

sity buildings. Under such circumstances, there can be no such thing as a college commons on which groups of students may spend their leisure hours in the social dis-habille so conducive to rough and ready acquaintance. Hopkins has a well appointed gymnasium and cage, where any amount of physical training may be had, but it must be taken much like a doctor's pill uncoated with sugar.

Athletics carried to the extreme may be cause for alarm in the minds of college authorities, but there can be no doubt that nothing has yet been found to take its place for creating a spirit of union and loyalty to the institution. If the Hopkins student wishes to kick a foot ball or even to indulge in a game of tennis, his nearest opening is on the public grounds of the city park. Under an unfortunate financial pressure, Clifton Park, the intended home of the University and for years the nominal athletic field, was necessarily disposed of. But imagine, if you can, a creditable record on the field, with the drill ground ten miles out of the city. Can you wonder that the J. H. U. base ball team made so poor a showing in the South last season?

The matriculate society is a parallel organization to the Graduate Students' Association, but owing to different surroundings, it has proved a signal success if reports that come to an outsider can be trusted.

A few months ago, when the young men throughout our country were all afire with enthusiasm to serve their flag, Hopkinsians were not entirely beyond the reach of the patriotic wave. The writer, for one, hailed with delight the organization of a company for preliminary drill; not so much because of the prospect of active military service (which, to be frank, seemed a very remote possibility), as for the breaking down of barriers between the two classes of students. Here there were no graduates or matriculates, but only soldiers in embryo. If a new relation has been established between departments, the experiment will have received further justification.

It is apparent, then, that some influence has been at work at Hopkins that has prevented her forward steps from being unattended by corresponding disadvantages. Whether the same high purposes might have been fulfilled under other circumstances that would have allowed these hindrances to be removed, is a far different and more difficult question. It must be remembered, too, that our University is not necessarily inferior to others because she differs from them. Her pride is not in her walls or her walks, but rather in the manly and independent spirit of and devotion to truth, which pervades her every organism and makes eminently appropriate her motto,

"Veritas vos Liberabit."



THE CHILDREN'S PRAYER.

BY W. H. NORTH.

Petition's sweetest, simplest words,
The prayer of every childish heart,
Voicing its faith, its hope, its love,
Bidding all doubts and fears depart.

Around it cling the fondest thoughts
That youth or childhood ever knew;
The mother's knee, the bed-time hour,
Those sacred things to me and you.

And when we're far from youth and home,
And have no strength to act our part;
When changing age is hast'ning on
With silvered hair and childish heart;

Then come its words as lovers' charms
To scatter all our doubts and fears;
Come with the power of a mother's love,
Come stealing o'er our later years.

If marble piles for kings are reared,
And shafts of bronze for warriors bold;
The one who framed this little prayer,
Should have a monument of gold.

For many thousand little ones
Of those who laugh, and those who weep,
Have nightly said their little prayer,
And safely laid them down to sleep.

And countless scores of aged ones,
When death's long night seemed drawing nigh;
Relying in the self-same faith,
Have laid them down in peace to die.

And myriads, round the shining throne,
Will shout with joy to see him there;
To greet the one who gave the world
The children's universal prayer.

SOME THOUGHTS ON EDMUND BURKE.

Burke was thirty-six years old when he entered Parliament. For several years he had been an obscure man of letters in London, disappointing the fond hopes of his father, that he would become a lawyer or statesman. And yet during all these years of restlessness and uncertainty, he was, perhaps unconsciously, laying deep the foundations of his political career. He was a frequenter of debating clubs in which he would "devote studious hours to getting up the subject to be discussed," using the same energy and indefatigable industry that characterized his late efforts in Parliament. He haunted the galleries and lobbies of the House of Commons, studying the institution of his country and entering sympathetically into the speeches of statesmen. Although he never enjoyed the practice of law, the study of law was deeply interesting to him—"a science which does more to quicken and invigorate the understanding than all the other kinds of learning put together." He studied law in its relation to social and political institutions, mastering as we knew from his speeches and pamphlets that formative book of Montesquieu's *Esprit des Lois*. Among his literary labors we notice the history of European Settlements in America, showing that his mind was already turning towards the problem of the colonies, and showing, too, his interest in historical study and research. Burke was one of the first students of political economy which at that time was almost an unknown science. He says in "A Letter to a Noble Lord," "If I had not deemed it of some value, I should not have made political economy an object of my humble studies, from my very early youth to near the end of my service in Parliament, even before it had employed the thoughts of speculative men in other parts of Europe."

Probably the determining element in his preparation for the life of a statesman was his extensive reading

of the best literature. He belonged to the happy family of omnivorous readers. He has told us of the four stages of reading through which he passed, each giving evidence of his enthusiastic devotion to all the spheres of literature. He felt successively *Furor mathematicus*, *Furor logicus*, *Furor historicus*, and *Furor poeticus*. At Trinity College, Dublin, he was "desultory and excursive," rather than systematic in his college work—like all men of genius he educated himself principally by reading what his heart led him to. He was "an enormous devourer of poetry and novels;" in his later works he quotes extensively from the classics and from Shakespeare and Milton. Cicero was his master. As Woodrow Wilson says, "Burke set out as a boy to see the world that is contained in books; and in his journeyings he met a man after his own heart in Cicero." It was this extensive reading that gave to Burke much of the inspiration of his later life. That is a wise saying of his, "Reading and much reading is good. But the power of classifying the matter infinitely in your own mind, and of applying it to every occasion that arises, is far better." Burke had this power as few men have had it. Literature furnished him with illustrations, gave him ideas, aided him in his translation of all abstract thought into the concrete images of life, supplied him with the deep moral and spiritual light in which he viewed all political and social institutions, stimulated his imagination—in a word, enabled him to understand life.

Probably the most distinctive effect of literature on Burke was in the formation of his style. To be sure, there is always that in style which is incommunicable, however many rhetorics may be written; personality is the determining factor in style as it is in all else. And yet Burke owed that "grand style" of his to the masters of style whom he studied. The "shaping spirit of imagination" was largely fostered by his sympathetic assimilation of the best literature. It is the style that gives individuality to

his thoughts, and makes his words as interesting now as when they were written. He is almost the only English statesman who has written about politics and society and government in such a way that mankind has not willingly let his words die.

Thus endowed and thus prepared, there is little wonder that Burke in a few months became one of the leaders of his party. Dr. Johnson, with his keen eye for men, had seen the reserve power, the latent faculties in Burke, and said, when he entered Parliament, "Now we who know Burke, know that he will be one of the first men in the country." Not only the Whig Party but the nation needed a man of such training and power.

Burke entered upon his political career at one of the most auspicious periods of English history. In his own words, "There never was a season more favorable for any man who chose to enter into the career of public life." The preceding years in English history had witnessed the brilliant victories of English soldiers in America and India. Under the administration of the Elder Pitt, the great War Minister, England had become the dominant power in Europe. In the enthusiastic words of Horace Walpole, "We are forced to ask every morning what victory there is for fear of missing one."

But during the years beginning with the accession of George III (1760) the problems were those of government—America and India gained, how were they to be governed? How was the struggle of Parliament against the king to be maintained? How was Parliament to be purified? How was a better financial system to be inaugurated? These were the problems that demanded solution at the hands of Burke and his great contemporaries, and they required judgment rather than passion, scientific and accurate knowledge of the questions involved rather than the sentimental stock-in-trade of the average politician, the considerations of the eternal aspects of the question rather

than the accidental and temporal. Burke had the stimulus of the successive questions that came to his attention to arouse in him all his highest powers, to-wit: the American War, the Economical Reform Bill, Parliamentary Reform, the Government of India, and finally the French Revolution, any one of which would have been sufficient to command the powers of an English statesman, called forth the best that was in him.

Then too, it was an age of great statesmen, and especially was it the golden age of English oratory. The Elder Pitt, Charles James Fox, Sheridan, the younger Pitt—all of them in the first rank of the statesmen and orators of all time, contended with Burke the leadership of parties and the mastery of political science. What a gathering of statesmen in the trial of Warren Hastings, made ever memorable by the pen of Lord Macaulay! And while Fox and the two Pitts and Sheridan surpassed Burke in many ways, especially in the impassioned appeal to their contemporaries and in the practical business of a politician, we must feel that Burke is the one of all that memorable group that has made his appeal to posterity with surest guarantee of success—for he is, in the imperishable eloquence that is to-day nobler than when it came from his stammering tongue, and in the interpretation of the problems of his age in the light of the eternal realities of life, he is by reason of these things with the mighty ones of old—and we feel no incongruity in mentioning him with his master Cicero.

It would be interesting to follow Burke through his long and eventful life, and especially to consider his speeches on the various subjects that are here mentioned. But on account of the limited space, we shall have to consider only a few of the most characteristic phases of his life and works.

And, first, we may notice the indefatigable industry of Burke. Many men are sincere, but not honest, in coming

to conclusions. Honesty demands a thorough and accurate investigation of the question at issue. Burke was honest, because he undertook the consideration of no question without the most careful investigation of all possible authorities. The reader of his works is amazed at the "infinite pains" of the man to find the truth. Goldsmith had this in mind when he spoke of Burke winding into his subject like a serpent. He had not been in Parliament long before he found it "necessary to analyze the whole commercial, financial, constitutional and foreign interests of Great Britain and its empire." A high ideal, but we feel that it was realized as we read his speeches. He spent thirteen years and more studying the Indian question, thinking that he was obliged, by the research of years, "to wind himself into the inmost recesses and labyrinths of the Indian detail." John Morley says, in speaking of his work on Economical Reform, "there was no part or order of government so obscure, so remote, or so complex, as to escape his acute and persevering observation." Only once do we feel that Burke failed to study the question as he ought to have. He did not know the conditions of France at the time of the Revolution as he might have, and would have probably in his younger days. Had he known the condition of the lower classes as his contemporary, Arthur Young, did, he might have dwelt not so much on the sufferings of royalty as on the sufferings of the masses, but then he would not have written the "Reflections on the French Revolution."

Save this one time Burke was always the patient, systematic investigator. He was something more than a collector of facts, however. He had the saving gift of Imagination. Without this faculty his facts might have been like the dry bones of Ezekiel. Imagination supplied "the unity of breathing life." As one reads his account of conditions in America, or the vivid pictures of the dethroned princess and desolated provinces and desecrated

sanctuaries of India, or the account of the memorable sixth day of October in Paris, we feel the force of Mr. Birrell's words, "He knew how the whole world lived." He saw organized society and saw it whole. His glory is "to apply the imagination of a poet of the first order to the facts and the business of life." He wrote with his eye on the object. Imagination, it cannot be too often said, is not fancy, it is not a faculty of the mind to be despised, it is, to use Wordsworth's language, but another name for absolute power, clearest insight, and reason in her most exalted mood. It is the realizing power, and the poet has it above all other men. Burke is most like a poet in this faculty of his mind, and here his vast reading stood him in good stead. Such a large outlook into the fields of romance and history gave him a deeper realization of the life of his own time.

And this very vivid imagination of Burke's is, probably, the explanation of another marked characteristic of his mind, his conservatism. His intense realization of social and political conditions led him to value highly the manifestations of order and peace. The monarchy was not to him what it was to Rousseau or Godwin or many another dreamer of republics, it was invested with the sacredness of time. The nobles were "the great oaks that shade a country and perpetuate your benefits from generation to generation." The constitution, especially that of 1688, was to him the highest form of human government; it was "the final establishment of English institutions." The church was the repository of all sacred traditions and holy memories, and "the basis of civil society, and the source of all good and of all comfort." "The most horrid and cruel blow that can be offered to civil society is through atheism." As John Richards Green says, "A nation was to him a great living society, so complex in its relations, and whose institutions were so interwoven with glorious events in the past, that to touch it rudely was a sacrilege."

“Every institution was hallowed to him by the clear insight with which he discerned its relations to the past and its subtle connection with the social fabric around it.”

Yes, Burke was conservative in every fibre of his being. He has been accused of inconsistency, and, indeed, it does seem true as we think of his attitude to America and India as compared with his attitude to the French Revolution. As we read below the surface, however, we see that the inconsistency is only apparent as Mr. Morley and others have so well shown. He was always a conservative, and yet this tendency became greatly accentuated by the French Revolution.

And so there are many other phases of Burke's character and of his writings that I should like to deal with. After all, the thing we feel most is the personality of the man. There are so many things that he did that we feel amazed at the prodigality of his genius. Goldsmith said that Burke had given to party what he might have given to mankind, a remark that has all the bias of a literary man; yet Goldsmith had this way of testifying to the supreme genius of his noble friend. Dr. Johnson meant about the same thing when he said that Burke would be the “first man everywhere,” and “That fellow calls forth all my powers.”

Mackintosh, who knew both men well, said that Gibbon's mind might have been taken out of a small part of Burke's. Nor has the impression of his personality been lost for men who never saw him or heard him talk. Macaulay, in the enthusiasm of his discovery of Burke, exclaimed, “How admirable! The greatest man since Milton!” We may close this paper with a quotation from Professor Dowden, one of the most recent critics of Burke: “When he came to write, he put his total manhood into his utterances . . . He was deficient in none of the parts or passions of a man; all were large and vigorous—judg-

ment, affections, imagination, will—and each played into and through the others . . . Napoleon said, when he had seen and conversed with Goethe, ‘There is a man!’ The same expression involuntarily rises to our lips when we have remained for a time in the presence of Edmund Burke.’



WILL MURPHY.

BY D. D. PEELE.

Early in the morning of April 7, 1862, the Confederate army lay quietly and seemingly at peace in camp near Shiloh. A short distance away could be seen smoke rising lazily from the camp fires of General Grant's army, which had been reinforced the night before by Buell. The calm quietude which settled down on the whole scene formed a marked contrast with the fight and turmoil of the preceding day. In this battle the Confederates under Beauregard, after much fierce fighting, had been successful in capturing three thousand Union soldiers, and it was now certain that Grant would not let an opportunity of avenging their loss pass unimproved.

A young Southern soldier was moving about in his tent that morning preparing his meagre breakfast. A smile played over his handsome face; his dark eyes were sparkling with joy; his heart was light, and evidently he was reflecting on some pleasant recollections. This man, Will Murphy, by name, was of medium height, majestic in appearance, possessing a well developed physique. His hair was dark and, though once glossy, was now thick and unkempt. Even before he had finished preparing his early meal, another soldier came rushing into his tent, stopped a moment at sight of the smile on Will's face, and said, "I have bad news for you, old boy."

Will's happy look gave place to one of anxiety. "What is it?" he asked.

"I understand we are to fight again to-day. The scouts have reported that Buell has arrived with reinforcements for Grant, and I dare say we'll have a tough time of it."

This last speaker was Will's cousin, John Sykes, and resembled him very much. In fact, one might have been taken for the other, but that John had a highly prized mustache and Will had not. They were reared on adjoin-

ing plantations in the southeastern part of North Carolina, and their association had been very intimate from childhood. At the outbreak of the Civil War they had just reached that age when they began to long for a career of excitement. When the South passed resolutions of secession, being in the hot-bed of rebellion, both felt a strong desire to respond to the call for volunteers, and also thought it a good opportunity to satisfy their burning desire for adventure. Their names were among the first enrolled in the Confederate army. They were at the surrender of Fort Sumter, and also had participated in the memorable battle at Bull Run. They had been impressed by the uncertainty of soldier life, and this exposure to common danger had strengthened their already strong friendship. They felt a strong love for and interest in one another that they had never felt before. In their dealings each seemed forgetful of self, thinking only of the welfare of his comrade. They were almost always together, fearing lest at any time some hostile bullet might separate them forever; and so it was with heavy hearts that they foreboded the coming battle.

John's announcement was followed by a long silence. Each seemed absorbed in deep and solemn meditation. Finally John, thinking such gloomy thoughts could not help matters, said, with a forced smile, "Say, Will, you seemed to have been enjoying yourself when I came in. What caused it?"

"O, I dreamt of being home last night, and was thinking of how pleasant everything was about there."

"Well, I'll tell you this kind of experience makes one feel like enjoying such dream," was the reply.

No more was said. The drums beat a call to arms, and within half an hour Will had received the news of the expected fight, he was in the thick of battle. Bullets were flying thick and fast among the troops, who were manfully resisting the attack. Brave young men were

falling on all sides. John, forgetful of his own danger, began to encourage his cousin. This battle was not as fierce as Bull Run, from which they both came without harm; surely they would be as fortunate here. No sooner did the young soldier comfort himself with this thought than he heard a ball strike his cousin, then came a thud, and Will Murphy was left lying prone on the ground. John moved on, but with a heavy heart. He had lost his dearest friend. The long dreaded moment of separation had arrived. Sykes tried to forget his sorrow for one moment, but could not. Every time he saw a soldier fall he wondered if he was as dear to some one as Will had been to himself. He thought it would have offered him great comfort to have stopped and administered to the wants of his fallen companion and seen him breathe his last, but to leave him there to the mercy of his enemies was almost unendurable.

When the Confederate army withdrew and went into camp at Corinth that afternoon, John Sykes threw himself on his couch and wept bitterly for his lost friend. Never before had he been so sorely afflicted. A strange, lonely feeling came over him, which he could in no way rid himself of. Do what he would, a part of his former being seemed wanting. His heart was heavy and he was completely cast down. Many soldiers had he seen fall in battle, but never before had he realized the true meaning of the death of a comrade to his friends. After an hour of weeping, prompted more by habit than hunger, he arose and began to move about mechanically, preparing supper. He halted; tears came into his eyes once more. He sat down rebuking himself for having thought of a meal. Every piece of baggage, and even his canteen, carried with it some recollection of his late friend, and so was a reminder of his grief. Strange to say, now for the first time he thought of writing to Will's father of the fall of his son. He sat down and, after writing several unsatisfactory letters, sent the following:

CORINTH, Miss., April 7, 1862.

MY DEAR UNCLE:—Will is dead. He fell in battle near Shiloh to-day. I could not stop to receive a message for you, if he wished to leave one. This morning he mentioned a dream he had last night of visiting home. I mourn his loss. He died bravely performing his duty. I sympathize with you all.

Your nephew,

JOHN SYKES.

John gave the letter to a friend to mail, lay down, and after many hours of sobs and moans was lost in sleep.

The next morning dawned bright and beautiful, as if to bring gladness to the hearts of those saddened by the events of the preceding day. John arose with a new determination; he would brave the misfortunes of life like a true soldier; he would go among his companions more and make new associates. So that day and weeks afterwards he moved about with a cheerful countenance, but in his breast was an aching pain which his comrades knew not of.

Five months after the battle of Shiloh, John was scouting in the forests of Kentucky, being appointed by General Bragg. As he was rapidly making his way by a not much traveled path, he was greatly surprised at hearing a cry of "Halt!" from behind him. He gripped his rifle instantly and turned only to face the muzzles of half a dozen Yankee guns. Resistance would have been madness, and so he calmly complied with the command. His captors marched their prisoner away, not telling him whither. After they had gone many miles they tried to force him to tell what he knew of the Confederate plan of action; but finding this useless, they moved on and delivered their captive to a company which had in its charge a great number of captured Confederate soldiers.

As soon as John Sykes saw the peaked appearance of these poor men and the tattered condition of their clothes, he resolved that he would escape from such a life at any risk. They did not care to talk much, but John was successful, however, in learning that they were being marched northward, but no one knew to what place. There was

great complaint at the want of water. It was rumored, however, that they would soon come to a river where a watering place had been prepared.

That afternoon, as they approached the river, Sykes was among the foremost of the prisoners. His quick eye took in the situation immediately. He saw a means of escape before he had been a prisoner twelve hours. The banks of the stream were lined with trees, except a distance of about fifty yards, where they had been cut so that the captives might march down into the water to drink. On either side of this place bushes grew very thick along the water's edge. Just above, there was a sharp bend in the river where the water, in its course, had washed the sand from the bottom, forming a bar at the watering place.

John was the first to enter the stream, and being very warm from the long march, began immediately to cool himself by falling down into the water. Many of the others followed his example. Finally, choosing a favorable moment, he fell down and began to move quietly toward the bank, where the bushes let their boughs dip into the water, and were swayed back and forth by the current. So short had been his imprisonment that young Sykes had not learned to consider himself a prisoner at all and not until he was making his way to a hiding place did he appreciate the danger to which he was subjecting himself. If he should be detected in the attempt to escape he could expect nothing less than death. But now it was too late for reflection, the attempt was made and the consequences must be met. Such were his thoughts. In a moment after he had disappeared beneath the water, his hands touched a root projecting from the bank. His feet were placed firmly on the bottom, and he raised his head slowly and quietly above the surface without making a ripple. The overhanging boughs formed a complete screen on the side next to the river. Being thus hidden from view, he watched, through a small opening in the surround-

ing foliage, the great tide of men still moving down into the water. Surely it was a sad looking sight that met his eye. A great host of men worn out by the hardships of soldier life and afterwards by the cruel treatment of prisoners walking down to slake their thirst in the impure water. While he stood gazing on this spectacle, John was greatly moved and wished he could provide a means of escape for them.

As one of the poor men approached the river he lifted his weary eyes, and as if drawn by some bond of sympathy they met those of the hidden soldier. John's heart sank within him. At the very moment when he was rejoicing in his escape he was detected. His welfare was now entirely in the hands of that unknown prisoner. But there was something in those eyes which John thought he had seen before. Were they well-disposed or hostile to him? John stood for several moments reflecting on this question, in great expectancy. He was recalled from this uncertain condition by a touch on the side and then an arm was placed gently around his waist. At first, this was alarming to the young man, but he was determined to make no resistance, but wait and see what it meant. The water gently parted as a black head of hair slowly arose above the surface. Next came the eyes which were at first recognized as those of the unknown prisoner and then as the eyes of his old friend and cousin, Will Murphy. Their hands met in a firm grasp beneath the surface, and their faces beamed with joy, but neither dared speak a word. So thus they stood hidden neck-deep in the river, quietly bubbling over with joy, while that great host of prisoners got their necessary amount of water and moved away northward.

"Follow me," whispered John, as soon as the sound of footsteps had died away; and he cautiously led the way out of the river and away to a thick growth of bushes. Here they threw themselves down on the leaves to talk.

“I thought you were dead,” said John, in a low tone.

“I am sorry to disappoint you,” said Will, as his face brightened with a smile, “but I’m not that easily killed. I received only a flesh wound.”

“Well,” said John, “were you cured by the aid of the Yankee doctors?”

“No; but in spite of their aid.” Here Will told a short story of his life as a prisoner. How he had been cared for by the enemy during his illness; how he was half fed; treated with contempt even by the servants; how his health had been constantly weakening until now he was worn out and reduced almost to a skeleton; and finally how he had seen John hiding in the water’s edge and had taken in the situation at once and escaped in the same manner as his friend had.

“Well,” said John, after Will had finished telling of his cruel treatment while a prisoner, “let’s go back to the army and fight those fellows some more.”



ART AND LITERATURE IN HAYTI.*

BY J. R. POOLE.

After visiting twenty homes of the colored people in Hayti, a small village in the southeastern part of the city of Durham, I must admit that I was very much surprised at the development, and the progress of these people, who were slaves a little over twenty years ago.

In the first home I was struck very much with the outside appearance. It was a one-story, framed house consisting of three rooms and a long porch in front. It was painted yellow. The blinds, posts, and corner pieces were painted red. Every other plank in the floor of porch was painted red, giving it a gay appearance. The yard was narrow, but clear of rubbish. Two rows of evergreens extended to the gate. There were eight varieties of rose bushes in the yard. On the floor of the first room was a clean bright carpet. The window curtains were yellow, and the shades blue. On the walls were the following pictures: three large crayon portraits in gilt lined frames. One was the likeness of the gentleman of the house and the other two were his mother and daughter; a colored portrait of St. John on the isle of Patmos. Near this were two angels descending from heaven to the tomb of Christ, representing the first dawn of Easter. In a wooden frame was a charter of the Odd Fellows. It certified that the gentleman was a member of this order, and that the lodge was situated in Durham. At the top the motto of the fraternity was printed in large letters: *Amicitia, amor, Veritas.*" Also a large picture of William McKinley. The walls were plastered, and in clean condition. The ceiling overhead was painted deep blue. The furniture consisted of the following articles: an organ, bureau, washstand and a large trunk. The adjoining apartment

* Hayti is a negro settlement in Durham.

has a bedroom and sitting room. It was heated by a stove. On the mantle were two clocks, a mirror, and two vases with wreathes of red flowers painted around them. The sheets on the beds were very clean. The following books were found: three Bibles, one Testament, two Methodist Hymn books, the History of James A. Garfield, Harvey's English Grammar, a small History of Rome, Sam Jones' song books, the Story of the Bible, "In the Pine Woods," a book written by T. T. Bailey, the life of Spurgeon, two arithmetics by Sandford, History of the United States, Maury's Manual Geography, and three pamphlets on Methodism. *The Morning Herald* was the only newspaper found. The third room was a kitchen.

2d. A one-story, framed-house, with porch in front. It was not painted. The steps, doors, and windows were in good condition. There were four rose bushes and three evergreens in the yard. In the first room, the furniture was old and soiled. It consisted of a dressing-case, sofa, washstand, sewing machine and a set of chairs. Two of the chairs were broken down. The floor was covered with a red carpet. On the walls were the following pictures: a mountain view, with little fairies at play among the flowers at the base, a photograph in a wooden frame, of the students of the Colored Public School, a photograph of a colored minister, a memoir of a colored Bishop, in a frame, a picture of a wreath of red flowers pasted on the walls. On a table were many small pictures of the different members of the family, relatives and friends. A great many of them were made at Shelburn's Art Gallery. The following books were noted: a large cook book, in which were many valuable receipts and much information in preparing meals. Also two Methodist Hymn books, Roberson Crusoe, Sheldon's complete arithmetic and Harrington's Speller. The family subscribe to four newspapers, the *Durham Daily Herald*, the *Atlanta Weekly Constitution*, the *Gazette*, and the *Charlotte Independent*. The last two are edited

by colored men. The adjoining room contained several beds and was devoid of ornamentation. However, the bedspreads were white and clean and the room presented a neat appearance.

3rd. In this house the only manifestation of art was found in a few books and pictures. The stock of books consisted of four Testiments, "The Norton House," a premium receipt book of Life Insurance, *Crowning Glory*, a song book, "Beulah," a novel, "A Prince of the Blood," by James Payn, "Won at Last," by Marean, "Blind Love," "A Romance of two Worlds," "That Dowdy," by Mrs. Sheldon, "The Young Ladies' Choice," by Mr. Abell, "Two Women are One," by Henry Harland. On the walls was a beautiful oil painting of the Niagara Falls, in a gilt lined frame. Near this was a picture representing Daniel in the Lion's den. Also an engraving of Joseph with Christ in his arms. The *Morning Herald* was the only newspaper found.

4th. This was a framed house consisting of three rooms. It was not painted. There were no flowers in the yard. The gate and steps were partly broken down. In the first room the floor was bare, but clean. The window curtains yellow, and the shades blue. The walls were plastered, and tolerably clean. The pictures were nicely arranged. There were three large crayon portraits of different members of the family, in bright gilt frames. One of them was sixteen by twenty inches, the other two ten by twelve. Also another picture was "The Believer's Vision," under which was the following quotation :

"Angels ever bright and fair
Take, oh! take me to your care
Speed to your own counts my flight
Clad in robes of virgin white."

The other two rooms were used for sleeping and cooking and were without any art interest.

5th. This was a small one-story boxed house, with only

two rooms. It was situated so near the sidewalk there was no room for any yard. It was an old house and very much weatherbeaten. On entering I found a tidy little room. The floor was very clean. Over the two small windows were blue shades, and white lace curtains, which extended to the floor. On the bed was a gay colored spread. The pillowcases were trimmed in white lace. On the walls were the following pictures: The Fall of Jerico, a picture of Christ ascending to heaven in the cloud, also a picture representing the resurrection of Christ, a photo of Bishop Hood of the Colored Methodist Church, the "Maiden's Dream," and a fine dwelling with shade trees in the yard, which was drawn with a lead pencil by one of the boys of the family. The following books were observed: a large Bible, two Testaments, the "Age of Elizabeth," by Wm. Hazlett, "Social Culture," by Cook, and Brand's "Hygiene." The *Morning Herald* was the only paper. The remaining room was for dining and cooking.

6th. A two-story framed house, painted white. In the yard were several rose bushes and evergreens. The palings that enclosed the yard were painted white. The floors of the rooms were clean. The parlor was nicely carpeted. The furniture consisted of the following articles: a set of cushion chairs, two rocking chairs, an organ, sofa, sewing machine, bureau, wash-stand and a centre table. The most of these articles were new. The bureau was painted yellow. The other rooms of the house were sleeping apartments and kitchen. The chief art interest of this house consisted of the books and pictures. The following literary works were found: Grandpa's Stories from the Wonderful Book, by George A. Pletz, a Diplomatic History, Barnes' Notes on Sunday School Literature, three Bilbes, a photograph album, a little book on Silver. It treated silver as a legal tender, also showing why it was demonetized in the United States. It gave the coinage laws, the Bland Act, and a discussion of international bimetalism. "The report of the comptroller of the

currency" (1893). In this book I found two hundred and fifty dollars of Confederate money, and twenty-five cents in paper money known as the Greensboro mutual, also there was a silver Spanish coin made in 1801. Among the books was an American Almanac, published in Boston in 1832. The gentleman placed a great deal of value on this book, as it contains so much information of the past. It contains a great many astronomical observations made at the beginning of the century. It gives the different censuses, and Washington's farewell address. I found a little book on Masonry (but could not read it), little "Ancient Essenes." The gentleman is a Mason and has taken the third degree. The remainder of the books were the life of James G. Blaine, Napoleon's correspondence with his brother Joseph Bonaparte, The Life of the Saviour, Error's Chains, how forged and broken, by Frank Dobbins, and two Baptist Hymn books. On the walls were the following pictures: George Washington on horseback, a large dog with baby on his back, an oil painting of a bird dog with a bird in his mouth, a scene of the battle between the Merimac and the Ram, in a quilt frame. A picture of the celebration of the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments. Queen Estha standing before the King, a fancy advertisement of Brown Brothers' fancy groceries, Durham, N. C., a view of West Point Military Academy and grounds, a picture showing several departments in Smithsonian Institute, Washington City, a picture of a ripe watermelon and an advertisement of the Eureka Tobacco Co., Durham, N. C., a small negro boy smoking a Eureka cigar and singing:

"In Dixie's land I take my stand
And smoke Eureka Tobacco,
Way down South in the land of cotton
Eureka Durham is not forgotten."

7th. A framed house with three rooms and a porch in front. There were no flowers in the yard. Only one room was of particular interest. The floor was carpeted with

dirty matting. The window curtains were white lace and the shades were blue. The pillowcases were trimmed with red embroidery. On the walls were four mottoes with the following words marked in zephyr: "I know that my Redeemer Liveth," "Welcome to All," "Simply to thy Cross I Cling," "God Bless our Home." In a gilt frame was a beautiful scene of an Indian Camp, also a picture of three white ladies gathering flowers. The following books and novels were noted: Worth and Wealth, by N. W. Ayer & Sons, the American Newspaper Annual, Report of the Commissioner of Agriculture, a large Bible, "She is all the world to me," Scripture, by J. H. Walworth, a marriage of Fiction, Culture and Fine Art, Dr. King's Guide to Health. The *Morning Herald* was the only newspaper.

8th. A new one-story framed house, painted white. The blinds, posts and corner-pieces were painted green. It was covered with tin. The porch was trimmed with fancy wood work. The palings were painted white. The yard was laid off in squares and hearts, in which were violets and pansies. Two rows of brick extended from the door to gate, between which was a layer of sand making a nice walk. One room was the kitchen and the other a combination parlor and bed-room. The floor of the latter room was carpeted and clean. The wall paper was of a gay color. The books noted were character sketches, Collier's American Dictionary, six volumes of Shakespere's works, Cyclopedia of Social and Commercial Information, Tinman's Manual and Builder's Mechanic Hand-book, Moore's Universal Assistant and Complete Mechanic, and the following novels by Collier: "I Say No," "Antonia," "Poor Miss Finch," "The Law and the Lady," "Armada," "The Woman in White," "Blind Love." The furniture consisted of the following articles: A bureau, sewing machine, a new bedstead, washstand, large trunk, and a center table. On the mantle were two clocks, two

vases and a small mirror. The lambrequin was red and had two bows of yellow ribbon pinned near each end. In a wooden frame was a picture of a country home, near this was a picture of a snow storm.

9th. A three roomed house, painted a lead color, only two of the rooms occupied by the family. No flowers were in the yard, but it was clear of rubbish. In the front room the floor was covered with matting. The furniture consisted of a bureau, two rocking chairs, washstand, new bedstead, two trunks and a center table. On the bed was a clean white counterpane and pillow cases trimmed with lace. The window curtains and shades were yellow. The spread on the center table was red. On the bureau was a nice collection of shells, toys, and small china ware. The following books were noted: Ester Reid Yet Speaking, by Pansy; Two Bibles, Dore Bible Gallery, Maury's Manual Geography, His Glorious Appearing, A Modern Cinderella, by Charlotte Brame; Harvey's Grammar, Webster's Dictionary, Davies' Arithmetic, Barnes' History, Swinton's Spelling Book, Nights with Uncle Remus, Rip Van Winkle, Teachers' Manual, Tennyson's Poems, The Alphabet of Love, a book on Penmanship, and two Histories of the United States; the Morning Herald the only newspaper. On the walls were five portraits of the family in frames of oak. Three of the portraits were crayon work and the other two Berlin photographs. In a gilt frame was a lake scenery.

10th. A two story house, painted yellow. It was too close to sidewalk for any yard. On the inside of the main room the floor was carpeted in red. The walls were covered with fancy wall paper. The following books were observed: History of Sitting Bull, Mosses from a Rolling Stone, by Mrs. Clark; two Bibles, Represented at Leisure, An Earl's Atonement, A Proverbial Philosophy, What Gold Cannot Buy, by Mrs. Alexander; She, a novel of adventure, by Haggard; The Old Homestead, by Mrs.

Alexander; The Life of Barnum, the world-renowned showman; Centenary of Wesleyan Methodism, and the Life of James A. Garfield. Pictures: Miramo Castle, in a wooden frame, a snow scene, the infant Saviour and St. John, a large picture of Christ, an advertisement of Gail's best snuff, fancy pictures of white girls on fire screens, two pictures of white lady actresses in short dress, a photograph of a group of colored boys who are studying the tailor's trade, and the Mother's Dream, with the following quotations:

"The Great Jehovah full of love,
An angel bright did send;
And took my little homeless dove,
To joys that never end."

11th. A one story framed house with four rooms and a porch in front. The floor of the sitting room was covered with a red carpet. The walls were plastered, and very clean. The shades were green, and the curtains were yellow. The furniture consisted of the following articles: A set of chairs, two rocking chairs, sofa, center table, and a large mirror in a varnished frame. The pictures noted were Mary and her lamb, a sympathetic scene of a beautiful white girl that ran away from home to be married and came back to her gray headed father to ask forgiveness, a fancy advertisement of Lee, Wheeler & Co., embalmers and undertakers, Durham, N. C. On the mantle were several toys of dogs and fishes, and a collection of sea shells. There were two vases with red flowers painted on them. The vases were filled with a kind of meadow grass, which the lady had so colored with diamond dyes, that it was hard to distinguish it from some costly plumes. There was also a head rest done in crazy work, with "sound money" worked in large letters. The books noted were: Emerson's Royal Singer, The Speaker's Library, Harp of Zion, The Report of the Secretary of War, Robert Steel's Select Notes on the Sunday-school Lessons, His Glorious Appearing, Annual Proceedings of Western N. C. Confer-

ence, Baptist Hymn Book, Mr. Arnold's Stories, Little Fishers and their Nets, by Pansy; Points of Worldly Wisdom, by Timmons; Sam Jones' Sermons, Fletcher's Lectures, Smith's Grammar, and four Sunday-school Quarterlies, three newspapers—the Charlotte Daily Observer, New York Journal and the Chicago World.

12th. A two roomed house with small porch in front. In the yard were some winter pinks and evergreens. One side of the porch was covered with a honeysuckle vine. The floor inside was covered with scraps, chips, etc. The walls had been plastered, but it was off in many places. The window curtains were black and faded. The furniture consisted of a bureau, trunk, bedstead, center table, washstand, and a sofa. These articles were very much soiled. The pictures noted were, Mary Magdalene; a lake scenery; a motto of needle work, "Welcome to Our Home," in a gilt frame. There were some fresh violets in a vase on the mantel. Books—three Methodist Hymn books, a book on life insurance, Bible, second reader, Robinson Crusoe, and "The Odd Fellow's Guide. The *Morning Herald* was the only newspaper.

13th. A small framed house, with two rooms. Only one room occupied by the family. There was no yard. The steps were broken down. The floor was covered with grease and soot. In one corner were stored pots, barrels, kegs, dishes, tin buckets, bread trays, dish rags and skillets. There was a small stove near the center of the room, on which the family did their cooking. There were four chairs and two bedsteads in the room. There were no pictures on the walls. The sheets on the beds were unclean. Sandford's arithmetic, a second reader and a slate were noted, also two newspapers, the *Chicago Ledger* and the *New York Journal*.

14th. This consisted of three rooms and a porch in front. There was no front yard. A bureau, two large trunks, three bedsteads and center table constituted the furniture.

The walls were papered with newspapers, of which were noted, the *Morning Herald*, the *Kinston Free Press*, the *New Berne Daily Journal* and the *Charlotte Observer*. On a partition wall were pasted several pictures of white ladies half nude; also several pictures of white lady actresses in fancy costumes. In a large gilt frame was a ball-room scene. The pictures were white ladies and gentlemen. There were five large pictures in gilt frames advertising the Lyon tobacco. The pictures were white ladies dressed in gay colors, and a large picture of Mary Magdelene. There were no books. The furniture was new. On the bureau were several bottles of wine.

15th. A two-story framed house, painted white. The yard was clear of garbage, and contained some evergreens and a few Spring flowers. The steps, doors and balusters of porch were in good condition. The floor of parlor was covered with a red carpet. The wall paper was of a gay color. The furniture consisted of the following articles: A set of red-cushioned chairs, a sofa, an organ, bureau, and a large mirror, which extended the length of mantel. The books noted were, *The Cottage Library*, *How to Make Home Happy*, *Thorns in the Flesh*, *Johnstown Flood*, *Howard's Domestic Medicine*, illustrated, *Land Laws of the United States*, *Allen and Greenough's Cæsar*, *History of the Bible*. On the walls were the following pictures: "Mary and Her Lamb," One of the Fates, in a wooden frame, a motto of needle work in a frame, and a picture of a country home.

16th. A small house, painted white. It consisted of two rooms and a porch in front. In the yard were a variety of rose bushes and two rows of violets extending from the door to the gate. The floor was carpeted with matting. The walls were papered with samples of wall paper. The samples were about a foot square, and each one of a different color. This gave the room a gay appearance. The furniture was new. It consisted of the following articles:

An organ, bureau, sewing machine, six chairs, a fine rocking chair, a large clock, bedstead and a washstand. The sheets on the bed were clean. The pillow-cases were embellished with red embroidery. On the bureau were four flower vases, two fancy ink stands, a collection of sea shells, and a piece of coral. In a little library were the following books: Barnes' General History, Skeats' Etymological Dictionary, The Complete Dictionary, Manual of Etymology, History of the United States, "Latin at Sight," by Post, Sandford's School Arithmetic, "Day by Day in the King's Country," by Hervey Newton, How Plants Grow, Blakie's Industrial Cyclopaedia, History of Rome, History of the Colored Race in America, by Edward Johnson, LL. D. (a colored man), Biographical Dictionary, five reading books, nine Baptist Hymn books, Electric Short-Hand book, a book on Mythology, A Word for the Day, Senate Journal, The Bible Looking-Glass, Physical Geography, the Minutes of the *Grand Order* of the *True Reformer*. This is a secret society. The pictures noted were: The Tree of Life, The Last Supper of Our Lord, The Holy Family, a Photograph of Hayti Public School, St. Augustine School at Raleigh; also a Map of Durham County. This was drawn by the gentleman of the house. It was four by six feet. The map contained all the places of note in the county—the townships towns, churches, colleges, schools, railroads, rivers, mills, factories and postoffices. The work showed great skill in drawing, as well as a thorough knowledge of the county.

17th. A nice little cottage. It consisted of four rooms and two porches. The house was painted white. The blinds, doors, and posts were painted green. The yard contained a great many varieties of flowers, and they were well cultivated. On each side of the walk were two rows of violets. The floor was carpeted. The color of carpet was red. The walls were plastered. The window curtains and shades were yellow. The pictures on the walls were

mostly scenes of nature. The lambrequin on mantel was yellow. Two flower vases with wreathes of red flowers around them on bureau. On a table the following books were noted: Collier's Encyclopedia, Complete Work of Josephus, Myrtle Lawn, by Robert E. Ballard, the Underground Railroad, by Wm. Still, Social Culture, The Model Orator, Beautiful Gems, Bible, Pilgrim Progress, Paradise Lost, Longfellow's Poems, Dicken's works, Oliver Twist, Great Lives, "A Course of History in Progress," Uncle Tom's Cabin, The Complete Compendium, A Short History of Siberia, by Edward Johnson (colored man), a Directory of Durham, a Sequel to "Peep of Day," a History of Massacres, History of the Negro Race, The Monastery, Shadows Uplifted, by Mrs. Harper, Moody's Sermons, The Johnstown Horrors, The War in Cuba, The Princes, The Silver Penny, Literary Landmarks, Talk on Pedagogics, two of Victor Hugo's Novels, Alexander Dumas' "Well-Springs of Truth," a Geometry, History of England, Sports and Pastime, and Webster's Unabridged Dictionary.

18th. A very old house, not painted. There were no flowers in the yard. The floor was not clean. The walls had been plastered, but nearly all of it was off. The sheets on the beds were not clean, there were grease and soot on the floor. The window shades were green. On the mantle were six small vases and a toy drum. In a small frame was a collection of Sunday School cards. The books found were, Webster's "blue back" spelling book, a second reader, and Bible Models.

19th. A framed house, not painted. There were no flowers in the yard. The floor was clean. The walls were papered with newspapers. The *Morning Herald* and the *World* were noted. The window curtains were faded and torn. On the walls were two pictures of fruits and melons, and the picture of two white ladies dressed in gay colors, advertising the Duke cigarettes. There were no books.

20th. A one-story framed house, painted white. The

yard was laid off in squares. The spring flowers were just coming up. Two rows of evergreens extended to the gate. The palings that enclosed the yard were painted white. On one side of the porch a honeysuckle vine had grown and entwined itself from post to post. The floor of the parlor room was nicely carpeted, and very clean. The walls were plastered. The pictures observed were, a large crayon picture of Frederick Douglass, in a gilt frame, a photograph of the family in one group, an oil painting of a lake and castle, chromo of a day and a night scene, a group of the Teachers of the Graded School, a picture of a country home, Evangeline in a frame and a photograph of the Principal of the Colored Graded School. On a bracket was a fine collection of sea shells, toys, and fancy china ware. I found a silver spoon—a souvenir of Frederick Douglass. His name and picture with the dates he held office were engraved on it, a blue ribbon was tied around the case. Two wooden souvenirs on the mantle were said to be made from a tree that grew in Washington's yard at Mt. Vernon, Va. The following books were observed: Longfellow's poems, Collier's Cyclopaedia, Seven American Classics, Chamber's Encyclopedia, consisting of a dozen volumes, Ivanhoe, Whittier's poems, Crown of Wild Olive, Sesame and Lilies, Night Scenes in the Bible, Talks on Pedagogics, Self Helps, by Smiles, "The Path Finder," Passages of Holy Writ and a little book of poems written by Pauline Fitzgerald, a colored lady living in Durham. The poems are mostly eulogies and elegies on prominent men of the colored race. Three magazines were found: *McClure's*, *Outing*, and *Review of Reviews*.

FAIRVIEW KENNELS.

BY J. F. PEGRAM.

The Piedmont Section of North Carolina is noted for its abundance of quails, which furnish recreation for native and many visiting sportsmen. Rutherford county, in the heart of this section, is very plentifully supplied with this favorite game, and to a limited extent with the wild turkey, the fox and the deer.

In the autumn of 1894, Mr. W. G. Brokaw, a New York millionaire, came to this section with a party of friends to attend the "Eastern Field Trials," and while tramping over the country he chanced upon an old colonial plantation that struck his fancy. He at once decided to purchase the place, and establish there a Hunter's Lodge, and game parke, to which he might come for hunting and other diversions. He soon purchased the place, and began to erect buildings and improve his new estate, spending in all about one hundred thousand dollars. Such a lavish expenditure of money for such a purpose was astounding to many people, and one old darky remarked, "That man Brokaw has money to burn, and he's burnin' it." This improved game park, named Fairview Kennels by its owner, but more familiarly known among the people as "Brokaw's" is situated in the rugged and semi-mountainous county about seven miles south of High Point and about four miles South of Archdale, from which latter place Mr. Bokaw, at his own expense, constructed a solid, smooth and well-graded road to his new lodge. It may be well to state here that Mr. Brokaw, by the annually payment of the real estate tax, has purchased the game privileges of all the land for many miles around, and consequently every farm is posted by "Fairview Kennels, Lessee." Some one, ignorant of all that had been going on, and seeing the new notice and the strange name, asked: "Who is this man, "Lessee, anyhow?" On approaching

the place and before reaching the main entrance, one sees within the general enclosure a number of dog yards, containing each about one acre. and separated one from another by woven wire fences from five to nine feet high; and, from the barking and baying that ensue upon the approach of a stranger, one is forced to conclude that this is indeed a lane of dogs. Above the main gate-way are the words, "Positively no admittance;" but to gain admittance one has only to call for the manager, a kind-hearted "yankee," who takes great pleasure in showing to visitors the interesting features and wonderful improvements of the place. Once within, you notice on the left a huge wind-mill, by which water is pumped from a deep well to an elevated tank, whence it is served by pipes to all the buildings, fountains and gardens. Near by is the office, a neat structure of two rooms and porch. In it the fire-places are of the old-fashioned, mediæval type, above which are hung riding whips and hunters' horns. The walls are adorned with appropriate pictures, and the floors are covered with rugs made of skins of huge animals.

The residence, or lodge proper, is situated on the brow of a high spur or ridge which projects southward, and from which one has a splendid view of Shepard Mountain. It is a two-story structure of modern architecture, and cost about twenty-thousand dollars. The piazza and porticos are all inclosed with glass, and the building is fitted up with all the conveniences of a city residence, such as water supply, gas-lights and telephones. The air around is redolent with the odor of blooming flowers: for here one finds himself in the midst of a veritable flower garden, in which flourish under the care of a skillful florist the choicest species of flowers and shrubs known to the botanist. South of the lodge and surrounding grounds, on the crest of the hill, is an open area of one acre, inclosed by a low wire fence, known as the practice ground. Here the hunters cultivate and test their skill in marksmanship by shooting

at artificial birds hurled into the air after the manner of a rising gull. To the east of the Lodge, on an adjacent ridge, is a race-track one fourth of a mile in length; and within the track is a level, grass-covered polo ground, where the visiting hunters often engage in this species of sport which is little known and rarely indulged in here in the South. It is a novel though beautiful spectacle to see ten or a dozen mount their light horses, gallop over the field in pursuit of the white polo ball, and with their long-handled mallets, drive it to the goal. To the east of the race-track are the stables, an immense building of sixty stalls and ample space for vehicles of all kinds. One side of the buildings is almost wholly of glass, and the floor is of ground cork. The horses kept here are said to be of the finest pedigrees; and one needs only to observe their form and movement to have verified all that is claimed for them.

All the walks and drives are gravel and crushed granite, with gutters of terra cotta, and street lamps at short and regular intervals; and when all the building, walks and drives are lighted up, the whole is a brilliant scene, and gives a scene of good cheer and splendor in the midst of a wild and broken country.

Between the Lodge and the manager's house on the west there is a deep valley. Down steep descent are steps made of pine logs, and on either side of this descending pathway are placed in rugged symmetry huge unearthed stumps with magnificent roots and clinging earth. The lowest part of the valley is spanned by a rustic bridge forty feet long, artistically made of pine logs and limbs.

Another interesting feature is the Poultry Yard. Here may be seen many kinds of fowls, from big buff cochins to small bantams and clean-limbed game cocks. Big turkey gobblers walk around seeming to be utterly oblivious of the fact that Thanksgiving Day is approaching; beautiful peacocks spread their variegated plumage as if they

thought themselves the enemy of all "Parliament of Flowers;" while scores of pigeons, with colors rivaling the hues of the rainbow, arrive and depart on rustling wing.

Far out in the open field is the cattle barn, where are kept the cows and work-horses, as the horses before mentioned do no work. The cows are full-blooded Jerseys from the Occoneechee farm; and while Mr. Brokaw and his friends are absent their noble function is to supply milk for the puppies in the kennels. They wear the well-fed contented look of all the other animals on the place as if they knew that their owner had ample means with which to keep their mangers full.

Now as to the leading feature of the whole establishment, the one for which it was named Fairview Kennels. A census of the institution shows a dog population of seventy-five, including forty puppies. Pointers and setters are the most numerous, there being only a few fox hounds and one deer hound. For this deer hound, when young, Mr. Brokaw paid sixteen hundred dollars; and for one of the setters he paid eight hundred dollars. Prominently located near the main entrance is the chief kennel, the Canine Mansion, a two-story building, which, from an exterior point of view, looks much like modern residences of *genus homo*. The front yard is paved with cement and enclosed with a high wire fence, over which run climbing roses, Virginia creepers and other vines. In the hall are a few chairs, and on the walls are hung paintings and photographs of canine celebrities, certificates of honor, pedigrees, and prize medals which have been won in the New York Dog Shows. The rooms, or bed-chambers, are eight by ten feet, with plastered walls and floors plastered with cement. Two dogs with their puppies occupy a single room. The only article of furniture in a room is a bed, which is about eighteen inches high and three feet square. Clean wheat straw spread upon this for a mattress completes the arrangement for comfortable sleep. The

kitchen is equipped with all the modern appliances of a culinary department. The dogs are fed on cooked vegetables, chiefly cabbage, and on beef, mutton, pork and fish, which are served uncooked. Full grown dogs are given food only once a day, while the puppies are given milk supplied by the Jersey cows three times a day.

This is the home of the dogs, and this the place to which Mr. Brokaw, with numerous friends, annually comes, bringing guns, and more houses and dogs, to spend the late fall and early winter. Then all is life, and stir, and bustle; activity takes the place of apathy; and the object of the institution is accomplished in gratifying and cultivating the sporting propensity of man.



WILLIAM W. HOLDEN.

BY W. K. BOYD.

PART IV.—RECONSTRUCTION TO CANBY CONSTITUTION.

The omens of peril in President Johnson's letter were prophetic and soon to be fulfilled. The defeat of the Union candidates in North Carolina and other Southern States was sufficient to give a hostile tendency to the relations of Congress to the States to be restored to the Union. This tendency was precipitated into a fixed policy by the actions of the Southern Legislatures. In certain States laws were passed that classed as vagrants all negroes who refused to work for prescribed wages. Many minor offences were to be punished by fine, and if the fine were not paid, the offending negro was worked out by process of law. An apprentice system was in some States adopted which considered the negro bound to service until a certain age. Some such laws seemed necessary to the Southern law-makers to regulate the liberated slave. But when complaints were filed at Washington, Congress was alarmed and regarded these laws as wilful and direct violations of the freedom of the negro.

The first step in retaliation was the refusal to admit Southern Congressmen until Congress should declare them entitled to represent their States. Then the Fourteenth Amendment was adopted, which declared all "persons born or naturalized in the United States and subject to the jurisdiction thereof," citizens of the United States and of the States where they resided. In other words, the negro was granted the right to vote and placed on an equal civil basis with the white race. The Amendment also excluded prominent Confederates from Federal offices until pardoned by Congress, and invalidated the Confederate war debts. This Amendment must be ratified in each Southern State before its government should be recognized by Congress. At the same time a committee reported that the govern-

ments in the Southern States were practically suspended and that those States could not be re-instated in the Union until they should give pledges of their loyalty. This virtually ignored President Johnson's plans of restoration. It was a challenge by Congress. He accepted the issue. From this time on the fight between Congress and the Executive was open and bitter. It culminated in the impeachment of President Johnson and, says Mr. Dunning, "the single vote by which Andrew Johnson escaped conviction, marks the narrow margin by which the presidential element in our system escaped destruction."*

In October the Southern States began to reject the Fourteenth Amendment. This prepared the way for the famous Reconstruction Act of March, 1867. Under the provisions of this law the Southern States, with the exception of Tennessee, which had been recognized, were divided into five military districts, whose commanders were to be appointed by the President. These commanders were to enroll in each state all male citizens of one year's residence not disqualified to vote by crime or the Fourteenth Amendment. These citizens were to elect members for State conventions. These conventions were to extend the franchise to all classes permitted to vote for the convention and form constitutions. These constitutions were to be submitted to Congress, and if approved the States were admitted to representation and declared in the Union, provided the first General Assembly meeting after the adoption of the Constitution should endorse the Fourteenth Amendment.

This, briefly, is an outline of the Congressional plan of Reconstruction. An extended examination of all its relations to Southern history, and especially to that of North Carolina, is here impossible. That is a work greater than the limits of these papers allow, a work much needed, as

*Studies in Civil War and Reconstruction.—*W. A. Dunning.*

yet undone. A volume might be written on phases of Reconstruction in North Carolina and as much be left unsaid. As time and space are passing, only those topics that relate most intimately to Governor Holden's policy will be discussed.

General Daniel E. Sickles was appointed Commander of the Second Military District, composed of North and South Carolina. His headquarters were Charleston. On the day he assumed command, March 21, 1867, he issued a proclamation in sympathy with the principles of the Reconstruction Acts. The government of North Carolina was declared provisional and subject to Congress. Local laws were allowed to be enforced when not contrary to the Union, and cases of neglect of civil officers were to be reported to the Commander. In April, General Sickles removed two policemen in Wilmington for lack of discretion in making arrests and violence in discharging their duties. This and similar acts by other commanders caused the Attorney-General to publish an opinion that the Reconstruction Acts did not give the commanders power to supersede the civil law. General Sickles regarded this as an impeachment of his administration and resigned. His resignation was not accepted. Next he forbade Sheriffs to execute civil process in the sale of property. In North Carolina the Sheriff was about to disobey the order, when he was stopped by special order of Sickles. Finally the case was appealed to the Supreme Court of the United States, and Chief Justice Chase decided that "the military authority does not extend in any respect to the courts of the United States." General Sickles in the meantime ordered a registration of voters as required by Congress. Before the plans of Congress could be carried out, General Sickles was removed and General Canby was appointed commander.* Under his administration voters registered, the members

*"Three Decades of Federal Legislation."—Cox.

of the convention were elected, the first instance of negro suffrage in North Carolina, the Fourteenth Amendment was adopted, and a new Constitution was framed, which was called the "Canby Constitution." This began a re-organization of the State government according to the provisions of the new Constitution. In 1868 elections were held and, as the negroes went to the poles, seven Representatives were sent to Congress who belonged to the Union or Republican party. The Governorship was from this time on a four years' office. The candidates were Thomas Ashe, Democrat, and Holden, supported by the Republicans. Holden was elected by over eighteen thousand majority. Thus was kept the vow made by the chilled newsboy a quarter-century before. The well educated, finely clothed young man who had condescended to butter a biscuit for an apprentice no doubt keenly felt the irony of fate, when the election returns were published and approved by General Canby. Let us review briefly the political career of the Governor-elect.

Born in obscurity, by perseverance and industry he gradually rose to some local prominence in old Whig circles. When his brethren in Whiggery were unaware, he joined the Democrats, and in a few years became one of the leaders in the Free Suffrage campaigns which struck the death blow to the supremacy of the old aristocracy. An elderly lady whose mind is ripe with the memories of our ante bellum history, says that his alliance with the "scalawag Democrats" lost for him social recognition in Whig circles. He was ostracised by the professed leaders of North Carolina's "blue veins." How much more bitter must that ostracism have become in the days of Free Suffrage agitation! An ardent admirer of Calhoun, those who knew Holden's influence as "one who could kill and make alive," declare that he was the strongest State's-right man in Carolina. His lines on the death of Calhoun must be be classed with the best poems written in the State. Then

his views changed. He became a Union-Douglas Democrat and stood for the Union till the last, and finally signed the Ordinance of Secession. He was reconciled to many of his old enemies, the best of relations were established with his old rivals, and then he joined the "Peace men," and opposed Vance and the continuation of the war. Old wounds were opened. When the war closed, it was the hope of the Southern leaders to reorganize and continue the State governments as they were in the days before Secession. What must have been the chagrin of the survivors of the old system in North Carolina when Holden, their arch enemy, who had so often supported and as often opposed them, was made Provisional Governor! They had been conquered, but they could not submit to all the dictates of the conqueror. Holden had been appointed Provisional Governor undoubtedly because of Johnson's sympathy for him. Both had begun life in similar circumstances and had worked to success slowly, but surely. Nothing was more natural than that Holden should be selected to represent the Union in the reorganization of civil authority just after the cessation of hostilities. Nothing was more natural than that those whose lives were so inextricably bound to the legends of former days, should rise and defeat him who dared disregard their traditions. When the monster does not down at their bidding, but is victorious in a popular election, all the discontent breaks forth in one demonstration of despair. This is the protest of Worth, the retiring Governor, which he presented to the Governor-elect when the keys to the Executive office were surrendered. It reads as follows:

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA, EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,

RALEIGH, July 1, 1868.

Gov. W. W. Holden, Raleigh, N. C.:

SIR:—Yesterday morning I was verbally notified by Chief Justice Pearson that in obedience to a telegram from General Canby, he would to-day, at 10 a. m., administer to you the oath required preliminary to your entering upon the discharge of the duties of *Civil Governor* of the State; and that, therefore, you would demand possession of my office.

I intimated to the Judge my opinion that such proceeding was premature, even under the Reconstruction legislation of Congress, and that I should probably decline to surrender the office to you.

At sundown, yesterday evening, I received from Colonel Williams, Commandant of this Military Post, an extract from the General Order No. 120, of General Canby, as follows:

HEADQUARTERS SECOND MILITARY DISTRICT,
CHARLESTON, S. C., June 30, 1868.

General Order No. 120.

[EXTRACT.]

"To facilitate the organization of the new State governments, the following appointments are made: To be Governor of North Carolina, W. W. Holden *vice* Jonathan Worth, removed; to be Lieutenant-Governor of North Carolina, Tod. R. Caldwell, Lieutenant-Governor elect, to fill an original vacancy—to take effect July 1, 1868, on the meeting of the General Assembly of North Carolina."

I do not recognize the validity of the late election under which you, and those co-operating with you, claim to be invested with the Civil government of the State. You have no evidence of your election, save a certificate of a Major-General of the United States Army.

I regard all of you as, in effect, appointees of the Military power of the United States, and not as "deriving your powers from the consent of those you claim to govern." Knowing, however, that you are backed by military force here, which I could not resist if I would, I do not deem it necessary to offer a futile opposition, but vacate the office, without the ceremony of actual eviction, offering no further opposition than this my protest.

I would submit to actual expulsion in order to bring before the Supreme Court of the United States the question as to the constitutionality of the legislation under which you claim to be the rightful Governor of the State, if the past action of that tribunal furnished any hope of a speedy trial. I surrender the office to you under what I consider military duress, without stopping, as the occasion would well justify, to comment upon the singular coincidence, that the present State government is surrendered *as without legality*, to *him* whose own official sanction, but three years ago, *declared it valid*.

I am, very respectfully,

JONATHAN WORTH,
Governor of North Carolina.

The opposition begun on the very day of the inaugural continued throughout the administration. The *Standard* was the organ of Governor Holden, and the *Sentinel*, edited by Josiah Turner, led the fight of the discontented enemies of the government. The partisanship of the press has lost the charm of the forties. The reader no longer catches the spirit of artless, almost juvenile enthusiasm, which

gave to the most sarcastic editorials a tone of healthy humanism. One feels that the times have radically changed. The fight is now one of life and death; he who once falls shall enter the conflict no more.

Only two phases of Governor Holden's administration will here be discussed. They are the famous Reconstruction Frauds and the Kirk Holden War against the Ku Klux. The former was the work of "carpet-baggers" and conscienceless citizens of the State. The latter was the harsh remedy for insubordination to civil authority as revealed in the Ku Klux outrages, and finally resulted in the impeachment of the Executive.

The frauds were connected with the issue of bonds. George W. Swepson, a banker and citizen of Raleigh, made the following statement to the Investigating Committee in 1871: As President of the Western Division of the Western North Carolina Railroad, he was desirous of securing the aid of the State in the construction of his road. The State promised to subscribe two-thirds of the stock for the construction of the road, provided the other third was raised by private subscription. The Company certified to the Board of Improvements that the necessary third had been raised. The Company then turned to the Legislature. Mr. Swepson was told by Littlefield and Dewesse, lobby lawyers, who had great influence with the Legislature, that the Company could not receive the appropriation without paying them ten per centum in kind of the appropriation. This was the amount charged to lobby through the claims of the Company. Mr. Swepson accepted the proposition, the Legislature issued bonds to the amount required, and Littlefield and Dewesse received \$241,000 for their services. The Chatham Railroad Company sold to Littlefield \$100,000 worth of stock on a credit of ninety days, when the bonds were worth sixty-five cents cash in New York. The President of the Wilmington and Tarboro Road paid \$10,000 for a charter. These are only a

few of the many outrages committed. In the investigations no charges were preferred against Governor Holden. Though the Legislature that issued the bonds has received a shadowy reputation, Holden's name is free from any illegal or dishonorable relation with the bonds. In 1876, in the *Weekly Constitution*, he makes the following statement :

"I solemnly declare that I never performed any act while Governor or signed my name with a view to reward or the hope of reward, and I never received a bribe from any one for any of my acts as Governor. . . . I had no veto power as Governor. I did not pass the bills to issue the bonds. I never appealed to any member of the Legislature to vote for these bills. The Presidents and Directors of the various Railways did not come to me for these bonds but to the Treasurer who had the bonds printed, and who first signed them and then turned them over to me to be signed, and to have the great seal of the State impressed upon them by my Private Secretary. I gave the bonds in strict accordance with law, for the issuing of all the bonds save the last batch \$6,666,000 to the Western Railroad. The authority to issue these bonds was devolved upon the treasurer in the last amended charter and he hesitated for two or three weeks as to whether he would order plates and have them printed; but I encouraged him to do it because I wanted the Western people to have those bonds, and I was willing to stretch the law a little to let them have them; and I will state furthermore that I believe the Treasurer was finally convinced that he could legally and properly issue these bonds, by an argument submitted to him by Hon. A. S. Merriman. One of Mr. Swepson's counsel. And I will state further, that the Treasurer and myself could not decide to issue any bonds until we had gone before the Supreme Court in its normal session and ascertained for them, distinctly and clearly, what bonds were constitutional and what were not."

If there could have been only evidence against Governor Holden in regard to the bonds, it would surely have been brought before the Senate in his Impeachment. But no charge was made at that time. Whatever may be said of his administration, he was far better than many of his colleagues who have tried to make him responsible in the eyes of the public for their many misdemeanors.

In regard to the Ku Klux in North Carolina, as well as in other Southern States, much has been written. The organization made its appearance in the State in 1867 and 1868, at the same time that the Reconstruction Acts went

into effect. It may be regarded as a revolt against the new system. There were many reasons that demanded the complete emancipation of the negro and made it necessary that that the race should have the right of suffrage. It is not my purpose to discuss these. But that the better class of the white race were excluded from citizenship while all of the freedmen were admitted without limitation, was unjust. Yet nothing else could have resulted from the general trend of events. The institution of the secret Klans may be considered a desperate but unwise and illegal resistance to the new political conditions that faced the Southern people. All restrictions for past offences have been removed but the problem is still existing and the temper with which the solution is sought will be the supreme test the fibre of the nation. In many sections a Ku Klux revival would not be impossible or unpopular. Shall this spirit dominate the relations of the two races, or shall one of charity and mutual sympathy control our actions?

Just as the Ku Klux was opposed to the methods of Reconstruction, the Union League was an association to support the laws and train the negro in the duties of citizenship. It was organized during the last days of the Confederacy. Holden was the President of the League until his election. He then severed his relations with the organization for he believed that no public officer should belong to any secret political order. The ritual of the League was full of officious ceremonies formulated to impress the members with the solemnity and dignity of the organization. The "emblems" were an altar, Bible Declaration of Independence, a Union Flag, Censer of Insense, Sword, Gavel, Ballot-box, and a sickle, shuttle or an anvil to represent industry. The pledge of membership was, "To obtain and perpetuate Freedom, Political equality and an individual Union, I pledge my life, my fortune, and my social honor, so help me God." The League was

virtually an organization to support the Republican party. Whatever may be said of its workings, this fact distinguishes it from the Ku Klux. It was not an armed society; the Ku Klux was. The League seems to have caused no anxiety or disturbance among the whites until 1867, when, under the influence of the carpet-baggers, the members became insolent and in many cases committed offenses which were not punished by law. This, said General Forrest before the Congressional Committee on Investigation, caused the whites to organize the Ku Klux Klan.



Editorial.

D. W. NEWSOM,

CHIEF EDITOR.

R. B. ETHERIDGE,

ASSISTANT EDITOR.

Whenever a man has planted his life beneath the gibraltar of Truth, and has a sincere desire to know the everlasting principles and purposes of life, those great things which underlie all life, then he finds neither time nor disposition to stalk abroad over the land, and in his greed for something to believe, gather up indiscriminately every superstition and supposition that chance to offer themselves.

Truth-lovers must be critically careful and carefully critical. Some men grow old before they learn the first principles of life. Leaving aside the question of common reason, it is strange that some men, with all history spread before them, can so utterly ignore every claim of right as to scatter falsehoods to the four winds of heaven and not expect the chickens home to roost.

“The lip of Truth shall be established forever, but a lying tongue is but for a moment.”

It is not a very desirable state of affairs when a man must, of necessity, sit down and write to the editor of a newspaper, thanking him for certain editorials which are *just*, *honest* and *true*. It is to be regretted that justice, honesty and truth are so foreign to journalism that a man must be thanked in a special way for telling truth. Truth should be the basis of all journalistic life, as well as of all other life, and the one condition upon which society should support or tolerate it. It is the only condition that will insure the ultimate success of a journalist. An editor deserves no special thanks for telling truth. It is no more than what decent society should

demand, and it is nothing less than what, some day, it must demand.

Some men have gone into journalism with the one purpose, it seems, of seeing just how many lies they could turn out by the day or week. Society has expected nothing from them, and has allowed them to carry on their little business, thinking they would do nobody any harm, but would, in their own sweet time, weave a hemp neck-tie for their own stringy necks. Now that's not the question. The principle is wrong. Society has no right to allow a man to set up his little pseudographic machine, then to saunter around over the land, hunting cheap stuff to retail through his columns, and yet passively submit to this under the plea that he can do nobody any harm, and with the hope that sooner or later he will hang himself. He should be granted no such license, but should be at once and forever silenced.

The day will come, it must come, when society will no longer tolerate for one moment, a man who barter justice and honesty for any consideration, and "sells the truth to serve the hour."

In order to have THE ARCHIVE out promptly it is necessary that all articles be presented by the 20th of each month. This is the limit. Contributors will please remember *not to write on both sides of their paper.*

It is very gratifying to note the increasing interest among the student body in literary production. There seems, however, to be somewhat of a dearth of poetic talent; at least the poetic fire seems slow to kindle. From so large a number of students THE ARCHIVE certainly should be supplied with two or three good poems for each issue. There has long been a tendency to decry "magazine poetry," and a consciousness of this fact has led a great many to feel a certain degree of reluctance in attempting the expression of themselves in verse. One's first efforts are necessarily and excusably crude; still where there is talent along this line it ought not to be

hid away. Many of one's best faculties often fall to pieces and are lost through mere neglect. So collect your feelings, gather your heart-throbs, shape them into happy thoughts expressed in the music of poem, the thrill of which may awaken cords yet untouched in other souls.

Think on these things.

With the aim of encouraging literary activity among college graduates, *The Century Magazine* offers to give, annually, during four successive years, three prizes of \$250 each, open to the competition of persons who receive the degree of Bachelor of Arts in any college or university in the United States during the commencement seasons of 1897, 1898, 1899, and 1900.

1st. \$250 for the best metrical writing of not fewer than fifty lines.

2d. \$250 for the best essay in the field of biography, history, or literary criticism, of not fewer than four thousand or more than eight thousand words.

3d. \$250 for the best story of not fewer than four thousand or more than eight thousand words.

On or before June 1 of the year succeeding graduation, competitors must submit type-written manuscript to the editor of *The Century Magazine*, marked, outside and inside, "For the College Competition," signed by a pen-name, and accompanied by the name and address of the author in a separate sealed envelope, which will not be opened until the decision has been made.

The manuscript must not have been published.

The editor, at his discretion, may withhold the award in any class in case no manuscript is thought worthy of the prize.

The Century Magazine reserves the right to print the prize manuscripts without further payments, the copyright to revert to the authors three months after the date of publication in the magazine.

The above prizes offered by *The Century Company* for the year 1897 were won by women. This should be an inspiration to all women, especially to College women. This is only another instance of their literary capacity, and a vindication of their right to a high place in the literary life of the day.

There is no reason why Trinity students should not keep an eye on this offer, and prepare themselves to put forth some of their best effort in this contest. THE ARCHIVE offers you an excellent opportunity for expansion and growth. This is the aim of its existence, and if you fail to enter actively into its work you are missing an essential part of your College training.

During the first week in December Prof. Jerome Dowd will take his class in Social Science to Washington City, where they will spend two or three days in taking in the sights of the nation's capital. The fact that Prof. Dowd will be guide to the party insures a trip of intense interest and valuable information. Including every necessary expense, the round trip will cost only twelve dollars. Any persons outside of the class who should like to take this trip, should notify Prof. Dowd at once.

The committee organized for building a monument to Eugene Field, the poet laureate of childhood, is composed of the editors and proprietors of each of Chicago's daily papers. A large number of the leading citizens of the country suggested that it would also be well at the same time to show the love of all men for Eugene Field and his works by providing in a measure for his family. An honorary membership was then appointed to the Monument Fund, comprised of prominent men and women all over the country, and it was then decided to divide the fund created equally between the family of the late Eugene Field and the fund for the building

of a monument to the memory of the beloved poet of childhood. It was the first intention to merely publish a beautiful four-page certificate of a subscription of \$1.00 to the fund.

Mr. Melville E. Stone, general manager of the Associated Press, desiring to secure the co-operation of about four or five of America's greatest illustrators, wrote to thirty-two of the great artists to secure their assistance, thinking that out of this number possibly four could be found who would be able to find *time* to comply, knowing that illustrators of such ability have their time engaged three, five, and eight months ahead. To the surprise of the committee the response from the artists was immediate and *unanimous*. Each one in writing spoke of the esteem, love, and friendship felt for a mind so great and a heart so true, and were glad to have the honor of assisting in a testimonial to his worth. The committee, instead of having a few drawings to embellish a certificate, found themselves with \$15,000 worth of drawings, each one illustrating some verse or poem of the dead poet.

It was then found necessary to increase the souvenir to a cloth-bound (white or apple-green basket buckram cloth), die-stamped, 40-page book, which, while typographically perfect, and containing some of the brightest gems of Eugene Field, is probably the greatest medley of modern art appearing in any one publication, and the committee was enabled by this means to issue at a profit to the fund for \$1.00 a book that \$7.00 would not have paid for under other circumstances.

The original drawings are now being exhibited in the different large cities, and are attracting universal attention.

There should yet be raised from \$4,000 to \$6,000, which it is hoped and believed will be done by February, as the result of this additional advertising being done by the great newspapers and magazines all over the country, who have made it a personal matter to see to it that a portion of their valuable space is devoted to mentioning this book, as their part of the contribution to the fund, and in this way giving

many times the actual value of the space in bringing the cause before the public.

These souvenir books are now ready for distribution. Subscriptions as low as a dollar will be received, but you are not limited to any amount. For each dollar subscribed to this fund there will be issued a copy of Field Flowers as a souvenir certificate of subscription.

The book may also be had at book stores, price \$1.00, or it may be obtained direct (by enclosing ten cents additional for postage) at the following address: The Eugene Field Monument Souvenir Fund, 180 Monroe street, Chicago.

Trinity and Wake Forest students are fortunate in having the privilege of listening to another public debate between the respective Colleges. We look forward to this event with the greatest interest. We have most pleasant recollections of the former debate, and of the enthusiasm and interest which attended it, both on the part of the student bodies and of the people of Raleigh. The debate will be held in Raleigh on Thursday night, November 24, and promises excellent entertainment for all who may be so fortunate as to hear it. The subject for debate is a live one, and one that merits the consideration of thinking people the nation over. It reads as follows: Resolved, *That the United States should not adopt a policy of territorial extension.* Trinity has the affirmative side, which will be discussed by Messrs. H. M. North, S. A. Stewart, and J. M. Flowers. The speakers for Wake Forest are Messrs. J. C. Owen, W. F. Frye, and W. N. Johnson.

This is a feature of Southern College life that needs to be encouraged. Immense good must result when College meets College on high grounds, to discuss questions of so vital and immediate interest to State and Nation. Such intellectual contests are quite as important as football games, and we trust that Trinity and Wake Forest will make these annual debates a standing fact in their life.

In connection with this, it will be well to mention the fact that the Chamber of Commerce has offered a medal to the College that wins, the medal to be held by that College so long as it remains successful in these contests. The Chamber of Commerce has the thanks of the student body for this expression of their interest in this feature of College life. It's a good move. Now, boys, we wish you well.



Wayside Wares.

TO MY GOLDEN-ROD.

Full oft like some unthinking, lonesome cloud
 I stray, and linger free about you hill;
 I feel the breath of autumn growing chill,
 The cold, green pine-woods murmur wild and loud,
 The daisies sleep, enwrapped with autumn shroud;
 But you, bright Golden-rod, are with me still;
 And when I scan the sombre fields, the thrill
 Of your meek countenance, unlike the proud
 And lustrous show of summer, leaps over me;
 And yet your stately motion in the breeze
 Doth give me thoughts of silent majesty;
 Your sweetly thoughtful mood and pensive ease
 Have won my heart; so on this hillside be
 My Love; I'll love you more than neighb'ring trees.

—D. W. Newsom.

SOPHOMORIC LOVE.

Only those who have experienced that sad, soothing, soul-electrifying feeling can fully appreciate the indescribable pleasure and pain of *Being in Love*. But whatever the Freshmen may say, being in love is not altogether what it is represented to be. One never wholly realizes how vastly troublesome and expensive losing the heart is until he has "been there." Experience is undoubtedly the best teacher in this line.

But the man who can get in love the deepest and stay the longest and feel the sickest is the unmentionable Sophomore. It is an easy thing for the pliable Sophomore to lose his heart and become love-sick in the truest sense of the word.

The very first indications of this disease, for it is a disease to the Sophomore, is an irresistible inclination on the part of the aspiring youth to write spring poetry. This is an unmistakable sign that there is a woman in the case and that

the throbbing seat of Sophomoric construction, commonly called the heart, is being agitated and influenced. It is in these passion-poetry loving days that the patient stands upon the threshold of that vast, fathomless, boundless, labyrinthine cavern called Love.

The more he sees of his lady-love the worse becomes his case. Ah! those hours spent whispering pleasant sweetness into the listening ears of his divinity are the sweetest hours, and those days of love are halcyon days of unutterable joy.

When he is away from his most angelic ideal he feels unhappy, and if he sees her look at a Freshman he is almost consumed with jealousy.

He thinks there is no other girl in existence as true as *his* girl, no flower as beautiful as *his* flower, and no candy as sweet as *his* molasses candy. She occupies his whole existence and is foremost in his thoughts at twilight's last gleaming and at morn's earliest dawning.

This amorous Sophomore feels that there is no one so happy as he. He builds fancy-winged air-castles and she, his angelic one, is queen of them all.

But this love case does not reach its full development until the appetite is affected. It has reached a dire extremity when the Sophomore ceases to enjoy gravy and molasses. If a Sophomore enjoys doing anything it is eating. That is one of his greatest pleasures. When his appetite is affected he looks like the next station to bad luck and acts like a sick kitten.

But this cannot continue forever; all pains and pleasures have an end. Soon there comes a rude awakening. Examination time comes on apace and this unhappy Sophomore realizes in his distress that *billetdoux* and analytics do not coincide. He begins to act the part of wisdom and to devote more of his time to his work and less to the dainty dalliance of his love comedy. On his examinations he just manages to pass over the dark river, and as he stands dripping and trembling on the shore, he looks back and growls, "What fools these mortals be."

C. L. H.

Literary Notes.

F. T. WILLIS,

MANAGER.

The *Bookman* gives the following as the best selling books, in order of demand, during the month of August: 1. "Rupert of Hentzau," by Hope. 2. "Helbeck of Hannisdale," by Ward. 3. "The King's Jackal," by Davis. 4. "The Pride of Jennico," by Castle. 5. "Caleb West," by Smith. 6. "The Gadfly," by Vaynich and "Penelope's Progress," by Wiggin.

It is said that when Stephen Crane was nineteen he wrote his first book, "Maggie," and persuaded a small publishing company to publish it but they refused to allow the name of the firm to go on the title page. So, the book not only bore a pseudonym but could not claim the distinction of being published. The name of Mr. Crane's forthcoming book will probably be "The Drunkard."

Though the present year does not compare favorably with the last in the output of literary productions, there is expectancy in literary circles of an unusually large book market next year. The calculations are based on the fact that a large number of authors have not been heard from in quite a while.

In the magazine number of *The Outlook* of October, Mr. Lawrence Hutton discusses the "staying qualities" of Charles Dickens. He says that a strong argument in their favor is that his characters, even in unsatisfactory forms, have held the stage for half a century or more and still have power to attract and move great audiences: that Pecksniff will live as long as hypocrisy lasts; Heep as long as there is false humility, and Barkis will be quoted as long as men are "willin'."

Mr. Isreal Zangwill who has been in this country several weeks expects to remain six months. His *debut* on the American platform will probably be made near the middle of October. The first time that he arose to speak to an American gathering was at a Tolstoi dinner given in New York, September 9. *The Bookman* calls attention to an amusing blunder which the *Mail and Express* made in reporting the speech. The reporter had it that Mr. Zangwill said, Tolstoi was "a witness for spiritual in life, a witness *sempiterno*, a son of reproach (laughter)." What he did say was that he was "a witness *sans peur et sans reproche*."

*"The Charming Sally," by James Otis, is a story of the days immediately preceding the Revolution. A privateer schooner which was in service during the war between France and England had become a fishing boat when peace was declared. Now that it looked as if the colonies were going to make war with the mother country, the captain of the Charming Sally began to make preparations to be of all the assistance possible to the colonies. The story traces the fortunes of three boys who took an important part in the arming of the schooner and in the attempt to intercept the vessel bringing over the hated stamps, until the Charming Sally was again lying quietly in New York harbor. Mr. Otis has not only given us an interesting story but a glimpse at life in colonial New York and Boston and at the spirit which animated the heroes of those days.

* "The Charming Sally." By Jas. Otis, author of "Toby Tyler," "The Boys of 1645," etc. With Illustrations. 1 vol. 12mo., \$1.50 Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

Editor's Table.

W. N. PARKER,

MANAGER.

With the month of October, came quite a number of exchanges; some clad in a new autumn dress while others in their original coats present quite a familiar appearance. The crisp, clear days of autumn seem to have inspired alike the muse and fancy among some, yet there is a dearth of poetry among others and an absence of short stories. Nothing adds more to the life of a college magazine than short, brisk, clear-cut stories and nothing detracts and deadens a magazine more than to fill its pages with long and tiresome pieces of fiction, (if you choose to call them that), which could have been told in a third the number of pages. However, there are exceptions to this, for occasionally one finds a long story which is told in such an attractive and interesting style that it is with interest he follows it to the end. A liberal proportion of fiction and poetry with now and then an essay or an occasional bit of history is bound to make a "taking" magazine.

The *Harvard Monthly* is filled with good, readable material. "Mr. Kipling's Genius as Revealed In His Writings," by William Morrow, is a good interpretation and shows much careful reading and thought. In "An Unprofitable Servant," by R. C. Bolling, is found an interesting account of an experience with moon-shiners.

The Fiction number of the *Vassar Miscellany* reflects much credit upon its editors. The plot of "At Early Dawn," by Jean Hamilton, is carefully planned and is told in an attractive style. "Her Aunt Bobolink," is uniquely and happily conceived.

The *Hampden-Sydney Magazine* makes its appearance in a new cover of dark green, which of itself has a gloomy effect, but if the printing were in guilt it would take away much of the dull appearance and add to its looks considerably. There is decidedly too much space devoted to other departments at the expense of the literary department. At all times if any part of the magazine must be neglected that part should not be the literary.

The *Wake Forest Student* is filled with excellent matter as usual, but there are too many contributions from faculty and outsiders. Of course it is well to have an occasional article by some professor, but when this source is relied on to too great an extent the magazine is rather taken out of the hands of the students, and consequently they feel less the responsibility which should rest upon them of contributing material to its pages.

The *College Message* contains only two articles in its literary department. "The Arthurian Legends," by Elma Cole, shows much thoughtful reading and is written in a smooth style. We hope, however, to see in the next issue some fiction and poetry.

Quite a number of other magazines have been received, among them the *Haverfordian*, *Georgetown Journal* and *Guilford Collegian*.

THE WAR-SHIP'S MOURNING.*

Her captain dead beneath this darkening sea
 The gaunt ship tarries desolate to mourn:
 With white sails furled her slanting yards forlorn
 Point here, point there; her groaning booms are free;
 Listless and loose her ropes swing toward the lee;
 And in the sighs of a great wind outworn
 Her lowered flag, smoke—gray and battle-torn,

* The old and patriotic custom of giving ships a look of depression on the burial-day of any of their officers still holds good aboard the less modern vessels of our navy.

Laments the sting of ocean's victory.

So, till in tides of gold the golden sun
Sinks gloriously; then leaps the flag on high;
The broad, fair sails, gilded with evening light,
Breathe the enduring courage of the sky;
And the strong ship, her day of mourning done,
Speeds on, rejoicing in her will to fight.

—Henry Copley Greene, in *Harvard Monthly*.

FACING THE STORM.

When we lift our eyes and face the storm,
Dark and heavy the snowflakes seem;
Yet lightly they flutter, and soft and warm
A carpet of brilliants under the gleam
Of the winter sun, o'er the earth they form,

When the snows of life hang gray in our skies,
And our way with sorrows alone replete,
They may whiten our heads and dampen our eyes,
But we finally trample them under our feet,
And fitter the world for the sacrifice.

—M. A. S., in *Hampton-Sydney Magazine*.

TO JULIA.

The breezes laugh about her,
The blue-birds tune their song,
And where she goes the fragrance
Of violets hovers long,
The lilies bend their stately heads,
To come to her more nigh;
The gallants gaze in rapt amaze
When Julia passes by.

Ah, dainty, winsome Julia !
I know not how nor when,
But somehow with her graces
She snares the hearts of men,
She knows not nor regards me;
Yet heaven seems more nigh,
The day more bright, my heart more light,
When Julia passes by.

—'99, in *Vassar Miscellany*.

MOODS.

Utterly hopeless,
 Life so long;
 Nothing to live for,
 All gone wrong;
 Take up the burden,
 Struggle along.

Feel the hot blood
 Rush to the brain,
 Stiffing the breath;—
 Angry, insane,
 Slowly, with passion's death,
 Comes hate and pain.

Listen to music
 Far off in dreams;
 Watching gay moats dance
 In sunlight beams,
 All's art and joyfulness,
 So sweet life seems.

Peace and Oblivion,
 Serenity deep;
 Not to be wakeful
 With those who weep,
 White poppies waving;
 Drift, drift to sleep.

—'99, in *Vassar Miscellany*.

 CRADLE SONG.

Soft, soft, there are zephyrs a whisp'ring,
 And the ripples awake on the sea,
 And the moonbeams that creep toward thy cradle
 Are singing "Sweet Sleep" unto thee.

Soft, soft! there are pine trees a-swaying,
 And the wavelets that wish to be free
 Are tumbling and hurting each other
 As they try to leap out of the sea.

Soft, soft! for the Father is watching
 While the winds and the waves of the sea
 And the moonbeams that dance in the evening
 Are crooning "Sweet Sleep" unto thee.

—V. B. 1900, in *Vassar Miscellany*.

Y. M. C. A. Department.

J. H. BARNHARDT,

MANAGER.

It is gratifying indeed to note the continued zeal and interest with which many of the students enter into the christian work of the college. Those who have the management of the work in hand frequently introduce new features and modify old ones. It is their purpose to get the Y. M. C. A. on a practical basis, and to bring it in vital touch with every student in college. We have reasons to believe that much good has already been done, and, with the earnest support of all the members, it will be possible to reap still greater results.

Thoroughly organized and systematic effort is essential to the highest success. This is true in more ways than one. The devotional meetings are sure to be much more interesting and effective when carefully planned. The same is equally true in regard to all the other departments. The committee work this year seems to be of a superior quality. The Devotional Committee has recently issued a neat little leaflet announcing the subject and speakers for each meeting until January 29, 1899. These topics comprise a variety of subjects chosen with reference to the peculiar needs of student life, and are so arranged that it will be impossible to miss even one Sunday without feeling that something good has been lost. The efforts of this committee to make these devotional meetings more attractive and useful, are to be commended. It goes to show that these men are thoroughly alive to the needs of their department. In this connection, it is well to state that the Finance, Missionary, and Bible Study Committees are doing a splendid work. The field is being thoroughly cultivated, and faith anticipates an abundant harvest.

At the Summer School in Asheville last June, the question was asked our delegation, how many men we thought might be induced to take the Bible Study Course in Trinity this year? It was agreed to try to enroll at least fifty. Already we have secured that number, and there is still room for others. We are not satisfied with fifty. The course offered this year is an excellent one in every respect. It furnishes a comprehensive view of our Saviour's life, with an account of the events which immediately preceded and followed it. So many young men make a serious mistake when they go to college, by allowing other duties to interfere with the study of God's word. However important other claims may be, they can never take the place of Bible study. There are quite a number of young men, and among them may be found some ministerial students, who are not availing themselves of the advantages of this course. Can there be an adequate, conscientious reason why this should be so? Since Bible study claims part of our time each day, why should it not be studied systematically? It is only by so doing that the best results may be obtained. Nothing is so important in the proper regulation of a young man's life and conduct, as the frequent and prayerful study of the Holy Scriptures. Whenever the Bible is rightly appreciated and valued among us, and its daily study shall receive from our hands that consideration which its importance demands, there will be, not fifty, but one hundred and fifty who shall find in this course the very help that they need.

The first Sunday in each month is commonly known among us as "Missionary Day." On October 2d, Mr. Mims, Chairman of the Missionary Committee, conducted the service, and spoke of the needs of the foreign field. He urged every one, before deciding his life-work, to consider these peculiar needs with reference to his own ability to satisfy them, taking also into consideration our Lord's command: "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." At the close of the service, he took subscriptions

to the amount of about eighty dollars, for the support of our Missionary in China. It may not generally be known among our friends outside of college, that the Y. M. C. A. here is supporting a native preacher in China. Rev. Faung Yoeh Foo is our representative in that foreign field and he is at present stationed at Souchow. He is a man of considerable ability and is doing a good work among his people. His letters are always hopeful and encouraging, and he appreciates all that we do for him. While we are enjoying so many peculiar advantages in this Christian country of ours, it is comforting to know that directly through our efforts, the same gospel is preached to the Chinese on the opposite side of the great deep. No investment can yield greater returns than this. "Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days."—Eccl. 11:1.

At a business meeting of the Y. M. C. A. on Monday night, October 3d, Mr. W. N. Parker was elected treasurer, and Mr. J. M. Culbreth, corresponding secretary. These are true and tried friends of the Association, and have proved themselves "Workmen that needeth not to be ashamed." We bespeak for them success in their respective departments of work.



At Home and Abroad.

EDW. R. WELCH,

MANAGER.

Rev. Dr. W. S. Creasey, pastor of Centenary M. E. Church, Winston, visited the Park not long ago and conducted Chapel exercises for us.

We were also glad to have Rev. J. M. Rice, of the North Carolina Conference, with us at the same time.

Miss Mamie Jenkins, class '96, is teaching near Henderson. Her father, Rev. J. W. Jenkins, of Cary, was on the Park one day not long since.

Mr. T. C. Hoyle, class '94, is Principal of Burlington Academy.

Mr. Eugene Edwards, class '97, has charge of Ormands-ville Academy.

Mr. W. P. Bynum, class '83, candidate for Judge in this Judicial district, is a Trinity man.

Mr. H. B. Craven, class '96, is Principal of East Durham Graded School.

Mr. Zeb. F. Curtis, class '96, was licensed to practice law at the recent examination.

Mr. B. R. Payne, class '96, is still the successful Principal of Morganton Academy.

Mr. J. H. Seapark, class '96, is Principal of Gastonia High School.

Mr. Eugene Fink, class '88, has charge of Fernandira (Fla.) Graded School. Prof. Fink married recently.

Dr. Kilgo spent several days recuperating in South Carolina.

Prof. Gill spent two or three days at his home in Henderson not long since.

Prof. Dowd visited Charlotte a few days ago.

Dr. J. S. Bassett went over to Winston last week.

Mr. E. K. Creel, class '97, has lately entered the Theological department at Vanderbilt University.



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THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

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W. H. ADAMS, MANAGER.

DOMESTIC SERVICE IN COLONIAL TIMES.

BY J. H. BARNHARDT.

In the world of related beings, there is no such thing as an isolated life. The bond of relationship is an inevitable fact in human history. It pervades the whole realm of man's activities, and binds together into one vast family all classes and conditions of people. This bond may be considered strong or weak according as the circumstances of life make one man more or less dependent upon another.

Humanity has never existed long upon the basis of equality. Nothing is more clearly corroborated by all experience both past and present, than the tendency of mankind to differentiate into numerous classes and sects,

whenever it is left for any considerable length of time to work out the problems of associated life. The process is an interesting one from the social and economic standpoints, to say nothing of its historical significance. When people live together, some must govern and others must be governed; some must direct, others serve; some must plan, others execute; some must command, others obey. One cannot discard the other; the other cannot exist without the one. Mutual interests and a common tie bind the two together. It is a sort of correlated service the terms of which cannot be fixed by one party exclusive of the other.

But what law determines the class to which a man shall belong—shall he be master or servant? With what peculiar gifts has nature endowed one man so that he may legally exercise the prerogatives of a master over his fellow man? To these questions, there *can* be but one answer. It comes through the vindication of that law which operates in the "survival of the fittest." Intellect, strength, and skill will seek and ultimately find, their true place in every system of government. That race of people who prove themselves inferior to another race, must serve the latter so long as those conditions of inferiority exist, all the force of bayonet and sword to the contrary notwithstanding. No army has ever invaded the realm of human hearts and arbitrarily fixed a law of equality which is applicable alike to all people and all races. It is not a matter to be settled by the arbitrament of the sword. All the emancipation proclamations in the world can never unloose the shackles from a single human mind which is conceived and born in eternal servitude to the superior powers of the universe.

To effect a change in the condition of any race of people, the inner life must be transformed, the cords which bind them to low ideals in life must be torn asunder, and a vision of higher and nobler things with a desire to attain them, must lend a new impetus to every activity.

But so long as men mingle with one another, some must be "hewers of wood and drawers of water" for their more fortunate neighbors. The character of this service must of course, depend largely upon the peculiar traits and temperaments of those who serve, as well as the status which has been reached in the development of society in general. The demand for such labor is not confined to any business or sphere, but reaches out into all the avenues of our social life.

The subject of domestic service is of considerable interest, and promises a handsome reward to every one who will take the time to investigate it. Of course the whole nature of domestic service has been greatly changed since the introduction of modern inventions. Many servants have been dismissed because labor-saving machines have taken their places, and those who still remain have a vastly different kind of work to perform than formerly. Yet it is impossible to understand rightly its present condition without a view of its past.

Domestic service in our country has passed through three stages. The first begins with the early colonization and ends with the Revolution; the second extends from the Revolution to about 1850; the third covers the period from 1850 to the present. During the first, or colonial period, there were five classes of servants: (a) transported convicts, (b) indented white servants, sometimes called redemptioners, (c) "free-willers," (d) negroes, (e) Indians.

The first three classes were usually of English birth. They were, generally speaking, of the criminal type, or at least, members of the lower and more degraded classes of society in England. England's theory was to rid herself of her undesirable population that her interests at home might not suffer by reason of their presence there. This plan may have served England well, but certainly it was disastrous enough to her colonies. Her vagrants, rogues, and felons were sent to America to serve the colonists for

a given length of time, after which their freedom was to be granted. Later, when this practice became more pronounced, numerous protests were made against it by many of the colonists, though it was continued for some time afterwards, owing to the scarcity of labor and the inability of the colonists to secure servants of a better type.

The three classes of whites were called "Christian servants" to distinguish them from the negroes and Indians. Of these, the free-willers are thought to have been found chiefly in Maryland. They were allowed a certain number of days after their arrival to dispose of themselves to the best advantage, and if, at the expiration of this time, they had not done so, which occurred quite often, they were sold to pay for their passage. They were not considered so desirable as the felons even, because of the shortness of their term of service.

The redemptioners constituted the largest class of servants. They were found chiefly in the southern and middle colonies. The first redemptioners were of English birth, but later they came also from other European countries. Many of them belonged to a low class in the social scale, yet this is not true of them all. Quite a number of them belonged to respectable families in their native countries. Some were sent over to prevent undesirable marriages at home or to secure inheritances for other members of a family, while still others were kidnapped, being enticed on board the ships by persons known as "spirits."

The form of indenture was simple and almost uniform for all the colonies. It consisted of three main statements:

1. The time of service.
2. The nature of the service to be performed.
3. The compensation to be given.

The following was the form of binding a servant in Maryland. It is given without change of spelling or other alteration.

"This indenture made the . . . day of . . . in the yeere of our Sovereigne Lord King Charles, etc., betweene . . . of the one party, and . . . of the other party, Witnesseth, that the said . . . doth hereby covenant, promise, and grant to, and with the said . . . his Executors and Assignes, to serve him from the day of the date hereof, until his first and next arrivall in Maryland; and after, for, and during the tearme of . . . yeeres, in such service and imployment as the said . . . or his assignes shall there employ him, according to the custome of the country in the like kind. In consideration whereof, the said . . . doth promise and grant, to and with the said . . . to pay his passing and to find him with Meat, Drinke, Apparell, and Lodging, with other necessaries during the said terme; and at the end of the said terme, to give him one whole yeere's provision of Corne, and fifty acres of land, according to the order of the country. In witness whereof, the said . . . hath hereunto put his hand and seale, the day and yeare above written."

Sealed and delivered }
in the presence of }

George Alsop wrote of the advantages enjoyed by these serving classes in Maryland. He said: "In the winter time, which lasteth three months (viz) December, January and February, they do little or no work or employment, save cutting of wood to make good fires to sit by, unless their ingenuity will prompt them to hunt the Deer, or Bear, or recreate themselves in Fowling, to slaughter the Swans, Geese, and Turkeys (which this country affords in a most plentiful manner): For every servant has a Gun, Powder, and Shot allowed him, to sport him withall on all Holid-ayes and leasurable times, if he be capable of using it, or be willing to learn."

But in spite of all that has been said to the contrary, it is believed their condition was anything but desirable. Very often "they worked hard, fared ill, lived on a coarse diet, and drank only water sweetened with a little molasses and flavored with ginger." One writer exclaimed: "Oh! that you did see my daily and hourly sighs, groans, tears, and thumps that I afford my own breast, and rue curse the time of my birth. . . . I thought no head had been able to hold so much water as hath, and doth daily flow from mine eyes."

Perhaps this is not a true statement of the condition of

affairs in general. however. Doubtless there *was* at times considerable suffering on the part of those servants who were disposed to be too self-willed. On the other hand, many were treated with more than ordinary leniency and consideration. In some quarters, the complaint was made that some farmers treated their slaves with too great indulgence. even at times permitting them to sit at table with the family during meals.

In the study of any system of service, it is not enough to consider merely the classes of servants employed and the relation existing between the master and his slaves, but the kind of service rendered must also be taken into account. With a scanty supply of servants and these poorly paid, many of them possessing no disposition whatever to be industrious, merely serving out a term of miserable servitude in a strange country and under adverse circumstances, with no purpose in life except the preservation of self, and with hearts robbed of almost every noble impulse which begets confidence in, and love for humanity, it is not difficult to infer the character of the service rendered. They worked chiefly when driven to it like beasts of burden, desiring nothing so much as for the sun to hasten his journey across the heavens thus bringing in the relief which came to them with the shades of night.

One serious defect in the majority of the slaves was their disposition to steal, hence they were seldom trusted in responsible places. Stringent regulations had to be made with reference to this offence. Any launderer or laundress who appropriated to his or her own use, any of the effects in hand, should be whipped and lie in prison until the stolen property had been restored. All bakers were instructed not to "defraud any man of his due and proper weight and measure, nor use any dishonest or deceitful trick to make the bread weigh heavier, nor make it coarser upon purpose to keep back any part of it." The penalty attached to this offence was severe in the extreme, sometimes amounting to the loss of the offender's ears.

The foregoing facts show some of the intricate workings of the system, as well as the nature of the bond existing between the master and his servants. They also furnish indirectly an insight into the character of the service rendered. Whenever the relation between master and servant is not friendly, the best results to neither can hardly be expected. Sometimes a slave became very insolent and unmanageable. Upon this subject, Mrs. Dudley throws some valuable light. Writing to a relative about one of the servants, she says: "She hath got such a head and is growen soe insolent that her carriage toward us, especially myself is unsufferable. If I bid her doe a thinge, she will bid me doe it myselfe, and shee says how shee can give content as well as any servant, but shee will not." July 7, 1682 Wait Winthrop wrote the following to a friend: "I feare black Tom will do but little servis. He used to make a show of hanging himselfe before folkes, but I believe he is not very nimble about it when he is alone."

It is evident from the above, that there was need of wise and judicious legislation to regulate the conduct of both master and slave. These laws should work both ways. On the one hand they should protect the slave from cruel treatment at the hands of his master, and on the other, they should protect the master from the insolence and indolence of his slaves. Several general classes of such laws are found in the colonial records.

1. No servant, bound to serve his or her time in a province, can be sold out of the province without his or her consent.

2. A law compelling masters and mistresses to provide their servants with wholesome and sufficient food, clothing and lodging.

3. If a servant became ill during the time of his service, his master should be under obligations to care for him. Heavy penalties were sometimes incurred by a master who discharged a servant while sick.

In North Carolina, no Christian servant could be whipped without an order from the justice of the peace; and any one violating this law was to pay forty shillings to the person injured. Also in North Carolina, complaint of servants against their masters could be heard without formal process of action.

In a crude system of service like this which was so unsatisfactory in many ways, and in a sparsely settled country where the conditions were so favorable in every way for deserters, it might be expected that many slaves would attempt to escape from their masters. In fact, this was no unusual occurrence. Naturally, many strict laws were enacted for the punishment of the deserters. Each colony had its own laws for their punishment. In North Carolina, runaways who would not tell the names of their master, were to be put in jail and advertised for two months. When recovered, they were to serve double time. In South Carolina, a servant who ran away was to serve one week for every day's absence, provided however, the whole time did not exceed two years. The laws for dealing with runaway servants in other colonies were different in some of the minor details from those in North and South Carolina, yet in the essential points they were very similar to those already quoted.

Again, no one was permitted to harbor a runaway, the penalty for such offence varying in the different colonies. In New Jersey, any one who violated this regulation was to pay the master of the servant ten shillings for every day's entertainment, and in addition, was to be fined at the discretion of the court. In Maryland, any one harboring a runaway slave was to forfeit five hundred pounds of tobacco for every hour's entertainment, one-half to the government and one-half to the informer. Sometimes the deserters were punished by the magistrates, not exceeding thirty-nine lashes on the bare back. Liberal rewards were offered for the return of runaway slaves. These rewards

varied from ten shillings in money to a few yards of cloth, the amount being determined by the distance from his master's house at which the servant was captured. Co-existent with the above regulation was another which prohibited the carrying on of trade or labor with servants; and any servant who traded or sold the property of his master, lengthened the time of his service, the term being fixed by the court.

It has already been stated that many of the servants found in America during this period were of the Newgate criminal type, or at least, belonged to a very low class in the status of society. These conditions very naturally forbade the intermingling of this class with the more refined and well to do people of the colonies. However, the gulf between them was not impassible, and this was the redeeming feature of the whole system. At the close of their period of service, many of them broke away from their spirit of bondage and became strong, sturdy, and law-abiding citizens. This is more surprising still when considered in the light of all the restrictions placed upon them while in a state of servitude. Some of the women married planters and themselves became slave-holders, and many of the men by economy and industry, secured good farms and later, contributed materially to that spirit of freedom which was even then beginning to shape the future policy of the government. Yet this was the exception rather than the rule. The majority of them continued to live in a low, careless, and indolent sort of way never aspiring toward anything higher nor manifesting the least concern about those things so eagerly sought by the ordinary man. Their wants were few and easily satisfied, and their habits were simple in the extreme. Their descendants ultimately formed that low class of white people known and despised even by the negro as "po white trash."

The Indian and negro servants were not so numerous as

those of the three kinds described above. I think it might be said that the spheres of their service were rather more local than the others, although negro slavery in America, in its earliest history, grew up side by side with slavery. Notwithstanding all that, its great stronghold has undoubtedly been in the South, and to that extent at least, and in that sense, the scene of its operations may be spoken of as local. On the other hand, Indian slavery developed more largely in the New England colonies. The employment of Indians as servants grew up naturally among these people, and was continued for at least a hundred years. The colonists were hard pressed for labor in house and field, and none was so convenient as Indian labor. The new England people considered their presence just at this time, almost providential. They maintained that the Indians should not be permitted to worship the devil any longer, when they were needed so sorely as slaves. Of course this was only an excuse to get them in their possession so that their labor might be turned into money.

But their services so eagerly sought, often proved very unsatisfactory. Rev. Peter Thatcher wrote in his diary under date of May 7, 1679: "I bought an Indian of Mr. Checkley and was to pay five pounds a month after I received her, and five pounds more in a quarter of a year." A week later, he wrote: "Came home and found my Indian girl had liked to have knocked my Theodora on the head by letting her fall, whereupon I took a good walnut stick and beat the Indian to purpose till she promised to do so no more."

Negro slavery was firmly established in the South by the end of the colonial period. Here it took the place of white service, while in the north, both black and white slavery gave way to free labor. It remained in the South growing more and more complicated in its development, until 1865 when the bond was severed by the fortunes of the civil war.

During the colonial period, the effects of negro slavery upon the white people of the South must have been anything but desirable. One writer* says: "The influence of slavery upon southern habits is peculiarly exhibited in the prevailing indolence of the people. It would seem as if the poor white men had almost rather starve than work, because the negro works.

Another writer† says: "Most of the planters consign the care of their plantation and negroes to an overseer, even the man whose house we rent, has his overseer, though he could with ease superintend it himself; but if they possess a few negroes, they think it beneath their dignity, added to which, they are so abominably lazy."

Perhaps these pictures are somewhat distorted, yet after all, we are compelled to admit that at least part of it is true. The tendency was to develop an easy, passive, inactive spirit among some of the whites—that easy-going spirit deficient in stability and depth of purpose, which in later years so greatly impeded the work of reconstruction when the South was shorn of her strength.

Such was the condition of slavery in our country as it existed in colonial times. A paper of this kind necessarily must be brief, and consequently many important things must be omitted. But enough has been said to show the general character of this system and the trend of its development. Contrasted with our present system of service (which itself is not an ideal one) many imperfections are evident. We should not commit the unpardonable sin of measuring them by the standard of our own day. It must be remembered that society in America at that time was passing through the dark days which preceded the dawn of independence. It was the formative period in the life of our country during which the test of new environments had to be applied to all the principles of

* Elkanah Watson in "Men and Times." p. 72.

† Thomas Aubury. Travels II, p. 328.

government which had either failed or succeeded in the experience of other nations. Hence every course decided upon by the colonists was necessarily experimental. Where they failed, let us profit by their mistakes; and thus they become our teachers. In default of a better one, this system served its age fairly well; but its restoration, if such were possible, would do nothing to relieve in any way the strain and pressure of present conditions.



A ROMANCE OF CHRISTMAS TIDE.

BY J. M. CULBRETH.

“Release my hand,” she cried indignantly.” No sir, I’ll not consent to marry you. You have disappointed me. I thought you were an honest gentleman, but you have turned out to be a miserable deceiver. With your pleasant words and beautiful manners you won the sincere love of Carrie Banks and then threw it away as you would a dead leaf, and now you declare that you love me! Your duplicity ought to shame you! This is Christmas eve. We part now at least for a year, perhaps forever. I give you ample time to prove yourself. If you love me as you say you do you will be true to me till we meet again. We shall see.”

Eufala Ryvers had spoken rapidly and excitedly. Her beautifully cut red lips were curled half in scorn, half in earnest, and her dark brown eyes flashed and trembled like two stars just ready to shoot from their spheres. She stood before a luxurious arm-chair in which sat a handsome man with fine, wavy, chestnut, brown hair, ruddy complexion and blue eyes. His lips were tightly drawn in unspeakable pain.

“You judge me passionately, harshly,” he said hoarsely, “I beg you listen.”

“I’ll listen to you one year from to-day if you choose to speak then, not before.”

She left him sitting in the chair with his face buried in his hands, and went to her room upstairs where she threw herself upon a couch and—wept. A moment before apparently so indignant and unrelenting! Now she was weeping. and the true woman’s heart within her was shedding tears. She loved Julian Thorpe, but she had listened to the subtle, skillfully-woven falsehood of another woman and had allowed her mind to be poisoned against the man she loved.

Carrie Banks, a graduated coquette, had come to Elkhart that autumn to visit relatives, and had fallen completely in love with Julian Thorpe at first sight. But all her artful devices had failed to enlist his affections for her. He had gone out with her occasionally on long drives and afternoon walks, but had never asked the question that Carrie hoped was trembling on his lips. Carrie's love as well as her vanity had been wounded. She saw very plainly that Julian Thorpe loved Eufala Ryvers. Having failed to make Julian love her she had determined, if possible, to wreck Eufala's barque of love and happiness on the treacherous shoals of distrust and jealousy. Beautiful, noble Eufala fell into the trap which Carrie had so cleverly set for her—sympathized with Carrie and doubted Julian. So the mischief had been made, and Eufala determined, as so many deceived women do, to "test" her love. Her plan has already been made known—separation for a year. Ah! little did she consider what torture of spirit she would have to endure and how long a year *might* be.

Eufala heard the front door open, and listened to the measured foot-fall of Julian Thorpe as he passed down the gravel walk into the darkness and out of her life. She fell into a troubled sleep; awoke with a start to find a feeble flame flashing on the hearth and huge, fantastic shadows shaking spasmodically on the walks. The ghostly dimness oppressed her. She retired immediately, and pulled the cover over her head to shut out the spectral vision.

In the morning the post-man brought her a letter. She recognized the smooth firm handwriting of Julian Thorpe. With shaking fingers she broke the seal and read:

"My Dear Eufala:

Your hot, hasty repudiation of me last night went to my heart like a dagger. Did I not know you so well, I should determine that you were heartless and cruel. In justice to you, however, and for the sake of my own high regards for you, I must believe that you are sincere in mistrusting me, and I believe that the best way to disabuse your mind of any unkind thought of

me is calmly to submit to your decree and not visit you again until a year has passed away. But such a thought maddens me! You underestimate the greatness of my love for you, if you think I could stay in this place, see you every day, perhaps, and be excluded from your presence. So I have decided to go abroad for a year. Before this reaches you I shall leave Elkhart. The steamer "Paris," for Liverpool, leaves New York to-morrow evening at seven o'clock. I shall take passage on her, I go with a heavy heart. The last time I looked into your eyes they were dark, almost chestnut, stern, all pitiless. Your angry words of denunciation and rebuke are ever singing in my ears. But yet I love you, and *I will be true to you*. Farewell till we meet again.

Your banished lover,
JULIAN THORPE."

Elkhart, December 24, 1897.

"Why are you so pale and your eyes so red this morning, Eufala?" asked Mrs. Ryvers at breakfast.

"Sitting up late over that needle work, I'll wager," Mr. Ryvers remarked half interrogatively.

"A genuine case of love and sleeplessness I'll tell you," ejaculated her brother Rudolph, who was just beginning to shave and wear red neck-ties.

This brought a faint flush to Eufala's pale cheeks, but she sipped her tea and did not venture a remark.

"Why, what does this mean I wonder?" asked Mr. Ryvers in a surprised tone. "The *Morning Gazette* says that Julian Thorpe has gone abroad for a year. He didn't tell any body he was going. That's strange."

"Hope he'll have a big time," put in Rudolph.

Eufala had left the table during these remarks, and gone to her room. She put the letter she had received that morning into her desk and locked it up. "I wish I had not sent him away," she thought. "But, no one shall know, not even mama, that I care for him." During that day many little things reminded her of Julian's faithfulness, but, now that Carrie Banks was gone, absolutely suggested his unfaithfulness. It was a weary, hard day for Eufala, and many more of the same character followed it.

A new addition was made to Elkhart society. Oliver

Burton, a young man of fine appearance, and said to come of a good family, had come to take the position of cashier in the Elkhart bank. The girls in the place were on the *qui vive* to attract his attention. But the young gentleman was not hasty to make acquaintances among the feminine population of the town. After a while, however, it was noticed by the envious girls that he dropped in at Mr. Ryvers' occasionally and it was not a great while before it was evident that he was in love. He did not know it, but an insurmountable barrier stood between him and Eufala Ryvers, in the person of Julian Thorpe. Unless that barrier were removed his case was hopeless.

How fortune seems to play into the hands of some men! They have only to "spread wide their mouths and the gods rain gold." Julian Thorpe had been gone from Elkhart just four weeks, when one morning as Mr. Ryvers was reading the *Morning Gazette* he gave a long whistle of consternation and pity and read the following to Mrs. Ryvers and Eufala:

(By Special Cablegram to the Journal.)

NEW YORK, Jan 25, 1880.—A special from Liverpool says that the "Paris," which sailed from New York Dec. 25, and was due at Liverpool a week ago, went down three leagues out from port on the night of Dec. 24. All on board perished except the boatswain and second-mate who were picked up half dead the next day by a passing steamer. Further particulars to-morrow.

Eufala grew ashen pale. Her breath came in quite short gasps, and she tumbled from her chair in a heap on the floor. Mrs. Ryvers sprang to her side, and lifted her up gently and placed her on a couch. Some time passed before the lovely long lashes slowly turned back and Eufala returned to consciousness.

"Oh God!" she exclaimed feebly but passionately, "he has perished and I sent him away."

"What do you mean, darling?" her mother asked tenderly.

"Julian—I mean Mr. Thorpe," she managed to answer, and then fell into a heavy sleep from which she was a long

time in waking. No need to question her further anyway, Mr. and Mrs. Ryvers understood all now.

Eufala was well enough to be at breakfast the following morning, but she looked wretchedly bad and ate scarcely anything. She had to keep very quiet all day, for her nerves had received a severe shock and she was still very weak. Gradually she grew stronger, but a silent, gnawing pain and anguish of heart was written in every line of her delicate features and looked out through her lovely eyes. Time passed, and as the sharp chisel carves the sublimest image from the roughest marble so the keen pangs which Eufala endured softened her temper, brought out her sympathies and wonderfully sweetened her character.

Oliver Burton became a frequent visitor at Mr. Ryvers'. He noted with some concern the red countenance of Eufala, but he was too sensitive to the feelings of others to enquire the cause. He grew fonder of her every day, and as the season lengthened, he was pleased to see that she was cheerful and apparently happy when in his company, and that the shadows on her brow were softening.

It was on a Sunday evening in October. Eufala and Mr. Burton had just come in from church and were sitting in the drawing-room before a bright, cheerful-looking fire, for the air was damp and cool.

"Did you notice how that old man looked at us as we came out of the church to-night?" Eufala asked with some eagerness.

"Yes," replied Mr. Burton, "he is the new sexton of our church, and I suppose he is trying to get familiar with the faces of the people he is to serve. He is a very eccentric old gentleman, doesn't hear extra well and stutters slightly."

"Quite an old character," Eufala remarked absent-mindedly. She was gazing dreamily into the glowing coals, her exquisitely moulded chin resting in one perfectly shaped hand with the other lying carelessly in her

lap. Mr. Burton bent over and seized it in his strong grasp, and looked up steadily into her face. But she quickly freed her hand, and with a painfully disappointed expression on his face, Mr. Burton said slowly: "Eufala, I have loved you a long time and I thought you loved me. Am I deceived? After giving me so much encouragement do you really care nothing for me?"

"Mr. Burton," and Eufala spoke calmly and distinctly, "I cannot say truly that I love you. You have been a very kind friend to me. I have grown to like you very much indeed. But all my heart's affections were given to another man before I ever knew you. He is dead now. I believe that I could be happy with you if I could with any living man. But I have no love to offer you such as you would expect of me."

"You say you believe you could be happy with me; that's my heart's greatest desire—to make you happy. I love you with all my life, and I'm sure you'll learn to love me in time. Oh! say you'll be my wife." He had spoken rapidly and excitedly. Now he stood before her nervously twisting his watch-chain, waiting for her to speak. "Will you say yes?" he asked in a broken voice.

"Yes," she answered simply, and they were engaged.

Tuesday morning following all Elkhart was startled by the terrible news that the bank had been robbed. Crowds of excited citizens thronged the streets and poured into the bank to learn whether the news were true. There was the huge safe with its massive door swung wide open, and burglar tools lying scattered around. Telegrams were sent flying in every direction from Elkhart, and mounted police searched every highway and forest for a radius of eight miles, seeking some clue to the robbers, but all in vain. The offenders had disappeared as quietly and completely as they had come. Detectives were sent for and put to work on the case, and Elkhart sank back into its usual serenity and busy activity.

The gossips had something to talk about. There was to be a marriage in Elkhart. Eufala Ryvers was going to marry Oliver Burton. Cards were out for the wedding, and extensive preparations were being made for the occasion. It was to take place December 22, at 7:45 p. m., and the happy couple would spend the Christmas holidays in Baltimore with the groom's parents. Between the announcement of the marriage and the day set for the ceremony, society in Elkhart lived in a state of high expectancy. The young people of the place took it upon themselves to decorate and arrange the church for the coming event, and when they had completed the arrangements it was like a garden of roses in June.

The morning of December 22 was bright and fair. Not a suspicion of a cloud could be seen in the still, half-hazy sky. It was a memorable day for Eufala, the last she should spend at home as Eufala Ryvers. In the afternoon Mr. Burton came around and he and Eufala completed their arrangements for their departure on to-morrow. But Eufala noticed that he did not behave like his old self, so she inquired if he were well. "Oh, yes," he answered shortly, "it is only nervousness."

At 7:30 the bridal party arrived at the church, much to the gratification of the large, impatient crowd within. While the waiters were arranging themselves, preparatory to marching in, the groom was talking to his fair, pure bride. A close observer might have noticed an uneasy, nervous expression around his mouth and in his eyes. The large pipe organ gave forth the solemn wedding march in deep, melodious tones, and the waiters walked slowly in and formed a broken semi-circle in front of the chancel. Then Eufala came in, leaning on the arm of her father, and Mr. Burton with his best man. They met under an arch of roses and ferns and lilies, directly in front of the minister, who stood ready to proceed with the ceremony. The great organ hushed, and a solemn silence reigned in

the vast auditorium for the space of a minute. It was broken by the even, clear tones of the minister, as he began reading the impressive ritual. "If there be any person present who knows any just cause why these two persons should not be joined together in holy matrimony, let him speak now or forever hereafter hold his peace," he read, and paused. He was about to resume, when there was a stir in the rear of the church, and the large assemblage was swept by a wave of excited surprise to see the old sexton shuffling a little hurriedly up the aisle. He did not stop till he stood within the semi-circle and only a short distance from Oliver Burton.

"I—I—I object," he stammered laconically.

"Out with the man," said one of the waiters in a loud whisper, "he is drunk."

But the minister, turning to the old man, said: "You have a right to object and to give your cause; we will hear you."

Pointing his shaking finger at Oliver Burton, the sexton said, half contemptuously, half revengefully: "You robbed the Elkhart bank, sir, and you're not fit to marry this lady; you dare not deny it."

Oliver Burton was as pale as linen, his knees almost smote together. He had dropped his eyes under the steady gaze of the old sexton. Eufala had removed her hand from his arm, and stood away from him, regarding him with a look akin to horror. Now he raises his eyes with the determination to silence his accuser in a few words. How did he know anything about the bank robbery anyway? But if Mr. Burton was terrified before, he was horrified now. Did he see an apparition before him? Had his fright so confused his brain as to produce such a strange hallucination? His accuser had disappeared. In his place stood a tall, handsome man, calmly surveying him from head to foot, with an expression of repugnance mixed with pity on his honest face.

"I am a detective," he said simply enough. "You know this is not your first offence. Make no resistance and you will fare better."

At these words Eufala suddenly turned round and faced—Julian Thorpe. She stretched out her hands imploringly to him and all became dark to her.

On the morning of December 25 there appeared in the *Morning Gazette* this short notice:

"This evening at eight o'clock Miss Eufala Glenn Ryvers will be married to Mr. Julian Armstrong Thorpe. The ceremony will take place at the home of the bride's father, after which a magnificent supper will be spread for the invited guests."

It was, indeed, "a magnificent" supper. Those fortunate enough to be present were loath to leave till the "wee sma" hours of the morning.

"This has been the happiest Christmas day of my life," said Julian Thorpe, as he imprinted a hearty kiss upon the blushing cheek of his beautiful wife. "I'm glad the 'Paris' left New York before I got there."

"And I've got the handsomest, most costly Christmas present that I've ever received," Mrs. Thorpe said emphatically, for it must have cost you dearly to live the life of a sexton, even for a short time, for my sake. I am glad you did, for it has changed my life."

"Yes, a year and a day can make wonderful changes," Julian said thoughtfully, as he held the little hand that came so near being another man's.



THE BLOCKADE RUNNER "AD-VANCE."

BY J. HENRY HIGHSMITH.

The steamer "Ad-vance" was bought by the State of North Carolina for the express purpose of running the blockade at Wilmington, N. C. She was purchased in 1863 by Governor Vance, through his agent, J. H. Flanner, of Wilmington, the price paid being \$105,000. The steamer was built on the river Clyde in Scotland, and was formerly named the Lord Clyde, which name was changed to "Ad-vance" in honor of Mrs. Zebulon B. Vance.

The "Ad-vance" was a side wheel clipper vessel, with a capacity of 750 tons freight, and 300 passengers. Her machinery was of the best; carried two engines, four cylinders, each fifty-five inches across. This vessel ran from Wilmington to Nassau in the Bahamas, St. George, Bermuda, and Halifax, N. S. She made sixteen round trips into Wilmington, which can be more appreciated when it is remembered that she was purchased at a time when the hazards of blockade running had greatly increased in consequence of the accumulated force and vigilance of the enemy.

The cargoes of the "Ad-vance" consisted chiefly of gray goods, shoes, blankets and the like, for the North Carolina troops, with an occasional supply of stationery and medicine, a few guns and some ammunition. Each time she was hailed with delight by the starving Confederacy, for she helped North Carolina to hold out as she did. The "Ad-vance's" crew was composed of seventy-three men, with Captain Wiley, of Scotland, in command, and upon his coolness and skill depended, in a great measure, the success of the ship. Captain Wiley, for thirty years a seaman, brought the ship out of the harbor at Liverpool and served her faithfully to the last. Captain Wiley's subordinates were first mate Taylor, and second mate Wicks, of New York. There were eight engineers, some

of whom were James McGlen, of Scotland, chief; Harris, of Liverpool; McQuestion, of Scotland; Collier Griswold, and a Mr. Hill, from the North. The pilot was Mr. Moss, of Smithville, and C. G. Holt, now of Durham, was purser clerk and keeper of the ship stores. More generally the officers were Southerners and Scotch, the sailors English, and the coal-passers Irish. They were very agreeable to each other and fared very well. On one occasion, however, at Nassau, on account of some misunderstanding, fourteen men left the boat, which caused considerable inconvenience, for the whole number of engineers was included in the number who left.

In 1864 the State sold one-half interest in the "Advance" to Messrs. Power, Lowe & Co., of Charleston, and purchased one-half interest in another boat, so that in case of capture the total loss would not fall on her. In case of a division of interests like this, one party assumed the risk of the going out and the other of coming in.

The pay of the "Advance's" officers and men was good, as was generally the case with blockade runners. The wages ranged from \$40 per month upwards, and the same amount was received as a bounty for each trip. The cotton which the "Advance" carried out was sold at 40 to 50 cents per pound, which was at an enormous profit, hence they could afford to pay the men well. The "Advance" left \$95,000 to her credit in Europe.

In the early spring of 1864, the "Advance" left Wilmington on what proved to be her last trip as a North Carolina blockade runner. She came out of Wilmington at night, as she always did, and succeeded in getting by the line of blockaders in safety. Thence she steamed without noteworthy incident to Halifax, N. S., and there took on coal, preparatory to a trip to Liverpool. She put to sea fifty hours behind the great steamboat "New York." While on the road a severe storm was encountered. It began in the early morning, and as the day advanced the

fury of the gale increased. It seemed as if the spirit of an angry god walked the waters and was lashing the elements in his wrath. The crew of the "Ad-vance," brave and hardy mariners as they were, and accustomed to storms on the broad water from childhood, stood appalled at the terrors of this scene. It was this storm that dashed the "New York" upon the rocks as she neared the shore of England and caused the loss of over 300 lives. The "Ad-vance" was near, having almost overtaken the "New York" in consequence of her greater speed, but she was not near enough to render the needed assistance. Though not themselves the subjects of charity, nevertheless they were human, and as seamen, cherished the liveliest sympathy for the unfortunate who came to grief on God's watery highway. Regardless of personal interest your true Jack Tar scorns the roll of Pharisee and prides himself on the Samaritan proclivities that fail not to succor the sufferer by the wayside.

The "Ad-vance" passed on, without serious injury, to Liverpool, where she stayed for about five months, being overhauled and repaired. The passenger accommodations that had been provided were torn out, thereby greatly increasing the freight capacity; the cost of overhauling and repairing being \$25,000.

The vessel now began her return voyage. She made straight for St. George, Bermuda, and with usual experiences reached it in due course. This was in the fall of 1864. The vessel then set out for Wilmington to deliver to the Confederacy the much needed supplies. She steamed out of St. George harbor and was soon in perilous waters. She had several distant chases and a system of zigzag running became necessary to elude the enemy. The speed of the "Ad-vance," which was an average of sixteen knots per hour, easily increased to twenty, was a great aid in accomplishing this object. None but the experienced, however, can appreciate the difficulties that perplexed the

navigator in running for Southern waters during the war. The usual facilities rendered by the lighthouses and beacons had ceased to exist, having been dispensed with by the Confederate government as dangerous abettors of contemplated mischief by the blockaders. Success in making the destined harbors depended upon exact navigation, a knowledge of the coast, its surroundings and currents, a fearless approach, and banishment of the subtle society of John Barleycorn. Non-experts too often came to grief, as many hulks on the Carolina coast most sadly attest.

The "Ad-vance" arrived off the bar at Wilmington well on into the night and attempted to make the run. She was discovered and forced to abandon the idea for that night. She pushed well out into the sea, where she stayed through the remainder of the night and the following day, pleasantly and undisturbed. That night she set out for the bar, determined to try it again. Under a pressure of steam she rushed ahead, annihilating space, and melting with exciting fancy hours into minutes. At this attempt, though hotly pursued, she was successful in passing the line of blockaders and ran up the river to Wilmington. Then came the mental and physical reaction, producing a feeling of great prostration, relieved by the delightful realization of having passed through the fiery ordeal in safety and freedom.

"If after every tempest came such calms.

May the winds blow till they have weakened death,

And let the laboring barks climb hills of seas

Olympus high! and duck again as low

As hell's from heaven."

The "Ad-vance" now dropped anchor and unloaded her cargo. In a day or two afterwards the Confederate ram Tallahassee dropped anchor just below and sent an order, signed by the Governor, to the "Ad-vance" to deliver her Welsh coal, with which she had been firing, to the Tallahassee. She did as ordered, receiving in turn a supply of coal from the Egypt mines, which was wholly unfit for

blockade running purposes. Having unloaded her cargo, delivered up her coal, refilled her bunkers, and taken on a load of cotton, the "Ad-vance" steamed down to the mouth of the river. She lay there some weeks, making five or six attempts to escape. At each attempt the sentinels of the bar presented the crew with affectionate souvenirs in the way of shot and shell, which did little damage, but gave them sufficient warning. While lying here the greater number of the crew were taken sick, the line of blockaders was strengthened, and Captain Wiley knew that his time was up. After having gained for the last time this Palestine of his chivalrous aspirations, having successfully encountered the more than ordinary perils of the sea, the lingering chase, and hazards of the blockade, one afternoon of a calm day in the late fall of 1864, about two hours before sundown, the gallant Captain ran his much loved vessel out to the Federal fleet and the history of the "Ad-vance" as a blockade runner was at an end. Only one of the old crew, signal officer Neal, remained on board. She was manned by new men and sent to New York. Her name was changed to the "Frolic," guns were mounted on her, and other changes made, and she went to sea as a cruiser under the Stars and Stripes.

Above the shining pines the crescent queen of night is shining, tinging with quivering yellow rays the silent shadowy river. Weary nature seems to sleep. Our steamer's head is toward the ancient city. The anchor lights are gleaming in the harbor—the warning whistle tells us that time to part has come; like

"Ships that pass in the night, and speak each other in passing,
Only a signal shown and a distant voice in the darkness.
So on the Ocean of Life we pass and speak one another,
Only a look and a voice, then darkness again and silence."

P. S.—I am greatly indebted to Messrs C. G. Holt, of Durham, N. C., and W. B. Murphy, of Tomahawk, N. C., for the facts contained in this paper.—
HIGSMITH.

THE HOLY GRAIL—TENNYSON AND LOWELL IN
COMPARISON.

BY EDW. R. WELCH.

The story of the ancient Arthur, which Tennyson has so admirably worked up in his "Idyls of the King," is at least a thousand years old. It is pretty generally supposed that there was a real historical Arthur, who fought twelve great battles with the English heathen and held mighty sway some time in the 6th century, but there is no single trait of his exploits and character which legends have not remodeled, transfigured or disfigured. The gaps of history have been filled up by mythic reminiscences and out of the vapors of ancients has arisen this great figure, designated as Arthur, the mythical King of the Round Table.

When dawned the days of English chivalry Arthur becomes the succorer of the distressed and defender of the helpless, and gathering his gilded knights around him dispatches them on various beneficent errands. He is wounded on the fatal field of Camlam, but is transported by fairy wings into the isle of Avalon, where his body is cured of its wounds and his soul enters into a rejuvenescent sleep. Here rests his enchanted sword "Excalibur," until that day dawns when his strong arm is needed again, when he shall rise from his mysterious retreat, "With all good things, and war shall be no more."

Chief among these old legends, and the one most expressive, is that of the Holy Grail.

This story, like the other Arthurian legends, traces its origin back to a remote antiquity. It is a growth, gathering fresh contributions from each age through which it passed. Two sets of stories, according to Mr. Nutt, was its starting point. In the first a kinsman avenged a blood-feud by means of three magic talesmans, the sword, the lance, and the vessel. In the second a knight visits a castle under a spell and finds all its inmates fed by a magic

vessel and living by its means a prolonged life. But when the hero asks a question about the vessel it disappears. When these two tales were mixed up with the tale of Arthur they were thrown together into one story. All the elements of the two are combined and the magic castle becomes the celtic symbol of the other world—the fairy land of eternal youth. In Britian the first Christianization of this story was found in Glastonbury, where possibly a small Welsh temple, dedicated to Bran, was transformed into a Christian church. This celtic myth was the ruler of the other world and had charge of these talesmans—the swrd, the lance, and the cup. When the temple above mentioned became a church, Bran became a saint, and the talesmans took a Christian meaning; and the first notion of the cup and lance is connected with Jesus, the feeder of his people, whose side was pierced by this lance and whose blood was the salvation of their souls.

In addition to this the story was modified from the legend of Joseph of Aramathia. in the gospel of Nichodemus, a gospel much revered in early English times. A deeper significance was given to the Grail from the story of Jesus in that gospel. According to this story the Saint Grail, or Holy Cup, used by our Savior at the last supper, was obtained by Joseph of Aramathia, and brought by him into England, “to Glastonbury, where the winter thorn blossoms at Christmas tide mindful of our Lord.” Joseph now takes the place of Bran. After his death the Grail is hidden from men until the destined knight appears who is to achieve its quest. Then its meaning took on a further development. It now symbolizes the mightiest miracle of the Roman church, the actual change of the body and blood of Christ into the substance of bread and wine. From this sprang up the great and futile conception of the quest for the Holy Grail as the quest for absolute union with Christ. Occasionally a few caught faint gleams of a crystal cup with rose red beatings, as of a

heart, in it, and with it there is often a platter on which bread lies, into which bread a white child smites itself. When Arthur's knights behold it in the hall it is covered, and amid thunderings and lightnings and the rockings of roofs, it passes from their vision. The heroes leap to their feet, and swear that for a year and a day they will take up the quest to see it uncovered.

Now, before the Grail embodied the full sacramental meaning, while it was half heathen and half Christian, Sir Persevale is the hero of the quest, but when later the notion of absolute chastity and pure celibacy became essential for perfect union with Christ, Persevale was too impure to achieve the quest and Sir Gallahad, the virgin in body and soul, was invented. He it is who not only sees the Grail, but goes with it to the spiritual city, the Welsh Avalon, the land of immortal youth. But these Gallahad romances glorified a life of complete spiritual asceticism, and conceiving woman as the greatest plague of the world, made Gallahad reject as deadly to spiritual perfection, human love and marriage.

Two leading poets of the nineteenth century have taken this mediæval material and clothed it in modern thought, bringing in two great allegories, each teaching some of the greatest lessons of humanity. These two poets are Tennyson and Lowell.

Tennyson, in his able manner, revolts from this idea expressed in the Gallahad romances, and in his exquisite allegory shows us that the ascetic religion, an exciting pursuit of signs and wonders, severance from home and from the common love of man and woman, and a retreat from the daily work of the world into cloistered seclusion, or in pursuit of a supernatural spiritualism are, save for a few exceptions, entirely evil. These things dissolve societies, injure human life, and produce the very evils they are intended to overcome. The opposite life, that of King Arthur, is the right life. The quest after the Holy Grail

is a mistake ; an evil, not a good. The true life is to bring heaven to earth for others. The false life to seek, apart from earth, a heaven for ones self.

Let us go a little more into detail and note Tennyson's version. It flows on with such ease and simplicity, that it seems to grow like a tree, by its own divine vitality.

Sir Persevale, who knows much of the great world, tells the story to old Ambrosius, a simple monk, who knows nothing but his village. Persevale had heard it from his sister, a holy nun, given to prayer, fasting, and alms. She having heard of the Grail and having "prayed and fasted till the sun shone and the wind blew through her," so to speak, saw the Holy Grail at dead of night. When Gallahad heard of her vision, he became fired with the same passion and must needs see it uncovered also. The nun sees the vision through her own high wrought and delicate passion, that passion of longing for union with Christ, longing until all that was earthly in her passed away and her eyes alone shone fire, the spiritual fire of holiness. Gallahad sees the same glory, but he does not see it in the ascetic life. He is still a warrior. He has courage to sit in the "perilous seat" in which whoever sits loses himself, but claiming loss of self as salvation, sits in it of set purpose, exclaiming, "If I lose myself, I save myself," and sees the Holy Grail. Day by day it companies with him not to send him to the cloister, but to war. These two personages lost self through utter separation from the flesh. They left behind them the impression of excelling purity—and that was good, but it was purity severed from humanity—and that was not good.

But as to the rest of the knights who vowed to see the vision, most of them failed and lived a useless life, lost to themselves and lost to men. A few saw something, but not the whole. Persevale, himself inspired by Gallahad, starts on the quest, full of pride in himself and joy in his own bravery, but recalling Arthur's warning that his

knights in this quest are following "wondering fires," drops down in despair, then sees a series of visions. A burning thirst consumes him; it is the symbol of the thirst for union with God. He sees a beautiful brook "and apples by the brook fallen, and on the lawns," and while he drank and attempted to eat the apples all fell into dust—and he was left alone with his thirst. It symbolizes the thirsty soul trying to find its true home in the beauty of nature. He next sees a woman sitting in the door of a beautiful home. She tries to get him to rest, but she and the house crumble into dust. It is the symbol of the soul trying to find rest in domestic love, and failing. Next he sees a yellow gleam flash along the world and a plowman and milkmaid, but one riding along in golden armor. They too fall into dust. It is the symbol of the soul trying to find glory in earth and war. Then he sees a city on a hill and a great crowd call him and praise him, but when he comes near, the city and the crowd are gone. It symbolizes the soul trying to slake its thirst in popular applause and failing. And lastly he finds the valley of humility and the forgetfulness of his sins in the glory of God's love, and "cared not for anything on earth."

Sir Bors rode to a land of crags and rocks, where lived a rough race of astrologers, who cast him into prison, separating him from the world perforce. Here he catches a glimpse of the heavenly vision, "and close upon it pealed a sharp, quick thunder." Afterwards a nun secretly released him from his dungeon.

And poor Launcelot, torn between the honor of his sin and love of it, seeking the Grail to be free from his sin, yet knowing that he does not care to be released from it, is driven to madness by the inward battle. He is "overcome by little folk." He rides on and comes to a naked shore, with wide flats overgrown with grasses. On the sea rages a fearful storm. It is the storm of passion. He finds a boat and drives for seven days, until it strikes upon

the castled rock of Carbonek. He climbs the steps past two threatening lions, up to the castle. He ascends flight after flight of steps. At last he reaches a door. "A light was in the crannies and he heard 'Glory and honor to our Lord, and to the Holy vessel of the Grail.'" He opens the door. A heated furnace is within. He is blasted and burnt and blinded, yet he thought he saw the Holy Grail, but he only half saw it. He did not lose himself.

Now we come to the chief character, the ideal king and ruler of men—King Arthur. He has his own visions, until the earth seems not earth, the light seems not light, the air is changed—more—he sees God himself, not as a vision, but face to face. He does not wonder on the quest of the Grail, forgetting all home obligations, but tries to make earth blissful for others—tries to do his duty in every phase of every day life, and he whose sacrifice of love the Holy Grail embodied is always with him.

Now, passing on from Tennyson, let us look at Lowell's version in comparison. He was more democratic in his treatment of the legend. He stresses our duty to our fellow man more than Tennyson. He deplures the commercialistic, the materialistic spirit strongly prevalent in our age, and makes Gallahad find the Grail in the hands of a poor leper. He sees God in humanity and sounds his note of challenge for "the freedom and divinity of man."

The plot of the "Vision" is very simple. It is on one of June's brightest days when

. . . "heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
 And over it softly her warm ear lays:
 * * * * *
 Every clod feels a stir of might,
 And groping blindly above it for light,
 Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers."

Sir Launfal remembers his vow and calling for his "golden spurs" and "richest mail," declares that,

"Shall never a bed for me be spread,
 Nor shall a pillow be under my head,
 Till I begin my vow to keep."

As he sleeps on the rushes outside the castle gate, he has a most wonderful dream. He seems to spring forth on his dark charger, his flashing mail illuminating the dark gateway. As he stately rides along a beggar crouching by the wayside lifts his pitiful face to him in a plea for alms. He haughtily tosses him a piece of gold, which the leper raised not from the ground, but exclaimed,

“That is no true alms which the hand can hold;
He gives nothing but worthless gold
Who gives from a sense of duty.”

Years roll on in the moment of his dream, and after much weary wondering he has returned from the search, having no clue to the cup, but faded into “an old bent man,” a mere physical wreck.

It is now midwinter.

“Down swept the chill winds from the mountain peak,
It carried a shiver everywhere.”

The cold, bleak wind makes a harp of Sir Launfal’s gray hair as it

“rattles and wrings
The icy strings,”

singing a Christmas carol, whose sad refrain was,

“Shelterless! shelterless! shelterless!”

It is now Christmas eve and

“Through the deep gulf of the chimney wide,
Wallows the Yule-log’s roaring tide.”

The old man is unrecognized, ignored, and driven by the seneschal from the porch.

“For another heir in his earldom sate.”

But little did the loss of the earldom affect him now. His heart’s deepest affections were on other objects.

“Little he recked of his earldom’s loss,
But deep in his soul the sign he wore,
The badge of the suffering and the poor.”

As he sits shivering in the cold, musing on a summer
clime, he is startled by a voice by his side, which said,

“For Christ’s sweet sake I beg an alms.”

Then again crouches the miserable leper

“Lank as the rain blanched bone.”

Sir Launfal’s heart is moved to pity and

“He parts in twain the single crust,
He broke the ice on the streamlets brink,
And gave the leper to eat and drink.”

Suddenly the leper is transformed and stands before him
glorified.

“And the voice that was calmer than silence said,
‘Lo, it is I. Be not afraid!
In many climes without avail,
Thou hast spent thy life for the Holy Grail;
Behold it is here, this cup which thou
Didst fill at the streamlet for me but now.’”

Sir Launfal awakes and realizes that he has found the
Holy Grail in his castle. He bids the servants hang up
his armor. The grim castle gates are open to the sunshine
and every wanderer is welcomed.

“And there’s no poor man in the north countrie,
But is lord of the earldom as much as he.”

The quest of the infinite at the expense of the temporal
affairs of life is fraught with evils always to be deplored.
It is very significant that these two poets should take this
old mediæval legend and teach us thereby such great and
appropriate lessons. The true poet is also a prophet, and
Tennyson and Lowell have caught the spirit of their mis-
sion and taught us these great lessons. Let us not be
oblivious to their import.



"SHE SHALL BE FREE."

BY J. F. B.

I see thee strong though compassed round with foes
Who know thee not, or would destroy thee, known,
Whose friendship false to enmity has grown
That strives to strike thee down with covert blows.
Yet thou art still the same to one who knows.
True to thy mission great, to truth still true,
Helping the youth right wisdom to pursue
Unmindful of the dart the envious scorner throws.
Then let the traitorous tongues their tales repeat
And craven palates wash their hands, unclean,
They cause thee but to stand on firmer feet,
While brighter radiance lights thy hopeful mien.
For thou believest this from Him above:
Wrong ne'er can shatter truth nor conquer love.



A CENTURY OF INDUSTRIAL PROGRESS.

BY JEROME DOWD.

This century is distinguished above everything else as one of marvellous production. No period of the world's history equals it in those discoveries and inventions which increase the supply of food, clothing, and other articles of consumption, and add to the stock of personal capital. The wealth produced in the first half of this century was greater than all the transmittible wealth accumulated in the previous eighteen hundred years of the Christian Era.

In the early stages of society production was precarious, slow, and difficult. Man then had to cope with nature solely with his hands. He had no tools and no capital. That pre-historic inventor who first learned to strike fire from two pebbles, and that later genius who invented the wheel, were unquestionably the greatest of human benefactors. These two inventions have done more to help man in his labors than any other two whatever, and they are to-day the most indispensable factors of industrial life. The first accumulations must indeed have been tedious, but the use of fire and the wheel made each addition to the stock an easier task. Now we have so many helpful implements and agents, that capital seems to multiply at a geometrical rate. In the first century, it is doubtful whether the property of the individual of any nation averaged \$200. It is certain that the average did not reach that height in America. Now France has wealth to the sum of \$45,000,000, which would allow \$5,000 for every family of four persons. In England the proportion of wealth to population is about the same. In the United States in 1860 the per capita wealth was \$514. Now it is above \$1,000, making an average for each family of five persons, the sum of \$5,000. Our wealth has increased within the last ten years, 21 billion dollars, or 49 per cent.* Every

* See Census or World Almanac.

time the sun sets, we have added to our stock over two million dollars. In the production of consumable goods, we are far ahead of any other people. More bread and meat are consumed here to the head than anywhere else in the world. So great is our command over nature that we have enough to spare of all the essentials of civilized life.

In the early times there was never among our people a long respite from famines and pestilence, as we know from the Scriptures and other accounts of tribal life. It is impossible for any people to make any notable advance without first a sufficient and uniform supply of food. In the United States, our yield is not only sufficient and uniform, but superabundant and almost superfluous, so that it is sometimes necessary to burn our corn for fuel. In 1895, after meeting the home demand, we sent abroad 27,000,000 bushels of corn, 76,000,000 bushels of wheat, and 15,000,000 barrels of flour; also 334,000,000 pounds of beef, 1,092,000,000 pounds of pork, and 88,000,000 pounds of oleomargarine.

In the eighteenth century, large production was impossible on account of the poor transportation facilities. The vast resources of the world were left in the earth, the water, the soil, and the forests, because man had not the power to move them. But thanks to modern improvements in transportation, each country may now develop its resources to the utmost limit, and send the surplus product to all parts of the world, in exchange for the superfluous products of other countries. Before the invention of steam locomotion, the hauling of freight by land did not exceed the rate of four or five miles per hour, and one ton was more than a load for the best vehicle. Now, an ordinary freight locomotive carries a burden of 2,500 tons at a speed of fifty miles an hour. To pull the same load forty miles in wagons would require six hundred horses working all day. Very few commodities a hundred years ago could be marketed overland a distance of fifty miles, owing to the

cost of travel, and to the loss of time in making a journey. Now wheat is sold in foreign markets 15,000 miles from home. Our railroad tracks, if formed into a continuous line, would circle the earth twenty times, and thirty miles of additional track are built with every rotation of our planet. The railroad penetrates into the center of nearly every nation and colony upon the globe.

Transportation by water in the last century was very slow, vessels being compelled to lengthen their courses on account of unfavorable winds, and the largest ocean carrier scarcely exceeded 500 tons capacity. Now, thanks to steam navigation, we have ocean greyhounds that cross the Atlantic in a week, carrying 10,000 tons burden.

At the lowest estimate 25,000 miles of canals have been cut in the present century. Within the United States alone they have been dug to the length of 5,000 miles. By means of our numerous canals, a boat loaded with grain at St. Paul has the choice of eight different routes to New York city. The Erie canal shortens the water route from New York to Buffalo by 2,500 miles, or more. The rivers of France, Germany, Belgium, and the Netherlands are connected by such a network of channels that all the chief industrial centers of these countries are equally accessible by boat from the Atlantic ocean, the North Sea, the Black Sea, and the Mediterranean. The channel which joins the Garonne with the Mediterranean saves a distance of 2,000 miles around the Spanish peninsula, and the great Suez canal shortens the way to India by ten to twelve thousand miles.

In the last century, agriculture was carried on with a few very primitive implements. The cast-iron plow is little more than a hundred years old, and that marked a wonderful stride in the science of farming. By the use of tools and machines, one man now reaps more from his labor than five men could reap in the days of our great-grandfathers. The science of fertilizing soils was not

known or practiced to any great extent until the opening of this country. The productivity of land formerly depended upon its natural richness. The chief means of increasing the yield was by rotating the crops and resting the soil. In this country it was not until after the civil war, that commercial fertilizers were used outside of New England, and not until 1883, according to Chrisholm, that they were used as far west as Indiana and Illinois. Now by means of returning to the soil the elements absorbed by the vegetation, the yield per acre has been vastly augmented. Edward Atkinson has made the calculation that upon an average, the labor of ten men working one year, suffices to produce enough bread, including transportation and baking, to feed for twelve months one thousand people.

Irrigation is another method by which the productivity of the soil has been increased. It brings new lands into service, and renews the life of soils that are worn out. In India, irrigation doubles the weight of crops from the same lands. In Spain, the irrigation portion supports a population of 1,700 people to the square mile, as compared to 85 for the average of the country. However, we cannot boast of going very far ahead of the people of the past in the science of irrigation. The ancients wrought marvels in this line of progress.

Mines are now worked four thousand feet below the sea level, and the millions of tons of coal, iron, copper, tin, silver, and gold that human ingenuity has forced the earth to yield up, during this century, would stagger the imagination of man to conceive of.

But perhaps the greatest of all miracles has been wrought in manufacturing. It will be remembered that steam power did not come to the rescue of manufacturing till the closing part of the eighteenth century, and the great impetus which that force gave to manufacturing did not begin to manifest itself in enlarging production until early

in our own century. For illustration, in 1801, Lancashire took only 84,000 bales of cotton from the United States, and only 14,000 bales from India, whereas in 1876 she took 2,000,000 from the United States, and 775,000 from India. In 1801, somewhat less than a million yards of calico were sold in Blackburn market, whereas in 1884 the number was over four million yards. With certain machines in a cotton mill, a single laborer now accomplishes more than could be formerly by a thousand persons working by hand. A knitting machine, such as is used for the manufacture of hosiery, makes every day six thousand times as many stitches as a good work-woman. In the weaving of silk, human labor has been displaced by machinery 95 per cent. In carding wool the displacement has been 50 per cent. and in spinning 25 per cent. In the lumber business, 12 men with a machine can dress 12,000 staves per day, while the same number of hands, working by hand, could dress only 2,500. In paper manufacturing, a machine for drying and cutting, run by ten hands, can do more than was formerly done by one hundred laborers. In wine making, one man can crush 80 tons of grapes a day by the aid of machinery, while the same result frequently required the efforts of eight men. Upon an average, the introduction of machinery in the boot and shoe business enables the same work to be done with half the labor. In the United States the motive forces used in turning the wheels of industry are equal to 3,500,000 horse power, or the labor of 70,000,000 men.* In France the motive forces are established to equal 5,000,000 horse power, or the labor of 100,000,000 men.† As there are only 10,000,000 adult men in France, this power is equivalent to ten slaves to each person. By reason of this immense power, the manufacturing of the world has been doubling every seven or eight years.

* See First Annual Report U. S. Labor Commissioner.

† Lide's Political Economy, page 346.

Perhaps it would be in place here to allude to the progress we have made in the art of imitation, and the manufacture of products by artificial process. The nineteenth century has been distinguished among other things as an age of sham, pretence, and counterfeiting in almost all lines of business. We dress in broadcloth that grew in Southern cotton fields, wear silks that were never within a thousand miles of a silk worm, toy playfully in Paris gloves that came from Gloversville, perfume our kerchiefs with Cologne water that was made in the city of Boston, tread lightly upon Brussels carpets that came from Yonkers; our dogs and cats snooze upon Smyrna rugs that originated in the shops of Philadelphia, and we smoke Havana cigars that grew, so to speak, on the hillsides of Connecticut and Pennsylvania.

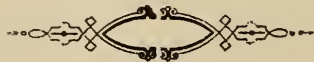
We cannot only imitate things, but make them *de novo*. In this art the highest perfection has been reached in the manufacture of food products. We have artificial honey made of glucose, corn, and sulphuric acid; artificial coffee made of peas, bran, and molasses; artificial pepper made of charcoal, red clay, and cocoanut shells; and we can make on short notice foreign wines of the most ancient vintage, by compounding sulphate of lime, lead oxide, cider, cochineal, logwood, beetroot, red cabbage, and whortleberries.

All the articles of the dairy are now made by a sort of "sleight-of-hand" method. Milk has been sold in San Francisco, derived from a mixture of salt, saltpetre, salaratus, caustic soda, and *aqua pura*. The chief components of much of the cheese now sold in our stores are lard and cotton-seed oil. Artificial butter, or oleomargarine, is an established article of diet on two continents; and it is a well-known fact that chemists have been striving for some time to manufacture beefsteak. They wish to compound a substance that will contain the nutritious elements of beef, without the fibrous part, that is so unnecessarily

heavy, bulky, and indigestible. Should this effort ever turn out to be a success, then might it be well for the poor cow to exclaim, in the language of Othello, "My occupation is gone!"

Car-wheels, horseshoes, and wash-pans are now made of paper; and even cotton and wool fibre are said to have been recently produced without the aid of sheep, goats, or cotton stalks.

No doubt the productivity of the century has been greatly aided by the improvements in the means of communication. A hundred years ago, merchants and manufactures were greatly hampered by the slowness and uncertainty of the mails. It took a letter six weeks to cross the Atlantic, and several months to travel from New York to India or to the west coast of South Africa. Now electricity has almost annihilated distance. By means of that mysterious agent we can speak over the mountains, under the oceans, and from city to city with the breath of lightning. In the United States, 800,000 miles of telegraph wire have already been stretched, also 494,000 miles of telephone wire. In the world to-day there are 139,000 miles of cable, forming a sort of international nervous system. Two men, on different continents, now sit down to play a game of chess, as though their feet were under the same table. Acts of Parliament, results of cricket matches and the edicts of Kings are known on this side of the Atlantic seemingly hours before they happen.



"RED ROCK."

BY W. N. PARKER.

It was with a sense of the most pleasant expectation that the readers of *Marse Chan* and *Meh Lady* awaited the appearance of Mr. Page's first novel—*Red Rock*. The author as a writer of short stories, however, had not prepared his readers for the treat which they were to find in his novel, hence the surprise was the more agreeable.

Red Rock is a romantic love story of the South just after the war. The scene, as the author tells us, is laid in the South, "Somewhere in that vague region partly in one of the old Southern States and partly in the yet vaguer land of Memory." It was known and spoken of by its people as the "Red Rock Section." At the foot of the blue mountain range it lay with its lands stretching out over the hills into the distance; with its meadows and rich lowlands over which the cattle roamed at will; and with its bubbling mountain streams which seemed like silver threads twined in and out among the hills.

The life as pictured by the author is that of the old Southern plantation owner. Hospitality abounded everywhere. The massive doors of the old mansions, swung wide open to kinsman and stranger alike, offered a welcome which the weary and dust-stained traveler was not loath to accept. The wide doors and broad halls were but typical of the big hearts of their owners. The idea of its being inconvenient to have a guest was as unheard of as the thought that it would be inconvenient to entertain a member of the family. If a stranger should come into their midst to settle, be he Yankee or Southerner, he was treated with the greatest hospitality by all. Neighbors from all round came bringing such household articles that they deemed the stranger might need or perhaps it was a quarter of lamb. This they did with the friendliness which made the kindness appear rather done to the senders than by them.

The social life of both young and old was found in the frequent gatherings from house to house. On the occasion of these gatherings, as the gay young couples in doubles and fours danced to the quickening music the old Virginia reel, the broad halls became "A maze of muslin and radiance and laughter."

Nowhere can the reader get a truer or more realistic conception of the life as it existed in the South, previous to and during that dark period of misrepresentation and misrule which followed the war than as it is pictured in *Red Rock*. The author gives this life to us as a Southerner and hence as one who knows most about it from personal experience and observation, but he does not give it to us in the light of one who is prejudiced and narrowed down to one particular side. Since *Red Rock* is a chronicle of that period in Southern history which is generally spoken of as the *Reconstruction*, it is to the events of those years in particular, that Mr. Page devotes himself.

When rumors of war were afloat there were many who were in favor of it, while those of a more conservative mind were opposed to it. Among those of the latter view in the Red Rock section was Dr. Cary, a man of strong personality and one to whom the people looked with the greatest confidence. Indeed, he was a leader and the people recognized him as such. As has been said, he was strongly opposed to war. Many of those of the opposite party considered only the cost of war itself, but Dr. Cary with a prophetic foresight looked beyond the war and saw the fearful effect that it would have upon the country, and tried to show this to the people. In a speech to them he said, "You ask for war, but you do not know what it is. A fool can start a conflagration, but the Sanhedrim cannot stop it. War is never done. It leaves its baleful seed for generations." And in those dark days that followed the struggle there were some who recalled these words. When, however, it was seen that the clash was inevitable, "All

division was ended: all parties were one. It was as if the country had declared war by itself and felt the whole burden of the struggle on its shoulders." The section of Red Rock did not escape the blighting blast of that struggle, yet this was only the beginning of trouble. For "After the sword comes the cankerworm."

Tired and wron and wounded from the many battles which they had so nobly fought, the stragglng army returned to their homes, not to find the rest which they needed so badly and not to find the peace for which they longed, but only to fight still greater battles; battles upon the result of which depended the safety of their wives, their children, their homes and their all. "If the war had destroyed the Institution of slavery; the years of the carpet-bagger's domination well-nigh destroyed the South." Imagine the humiliation they had to endure! Upon returning home they found their country patrolled by Northern troops to "keep order," as if the North could not trust to the honor of the men who for four long years, had fought so heroically against their vastly superior numbers! They found themselves disfranchised and the offices which they had once held given to their former slaves, or worse still to men who, while they were too cowardly to lend their aid that they might be counted among the victors, were nevertheless willing to share the spoils.

The negroes left their work and flocked to town from every direction to receive their "forty acres and a mule." Here they lived like children at play. Along the streets and in the fence corners under rude bowers of branches they sat, waiting for the Yankees to fill their hungry mouths and supply them with clothes. It was a strange sight to see them casting their votes while their former masters stood by disfranchised. On one of these occasions as a number of spectators were standing by joking good-naturedly with the new voters, Steve Allen asked one of the old Red Rock negroes, whom he was voting for.

“Gi’ me a little tobacker, Marse Steve, an’ I’ll tell you.” And when it was given, he turned to the crowd: “Who is I votin’ for? I done forgit. Oh! yes—old Mr. Linkum—ain’ dat he name?”

“Well, he’s a good one to vote for—he’s dead,” said Steve.

“Hi, is he? When did he die?” protested the old man in unfeigned astonishment.

“You ain’ votin’ for him—you’s e votin’ for Mist’ Grant,” explained another younger negro, indignant at the old man’s ignorance. “Is I? He’s one I ain’ never heard on. Marse Steve, I don’ know who I votin’ for—I jis know I votin’, dat’s all.”

Insult upon insult was heaped on them. When the white troops had only been there a short while they were removed, and their places taken by negro companies enlisted from the adjoining plantations. The effect of this organization was immediately felt. The negroes left the fields with no one to work them, for “Should they handle hoes when they could carry guns! Should they plough when they were the State guard!” A change in the old country was soon seen. Without laborers to till the soil the old plantations went down and their owners lost heart, and no longer wore that cheerful, hopeful look upon their faces. When they remonstrated and tried to show the evil effects that this was having upon the country, their request was met by an order for inquisition from house to house, to take from them their arms and thus put down the “rebellion.” And when this order was carried out by insolent negro soldiers who turned the liberty thus granted them into a license to plunder and steal, does it seem strange that the best men of the country, resorted to the *Ku Klux* to protect their families and their property?

Following this inquisition, when the people were scarcely able to obtain the necessaries of life, came the demand for higher and ever-increasing taxes to meet the cost of a

railroad which the government intended building through that section, but which was never built. The land would yield only a certain amount each year and beyond this they must seek some other means of revenue. The women did their part and did it nobly. They made preserves, knitted, and sold these, together with eggs, in the city. There is a limit to all things and when they could raise no more money their plantations together with their old homes, which had been the birthplace of their grandfathers and great-grandfathers, and about which clung so many dear associations, passed out of their hands to meet the taxes. These and many other outrages were heaped upon them, yet "If they shone in prosperity, much more they shone in adversity; if they bore themselves haughtily in their day of triumph, they have borne defeat with splendid fortitude. Their old family seats, with everything else in the world, were lost to them—their dignity became grandeur. Their entire system crumbled and fell about them in ruins—they remained unmoved. They were subjected to the greatest humiliation of modern times: their slaves were put over them—they reconquered their section and preserved the civilization of the Anglo-Saxon."

Probably the character which makes the deepest and most lasting impression upon the reader is that of Dr. Cary. To look at his aristocratic face, the highbred air, the aquiline nose, the deep eyes, the firm mouth and the pointed beard, carries one back several hundred years to the days of the patricians. He is, indeed, a true type of the old Southern gentleman. When we meet him on his horse with his old black saddle-pockets over his shoulders, there is an air about him which reminds us of the days of chivalry, when the knight-errant "rode abroad redressing human wrong." And truly he was a knight-errant, for it mattered not at what time or in what sort of weather he was called upon to visit a patient he always went, only too glad to relieve human suffering. Often was he found in the humble cabin

of the negro ministering to his wants, knowing he was to receive nothing for it, yet as attentive as if he had been his wealthiest patient. When the trying times which we have related came. Dr. Cary was one of the first to suffer. Debts which he had contracted to oblige his friends and relatives accumulated, and they, together with the taxes levied upon his land, threatened to take away from him his home. Many of his patients were owing him but he had never in his life asked for the payment of an account. When, however, he could secure money from no other source he summoned the courage to collect some of these accounts, but not till he had divided each one by three. He applied to the thriftiest of his patients first and succeeded in collecting some money, but when he came to the poorer ones and heard their tale of poverty, he had not the heart to ask them, but instead, divided among them the money which he had collected and went home with no more than when he had ridden away.

One night after a round of visits he returned home completely exhausted. He had barely gotten back when a messenger came galloping up and called for him. Leech, the man who had done more than any other person to ruin him, was dying, the messenger said. Mrs. Cary said that he was not well and should not go. Thinking that the Doctor was not coming, the messenger said that Leech would pay him anything he might ask. To this he replied,

“He has not money enough—the government has not money enough—to induce me to go, if he were not ill,” and added, “I am going because he is sick and I am a physician.”

It was almost sunrise when they saw him riding home. Blair and her mother went out to meet him. Leech, he said, had been saved. As he alighted from his horse he came near falling and when they reached the steps he sat down. “I am very tired, I have fought”—and here he stopped. “John Cary of Birdwood, had laid down his arms.”

In the life of Dr. Cary we are reminded of one other—that of the doctor of Kildrummie. No word of complaint was ever heard to arise from the lips of either and they never pled sickness to any messenger. They gave their lives to the service of humanity, and “Greater love hath no man this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.” They “focht deith for ither fouk” but when their time came they were too weary and worn to fight it any longer, and with childlike faith accepted the call, “Come ye blessed of My Father . . . I was sick and ye visited me.”

We shall await with interest the next creation of the pen which has given to us *In Ole Virginia, Elsket and Red Rock.*



IN THE LAND OF THE HATFIELDS AND McCOYS.
A TRUE SKETCH.

P. V. HOYLE.

There is perhaps no part of the United States of which the public has so inadequate an idea as it has of Southern West Virginia. To all intents and purposes, it is *terra incognita*. The wild, unreal and sensational stories written by newspaper correspondents have made most people believe that it is all their life is worth to spend a night in this section, but this is by no means the case; yet there are some phases of mountain life which are fast vanishing that are worthy of preservation, and for this purpose the following is written.

The native of this section more clearly portrays the true mountaineer as he existed one hundred years ago, perhaps, than that of any other part of the American continent. To appreciate the character, you must know his home and the circumstances of his life as they existed before that terrible vandal the railroad, entered his domain.

Here he was, cut off from the outside world almost entirely—one hundred miles from the nearest railroad; the only pathways from his mountain home were the two rivers, Guyandotte and Big Sandy. These afforded, during high water, means to float out his saw log and "sang" and to bring in the goods of "furrin" manufacture that he needed, principally a little coffee, powder and lead. The result of his wants were supplied by the mountains. These people were simple in their manners and habits, but shrewd and calculating in their dealings.

This country has been noted the world over for its famous feuds and numerous murders, but when left alone, the native West Virginia is a quiet well-behaved citizen. It is true that occasionally each man becomes the avenger of his own wrong and pursued his enemy with vigor and persistence that would do credit to an Indian chief, but

this was due more to his surrounding conditions and circumstances than any thing else. To a stranger, as a class, they were extremely friendly and honorable, and at no place would a weary traveller find a more hearty welcome than he would in the cabin of a Logan mountaineer, even though it was at the house of a Hatfield upon whose head a price had been placed by the sovereign State of Kentucky.

The country in which he lived is as picturesque as the mountaineer himself. To say that it is rough and broken is putting it mildly. In fact, it consisted entirely of ridges and valleys. The mountains or ridges, and properly speaking they are not mountains, rise from five to eight hundred feet above the level of the river. The only level land is that lying along the creek and river banks. The greater part of the mountains are covered by original forests, a considerable portion of which has never been culled over. Most of the bottom lands have been reduced to cultivation, though, in some section one may travel for miles without ever seeing human habitation.

In this wilderness the Logan mountaineer has grown to perfection; he has a code of morals all his own, and he is decidedly *sui generis*. His home usually consisted of a log cabin with from one to five rooms. A few articles of foreign make find their way into the homes of the better class, but they are the exception—not the rule. On his farm he raises almost every thing he wants to eat except coffee. The whiskey that is consumed, and for which they evince an especial fondness, is largely brought from a distance. The greater part of his wearing apparel is of home production. It is true that since the building of the railroad, the younger class want “store close” and some of them wear them, but this is looked on as an innovation and any youngster wearing them is regarded with suspicion by the “old citizens.” The old mountaineer plants a few acres of corn in the spring—enough to supply himself for the year, as a general thing no more and frequently by far

too little; it is very rarely that he has any to sell, and from this fact having "corn to sell" is a synonym for high prosperity. When this is "laid by" his year's work is complete except for "odd jobs;" and he spends most of his time in the mountain hunting—sometimes bear, but more frequently coon and squirrel. Bear hunting was formerly the favorite sport, but big game is now so scarce, that only by determined and experienced hunters can bruin be bagged; and the coon hunt has to a greater extent taken its place. While this is but a poor substitute to the old hunter who told me of holding a bear up a tree two nights and a day without food, still it affords great sport to the younger generation and the stranger who can climb the mountain and stand the fatigue of the hunt. The mountain trails are so rough that I can scarcely make my way over them in the day time, and most assuredly will not attempt it at night; and having never lost any coons I do not care to spend any time hunting for those some one else has lost, although I had on one occasion the honor to be invited by the famous "Devil Anse" Hatfield to accompany him on a hunting trip.

The Hatfield and McCoy feud which has made this country famous, is as I have learned it, from many of the participants as follows: The Hatfield and McCoy families, both of which were among the first settlers of the Big Sandy Valley, stood well, and members of each were regarded as among the best citizens of the country. They were friendly with each other and connected by marriage. During the war there is said to have been some animosity between them on account of political differences. The Hatfields espoused the Confederate side and a majority of the McCoy's were Union. Just what animosity there was and to what extent the ill-feeling existed at that time, no one now knows, as it all seems to have died out and these parties were friendly enough until 1882, when a lawsuit between one of the Hatfields and one of the McCoy's was tried before

Valentine Hatfield, a justice of the peace, the matter in controversy being some wild hogs. Both parties claimed the hogs, and both parties, with vigorous and cheerful mendacity, proved their ownership; but 'squire "Wall," giving his kinsman the benefit of the doubt, decided in favor of the Hatfields. The McCoys called the Hatfields "a set of lie-swearing hog thieves" and swore vengeance. Soon an opportunity for vengeance presented itself. An election in Kentucky, where the McCoys lived, was on hand, and a Hatfield could never resist the temptation to "electioneer" for his favorite candidate. So, on this occasion, Ellison Hatfield, a brother of Valentine, went to "the head of Blackberry" to look after the interest of a friend who was that year a candidate for jailer. As this was the precinct in which the "McCoy boys" lived and voted, Ellison's interference was regarded as adding insult to injury; and so, on some pretext, a difficulty was brought about, between him and some of the younger McCoys, the result of which was that Ellison was severely stabbed and died two days later. In the mean time some of the Hatfields had organized themselves into a lyching bee, though this does not seem to have been primarily their object, and had captured four of the McCoys and put them in an old school house, where they were kept closely guarded, until Ellison Hatfield died. Upon this they started with their captives to the Pikeville jail, but Randall McCoy, the father of the prisoners, laughed and told them that his boys couldn't be put in a better place as no one would ever be hurt in Pikeville for killing a d—d Hatfield. This taunt angered the Hatfield contingent, who were smarting from the fact that their brother lay dead at the hands of their captives, so they concluded not to risk the undertainties of law. They then took these McCoy boys, tied them to some bushes on the bank of Tug river and shot them to death. Thus began what is probably the bloodiest of all the mountain vendettas.

Following this were many acts of atrocity on both sides which are blood curdling in the extreme. Cold blooded, unprovoked murders were committed by both parties upon no stronger provocation than the fact that the victim sympathized with the other side. The Hatfields burned a house belonging to Randall McCoy, who was the patriarch of the McCoy clan, and at the same time mercilessly murdered a young girl of that family. The McCoy's, in turn, headed by Frank Phillips, their leader, crossed the State line and captured some of the Hatfields, including Valentine, who was sent to the Kentucky penitentiary for life, where he died some years ago. The Governor of West Virginia refused to honor the requisition made on him for the Hatfields, and being highly incensed at the kidnapping under guise of authority from Kentucky, threatened to march into that State with the West Virginia militia and liberate these prisoners. Wiser counsels, however, prevailed and the danger of civil war between these two States was happily averted. However, a case was taken to the Supreme Court of the United States for the purpose of liberating one of these prisoners, this however, the Court refused to do and the man was afterwards condemned and executed for killing the McCoy boys at Matewan.

Anderson Hatfield, more familiarly known as "Devil Anse" is supposed to have been the leader of the "Hatfield gang" though it is not known that he was actively connected with any of the outbreaking acts. His two older sons, "Jonce" and "Cap" participated in most of the atrocities. Cap is fond of relating his experiences "during the war" as he terms it and is evidently proud of his part in it.

Soon after the house burning, the State of Kentucky offered large rewards for the capture of the Hatfields including Anse, Jonce and Cap. To reap these rewards is supposed to have been the incentive of Frank Phillips in his attempts to capture and kidnap. In these attempts,

Phillips and his followers committed many acts of atrocity which are scarcely less reprehensible than those committed by the Hatfields themselves, among which is the murder of old Jim Vance, an Uncle of the Hatfields. In a skirmish which took place on Mate creek, Vance was too badly wounded to retreat and was left on the field by his friends, who made good their escape. Phillips and his gang came upon him and instead of making him their prisoner, as they might easily have done, deliberately blew out his brains with a Winchester.

But I am glad to say the feud no longer exists. While many of the participants are still alive, they are willing to let their former foes alone if *they*, in turn, will reciprocate. They have all had trouble enough, as they express it, and want to keep out of it.

On election day, November 3, 1893, Cap Hatfield was one of the parties in one of the bloodiest tragedies that ever took place, when he and his fourteen-year-old step-son, Joe Glenn, killed three men at Matewan. Hatfield and his step-son surrendered themselves and were brought to Williamson, the county seat of Mingo county, for trial. The evidence developed the fact that he was acting entirely in self-defense, but owing probably to his previous bad character, was found guilty of involuntary manslaughter and sentenced to jail, from which he made his escape by means of some tools which had been slipped to him by his friends.

It is but just to say that a great many of the Hatfields and McCoys were not concerned in the feud, and none condemned the atrocities more than they did. In both families can be found honorable and trustworthy men, some of whom have held high official positions.

General P. Wat Hardin, of Kentucky, tells an amusing incident which occurred between himself and Governor Wilson. Hardin, at that time, was Attorney General of Kentucky, and Wilson Governor of West Virginia. Gov-

ernor Wilson had instituted proceedings to secure the release of some of the Hatfields who had been captured by Phillips. Hardin was discussing the matter on a train of the C. & O. Road and ridiculed the contention of the West Virginia authorities. In front of him sat a small and unassuming man with whom Hardin was unacquainted. Finally, in his conversation Hardin said that he was surprised that anybody who had sense enough to be Governor, even of West Virginia, should make such a contention. Instantly the "little fellow" in front of him jumped up in an excited manner and exclaimed: "I'll have you know, sir, that I am the Governor of West Virginia." Hardin, taking in the situation at a glance, extended his hand and said: "Let's shake on that, partner. Nobody would ever take you for Governor, or me for Attorney General." From this time they were close friends.

The State of Virginia, soon after the Revolutionary war, granted large boundaries of land to numerous parties, in grants of from 50,000 to 500,000 acres. Among these grants were several to the famous Robert Morris, Treasurer of the United States during the Revolutionary war. It is said that Mr. Morris, who was a very wealthy man at the outbreak of the war, bankrupted himself in supporting the Continental army; and to recuperate his lost fortunes, acquired this Western Virginia land, amounting to more than 2,000,000 acres. It is generally supposed that this grant was gratuitous on the part of the State, and was given to Mr. Morris in consideration of the great services he had rendered the colonies in their struggle for liberty, but investigation shows that Mr. Morris acquired the land just as others did, by paying two cents an acre. Soon after this grant, Morris conveyed it to the famous, but erratic, Colonel Swan, a Revolutionary officer from Massachusetts. Colonel Swan conceived an idea of colonization and went to Paris about the year 1800 for that purpose. He soon became infatuated with the society of the French

capital, and there spending his time and means in gay revelry, seems to have lost sight of the business character of his trip, though he did make some effort to obtain colonists for his Virginia domain, but no material results were accomplished by him.

On his death, which occurred in the year 1880, while in the French debtors' prison, he bequeathed his estate to John Peter Dumas, as Trustee, for the benefit of his creditors. In the mean time, since the issuing of the Morris patent, no taxes had been paid upon the land; and Virginia had parted with her vast territory west of the Alleghanies in the hope of acquiring revenue. In this hope she was disappointed as the patentees in nearly all of the large grants had taken them merely for speculative purposes and never paid any taxes on them. The State began to pass laws to compel the payment of these taxes, and enacted various statutes, known as forfeiture laws, whereby the owner of the land forfeited his title thereto if he failed to list the land for taxation for five successive years. Consequently when Dumas came into possession of the Swan estate, he found that the whole had become forfeited to the State of Virginia for failure to list for taxation. Then began one of the greatest lobbying schemes that ever took place on this continent. Dumas, with energy and tact unsurpassed, persuaded the Virginia Legislature to release the entire Swan estate, some 6,000,000 acres, from taxes for more than forty years. His favorite scheme was to appeal to the generosity and patriotism of the members by urging that the beneficiaries of his trust were soldiers of the Revolutionary war, who had come from France to fight our battles. This, with the wining and dining, was too much for the Virginia Legislature, and they, with some flourish of trumpets, passed a bill which gave him all he asked—the release of the taxes above mentioned, and vesting in him a complete title as Trustee for the benefit of the creditors of Colonel Swan. He retained the position as

Trustee until his death, when he was succeeded by Josiah Randall, the father of Hon. Samuel J. Randall, of Pennsylvania; and at the death of the elder Randall, by Robert E. Randall, son of Josiah and brother of Samuel J. Randall. Randall, acting under the decree of the Circuit Court of Kanawaha county, sold portions of this land to several parties. Finally, through various means of conveyances, the tract known as the Robert Morris 500,000 acre survey became vested in one Henry C. King, the present claimant.

These large surveys had been almost entirely disregarded by those who had settled in this country or the purchasers of recent years. As the land in these old surveys had been taken up chiefly for speculative purposes, little regard was paid them by the actual settlers, and when a pioneer found a tract of land that suited his purpose he located upon it and took a patent from the State for as much as he desired. Numerous efforts were made by the Legislative bodies of the State to wipe out these old titles. Among other provisions toward this end was one that, whenever the owner of a tract of more than 1,000 acres failed to have himself charged upon the land books for taxation, the title should become forfeited and vested in the State. By this means it was hoped that these old titles, which had never been occupied and upon which taxes had been paid only at long intervals, would be annihilated.

The greater part of the land included in these old surveys had been taken up in some way or other by actual settlers. Occasionally a claimant of an old survey would assert title to a large boundary of land, but after a few unsuccessful efforts to locate his land he would leave in disgust, declaring that the land laws of the State was a code of thieves and that the officers were were worse than highway robbers. So the claimant of a "wildcat" survey spread but little alarm among the natives when they heard of his presence in the neighborhood.

In the early fall of 1893 King sent his two agents to look

after his interests in West Virginia, and when Colonel Wilder and Judge Stiles, of New York, came to this section, no small amount of "laughing in their sleeves" was done by the natives as well as the agents and employees of Northern capitalists who had bought up the land from the natives; but these men went about their work in a quiet, systematic way, and soon consternation spread. Suits in ejectment were brought in the Federal Court by King against all the claimants who had not had possession of the land for the period of ten years, that being the time to give an adverse claimant title by possession. A part of the land extends to Virginia and suits were instituted there in the Federal Court. The first suit was brought in Virginia and resulted favorable to King. When the result was known the people became thoroughly alarmed and much talk was indulged in. It was even threatened that King's employees would be run out of the country, or killed, but this bluff didn't work, for these men prepared themselves for any emergency that might happen. They had their headquarters in a comfortable log cabin erected by them for that purpose. This they proceeded to fortify and employ what might be termed "tough citizens" to protect them in case of an outbreak, but none ever occurred and the fort was abandoned without blood shed.

The case in West Virginia followed in a few months after the trial in Virginia. The same question of law was raised in this State as in Virginia, with the addition of the forfeiture question. King claimed that the provision forfeiting the land was in violation of the XIV Amendment to the Constitution of the United States. The first trial resulted in a hung jury, the second in favor of the defendants. The case was then appealed to the Supreme Court of the United States, and was in May, 1898, decided adversely to King.

Prior to the building of the railroad this country was almost without churches, or school houses. A few log

huts served the double purpose of educational institutions and houses of worship. The school teacher was usually a young man from one of the outside counties who came here for the purpose of spending a few months only. Frequently some of the more ambitious young natives determined to reach that eminence in social life, as they regard it, of school teaching. This was usually the stepping-stone to something else, and several of the best and most useful lawyers in the State acquired the elementary knowledge of law while teaching these mountain schools.

The preacher as a type and class, it will not do to pass. He devotes himself to worldly matters with the greatest of assiduity during the week, and in a like degree to Divine services on Sunday. It is not infrequent that he lays aside his religion with his "Sunday-go-to-meeting" suit, and is often the business man in the community. I heard one thus epitomized by a neighbor: "He can make the best horse trade, drink the most liquor, tell the biggest lie and preach the biggest sermon of any man in the county." This old fellow, while he is very eccentric, has a humorous side to his nature. He refers to the Calvinists as "the man who hasn't three ideas above a wild hog," to the worldly christian as a "cross-eyed man, with one eye up the chimney and the other in the dinner pot," and in a sermon, offered to bet two bushels and a half of corn on the soundness of a certain theological proposition, and at the same time he was under indictment on a bastardy charge. But it must by no means be supposed that all the people are "bad" and uncivilized, and even this old man has numerous good qualities and one finds under his roof a shelter and protection that is most welcome.

The country Doctor is quite an important figure, but the lawyer is the most important man in a community. The land titles are all unsettled and are the source of an immense amount of litigation; and as the country becomes more thickly settled, they constantly become more liti-

gated. The people are naturally contentious and will resort to legal process on the slightest infraction of what they conceive to be their rights. Hence the legal profession cuts an important figure in this mountain country; and it has developed some of the ablest lawyers of the State.

The old town of Logan, named so after the famous Mingo Chief, was once the home of Thomas Dunn English. It is said to have been at this place that he wrote the song, "Don't You Remember Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt," which has been made famous by its publication in *Trilby*. It cannot be positively said that the poem was composed here, but it is certain that its author once lived here and was at one time the chief executive of the town.

Here, too, Col. J. R. Irwin, a famous lobbyist in the days of Grant's first administration, resides. He and the late Brick Pomeroy are interested in a large tract of land, and have made numerous efforts to dispose of it, but how far they succeeded in doing so is not known. Colonel Irwin is a great traveler and gives some accounts of his many adventures that are wonderful and interesting.

But to fully appreciate all this, one must see the country and know the people. Since the railroad has been built, a number of small towns have sprung up along the line, and are developing into flourishing communities. The old timer is fast giving way, and in a few years will be a thing of the past.





D. W. NEWSOM,	- - - - -	CHIEF EDITOR.
R. B. ETHERIDGE,	- - - - -	ASSISTANT EDITOR.

A "Science Club" and a "Current Events Club" have been recently formed in the college, and from them the students have reasons to expect great benefit. The Science Club, which meets on the third Saturday of each month, was organized by the Science professors for the purpose of stimulating interest in the study of scientific subjects, and to give the students every opportunity of keeping in close touch with the daily growth and progress of the scientific world. The recent meeting was a most interesting and instructive one. Prof. Pegram presented the subject of the "Study of Nature;" Dr. Hamaker spoke of "Certain uses of the Spectroscope in Astronomy," and Prof. Edwards gave an interesting discussion of "Liquid Air."

The student body is greatly indebted to Prof. Mims for the organization of the "Current Events Club." We feel that this supplies a long-felt need, and the interest manifested in the work by students and faculty gives large hopes of a broad acquaintance with the events of the day. There is certainly no better way to learn history than by learning it as it records itself day after day, and this is one feature of life wherein college students need to become more thorough and enthusiastic.

At the recent meeting of this club, Dr. J. S. Bassett spoke of the Dreyfus affair, and of the Anglo-French crisis. His discussion threw much light on the true condition of French

affairs. Prof. Edwin Mims read and discussed Mr. Kipling's poem, "The Truce of the Bear," and also made an interesting talk on Theodore Roosevelt, his college life, political life, his Western life, and his war record. Prof. Jerome Dowd presented the subject of the "Consumers' League," showing its growth and its effects upon the laboring class.

People from all sections of the State look forward each year with great pleasure and interest to the event of the State Fair. Especially is this true of College students. This occasion comes to the College student in the midst of his hardest work, and brings to him a day of needed rest and recreation. It gives to him a chance to meet with friends and acquaintances from many sections, besides an opportunity of seeing for himself what progress his State is making along industrial and all other lines. All this is very pleasant. We are glad to learn that the recent Fair was a financial success. The people of the State are to be congratulated upon the variety and quality of the exhibits, and the managers of the Fair for the clever management of the financial side. But there are some things connected with our State Fair that must be disapproved, some things that are a discredit to North Carolinians, some things that are an open imposition upon all people who have respect for themselves and others, some things which good people are not going to submit to, and which those in authority must put an end to if they expect the Fair to be encouraged by people of respect, honesty and integrity.

There are many events that come to a student at college which he long remembers with delightful pleasure. Even when years have separated him from the familiar surroundings of college, still in his quiet moments there come trooping before him events and impressions which he loves to cherish. Among such occasions as these was the concert given by the members of the Southern Conservatory of Music, at the Con-

servatory Hall, on the night of November 17, complimentary to the faculty and students of Trinity College. The program was interesting throughout and well executed. The following were especially good:

Recitation, "What Is Her Name," by Miss Annie Belle Black; Violin Solo, "Valse from Faust," by Miss Margaret Moring; Nocturne, by Miss Marguerite Exum; and Vocal Duet, "Song of the Troubadors," by Mrs. G. W. Bryant and Mr. W. J. Ramsey.

Durham is to be congratulated in having this institution in her midst, and under the efficient management of Prof. Bryant. The South has long felt the need of such an institution, and we have often wondered why she has gone so long without it.

We wish to extend thanks for this musical treat. We could enjoy them every week.



The Manager of THE ARCHIVE wishes to state that all bills for subscriptions to THE ARCHIVE are due and should be settled promptly. This is one of the most substantial ways in which you can give us encouragement and give expression of your loyalty. Finally, if the editor drums you about ten days in the week for that article, just keep cool and don't worry—a—a—the editor.



If continual talk about him in the newspapers is an indication, Rudyard Kipling must be the most popular of living authors. A vast number of readers must, therefore, welcome a pretty and wonderfully cheap edition of his "Departmental Ditties, Barrack-Room Ballads and Other Verses," just issued by the famous cheap-book publishing house, Hurst & Co., 135 Grand street, New York, at the price of only 35 cents. You may get it of any bookseller, or from the publishers, who will send their complete catalogue to any applicant.


Seldom has it been our pleasure to spend a more pleasant Thanksgiving day than the one of '98. Every moment of it brought delight and joyous anticipations. The early part of the morning was cloudy, but the day soon cleared up and the sunshine brought cheer and invigoration. After attending Thanksgiving services at the various churches, and paying faithfully destructive respects to Thanksgiving dinner, the students, "eds" and "co-eds," gathered at the south entrance of the Park to take the special train for Raleigh. A most delightful afternoon and evening were spent in the capital city.

The debate was a success in every feature, but no more so than we expected. The splendid audience and their rapt attention could not have been otherwise than an inspiration to the debators. The question was handled with ability and skill, and the discussion was well worth the attention of any audience.

Col. W. H. S. Burgwyn presided, and Hon. H. G. Connor, Mr. H. A. London, and Hon. R. M. Furman formed the committee on decision. Mr. H. A. London rendered the decision in most appropriate remarks, giving Trinity the reward by unanimous vote.

Mr. W. S. Jones, President of the Chamber of Commerce, presented the silver cup, which is a most beautiful token of the sterling interest which the people of Raleigh take in these inter-collegiate debates. The increasing interest and enthusiasm manifested in these debates, strongly indicate the popular appreciation of such contests and vindicate their necessity in college life and growth.

We shall all await with growing enthusiasm the coming of the next Thanksgiving day.



Wayside Wares

TO BLANCHE.

More softly never breathed an autumn eve,
 The very fields were murmuring soft and low
 A solemn hymn. No sounding wind did blow,
 But all was still. The sun did sweetly leave
 The world to you and me. Could earth conceive
 A happier, dearer eve! A lingering glow
 Did spread the chill and vacant sky, and lo,
 All things seemed bowed in sacred prayer! I grieve
 To think how brief that eve, with calm so deep,
 When all my soul did feel the joyous thrill,
 And from your eyes I saw the gently leap
 Of feeling kin to mine. The beauteous still
 Of evening soon did flicker down the deep
 Of night, and stars loomed up across the hill.

—D. W. Newsom

THE CAT CAME BACK.

It is a great period in a young man's life when he goes out from the hallowed influences and pleasant associations of home and enters college. It is a turning point, an epoch of importance in his existence.

These things I fully realized when, with trembling eyes and tearful hands, I bade my sweetheart, my darling Mary Ann, a long farewell. These things I fully realized when I packed in my valise one book, two foot-ball suits, a pair of Indian clubs and a draught-board, and left my little farm home to enter college.

When I reached the station where I was to get off, I had

developed a fine case of the "Blues" and was enjoying life hugely. I thought bitterly that I had reached the heterogeneous compilation of the extremity of the sublunary sphere, in short, the jumping-off place. It was pouring down rain and everything looked dreary, even to the old meek-eyed grey horse standing by the station. With a feeling of grim pleasure, mingled with a conglomeration of green cheese and green apples, my valise and myself jumped from the steps of the train out into the falling rain. Just as I hit the ground, the ground, by accident, hit me, and I found myself enfolded in the voluptuous grasp of the velvet mud. There I lay, with the mud on my red tie, repeating the golden-texts of all the Sunday School lessons I had ever learned and playing a melody on the nasal gamut of Guido. There I lay, trying to enjoy myself to the fullest extent under the existing circumstances, until I was rescued by a grim-visaged hack driver, who dragged me from the mud to a gig-shaped concern he called an ox cart. I was thoroughly disgusted. Gratefully I climbed into the cart and told him to drive ahead. We began to move swiftly away and then I looked back and saw my Sunday hat lying in the mud. I didn't care—I had fifty-three cents and could buy another. But that rough cart was moving, and as I was strongly attached to the cart I was also moving. As we, the cart and myself, sped swiftly over the cobble-stones of the picturesque streets I amused myself in my muddy condition by trying to count the pretty little tadpoles in the muddy puddles along the wayside. These polliwogs swam with measured tread in the crystal beauty of the clear water. All the time that I was thus occupying myself it did rain.

Then I began to cogitate. I began to think. I indulged in reverie. I thought with pleasure of the death of the green parrot which died in an epileptic fit, belonging to my great-uncle's husband's aunt, and I thought of the happy days when I had the measles, the scratches and the mumps all at the same time that I went fishing on Sundays.

While in the midst of deep thoughts I was suddenly awakened to the beauty of the stars in the firmament by once more finding myself on the ground. The stopping place had been reached and the patient mule had stopped suddenly, thus causing a sudden stopping of the cart, which caused me to lose my equilibrium, as I had lost my hat. The cart and I parted, and I came again into contact with the humid depths of mother earth. I got up and got down my valise and paid the driver. I then had a room assigned to me and went in and locked the door, that I might cogitate alone.

* * * * *

Long months passed and in commingling with the young men of the college, I had experienced all the bitter and all the sweet of one year of college life.

But there is one experience of the last night of my first college year, to which I would invite your tearful attention, and then I will pass out through the portals of your memory forever.

The tragedy to which I invite your imagination was enacted upon a starry night in July, just before commencement—or rather endment. I was preparing to entrust myself to the soothing care of Morpheus until the morning hours. The down-town bells were softly tolling the hour of twelve. But just as the last strokes of the bells were dying away, being borne upon the soft breezes wafted by glycerine colored fumes in the silvery moonlight, I heard a Tom cat and a Sam cat disputing in loud tones just under my window. I had lain on my downy couch many a night listening to the beautiful strains of these same disputes, and I determined to-night that I would never have that supreme pleasure again, and that I would have revenge for past offences. With vindictive hatred glittering in the soft depths of my indigo blue eyes, I hurled my pillow into the darkness which my vision was unable to penetrate, taking direct aim at the larger cat, as he stood with fierce hatred shown in every lineament of his handsome face. But, let me tell you, I hit that cat.

Yes, sir, I nailed him. I imprinted upon his beautiful countenance the traces of my love and esteem. I could tell this by the noise that cat made. It is wonderful how much noise a dozen "nigger" boys can make, but it is still more wonderful how much one mad Thomas cat can make.

With a look of great glee and a feeling of gratified pleasure, I glanced out into the crisp air, where the snow was softly falling.

I then turned once more to my shuck mattress to seek the influence of my pristine friend, Morpheus. But alas, he had flown in the folds of my pillow. I lay there thinking of the great fun I was having. I was enjoying this affair more than a Freshman enjoys trying to jump up and touch the electric light in front of the Inn, or more than a Senior enjoys chasing a collar-button out from under his bureau. The noise from the cat precinct continued and I determined to have that pillow if it cost me a one cent stamp. I got up looking like the seven days of rainy weather, and went out into the cold, dreary air stored up in the vibrating molecules of chemical affinity near the ground.

I passed out the large front door. It had a night-latch on it and I determined not to let that door shut while I was outside, so I propped it open with my hat. Just then, when I had gone some distance on the cold, unsympathizing ground, a fearfully cold blast came around the corner roaring and whistling the sweet strains of that melodious sonnet, "I Don't Lovey Nobody." I felt the bitter cold air sensibly for I was clothed in nocturnal habiliments—"only this and nothing more." Away blew my hat and the door closed with a mocking slam. I was shut out for the night and, as if to add to my sorrow, it began to pour down rain. I hunted in the dense darkness for my pillow, but could find none. In my clotheless sorrow, while it was pouring down rain, I mentally resolved if ever I got back to my bed I'd stay there until the last rose faded and till turnips were trumps.

But the Fates added a new plague to my almost unbearable

sorrow. Those cats began to have another dispute. They were near me and I could tell from the spirit of their conversation that it was a political riot, and that one was a Democrat and the other a Populist. I felt a grim pleasure in listening to the arguments that each advanced. It was fearfully cold, dark as midnight and pouring down rain. I could not get the door open and I was in a *fix*. I went out to the beautiful fountain that played briskly in opposition to the falling snow. I climbed upon the fountain without raiment, without bread and without sleep. Above the whistling winds could be heard the ghostly growling of the cats, and I set up an opposition society with myself as president. I shrieked out the Greek lyrics of Vergil, the Hebrew odes of Homer, the poems of Ingersoll, and the panegyrics of Johnson Jones. All this I did on the top round of my voice, seated on the fountain, playing in the freezing midnight breezes of that frosty July night. I was intensely happy. With the winds howling, the rains descending and myself making all the noise possible and the cats making more than was possible, I was freezingly happy.

But suddenly, above the wailing of the cats in combat and above the murmuring of the breezes floating on the soft billows of air and modulated to the lyrics of chlorine, I heard the soft accents of a female voice. The voice was that of Aurora speaking in melodious tones to her harbinger, the bright morning star, and I disappeared from the stage of action.

CORNU-DIES.





Literary Notes

F. T. WILLIS,

MANAGER.

The *Christian Educator* of November contains an excellent review of Tolstoi's "What Is Art."

The *Spectator* says that Gladstone's *Life* would, under any circumstances, be awaited with eager expectation; but the fact that Mr. Morley is to be the biographer will make that expectation tenfold keener.

Whether living men of letters get much from the Paris exposition or not, those dead will certainly get all they could expect. Statues of at least twenty will be erected in Paris during the year 1900.

Mr. Zangwill delivered his first lecture in this country October 11, in New York City. His subject was, "The Drama as a Fine Art." Among the quotations taken from his lecture are: "A good play must have life-likeness, unity, and vitalizing or stimulating power. In other words, it should simulate, stimulate, and concentrate;" and "The two best plays since Shakspeare are 'The School for Scandal,' and 'She Stoops to Conquer.'"

The author of "The Christian" is said to have first brought that work out in America because the feeling against the High Church was then so strong that the people of England could not appreciate it as a love story, which it was intended to be. Mr. Caine states that he believes in John Storm's religion, and if he remains in America any length of time it will be to preach that religion, rather than to lecture.

Mrs. Higginson, whose book of poems, "When the Birds Go North Again," recently appeared, lives in Oregon, within sight of Puget Sound. Her parents were pioneers who crossed the plains of Oregon in 1864. She is comparatively unknown in this part of the country, though she has written several volumes of prose and verse. *The Outlook* contains three short poems from her new volume.

A tourist who recently visited the Lake country resents the fact that Dove Cottage has been changed so much since it has fallen under the care of the Wordsworth Society, and that Prof. Wright is filling the rooms with books which are so inappropriate to the place. He felt more like he was in Wordsworth's old home when he was looking through the house, after having paid the former occupant a few pence for the privilege. The tourist observed that Dr. Arnold's home, Fox How, was occupied by Miss Arnold, and Fox Ghyll by Dr. W. E. Forester's widow, who was also an Arnold.

The Spectator, under the title, "Lord Russell on Reading," discusses a question which is one of the most serious that concerns the literary public to-day. The article was called forth by the statement made by Lord Russell, that cheap magazines and newspapers are temptations to easy acquisition of information which, unless sought for the purpose of obtaining sound judgment, do not add to the real education of mankind. The writer calls attention to the fact that the cheap magazines devote all the space not given to short stories and sensations to the presentation of multitudes of unrelated facts, such as the amount of water which goes over Niagara Falls every minute and the number of gallons of beer sold in New York in one year, etc. These unrelated facts soon give place to others, which in turn sink into oblivion. Every one would do well to read the article.



Editors Table

W. N. PARKER,

MANAGER.

There is a decided improvement in the magazines for November over those of the previous month. The literary contributions are of a higher order and there is a noticeable improvement in the verse both as to the quality and number. There seems to have been a general awakening of the latent literary powers and now that we are aroused let us stay aroused and keep everlastingly at it, making each issue better than the previous one.

There is one thing that college journalism should rid itself of, and that is the publication of college "jokes" among the pages of its literary magazines. They do not instruct and certainly no one is so blind as to call them witty. In fact they are very stupid. Take for instance this one which we found in an exchange, "What is the matter with Dave Hunter's cork leg?" or this one, "If the fourth of twenty is five, what is the fourth of July?" Now that's literary with a vengeance. If now the students can't get along without such stuff and the editors must publish them, let them start up an opposition *Puck* or *Judge* and publish them in it but do for decency's sake keep them out of your literary magazines.

The *Amhurst Lit* is one of the cleanest and most attractive magazines we have seen. Each number contains several illustrations and these always make a magazine more attractive. "College Democracy," by Edward B. Mitchel, is well reasoned and shows that the writer has studied college life pretty closely. The writer of "Fer-De-Lance" has a good style and would do justice to a better plot than he has selected.

The cover of the Harvard—Game Number of the *Yale Courant* is dainty and attractive. A "Fortunate Foursome," by H. S. Canby, is happily told. The writer of "The Spirit of the Obelisk," H. A. Webster, has the power of description but there is a vagueness about his plot which he fails to clear away for his readers.

As usual the *Nassau Lit* contains excellent material. The writer of "The Antisemitic Movement," Walter C. Erdman, has given his subject much thoughtful study and presents it in a broad and forcible manner. "Mediaeval University Customs," by Robert Bachman, gives the reader some general idea of the social life of the university during those times, but we should like to have heard something of the intellectual side of the university life. "The Song of Sansculottes," by W. T. MacIntyre, is one of the best pieces of verse we have seen in any of the college magazines. The spirit is good and it has a real martial air.

In the *Inlander* the plot of "King Robert,—Thief," by A. M. Smith, is poor and the story is dull and heavy. The writer gives the facts of his story but does not fill them in, so that it has the effect of stiffness, if that word may be used. He should first choose a well rounded plot and not only give the facts but embellish them. The story of "Eileen," by Katherine H. Brown, is well told. It is written in the Irish dialect with which we happen to be unacquainted. An attempt at dialect should never be made unless the writer has it well in hand, for poor dialect is nearly as bad as poor English.

The story in the *Georgetown College Journal* by Michael Earls, entitled, "According to Packachoag's Ways," is an exceptionably good piece of fiction. The writer has good use of his vocabulary and constructs his sentences well. He is evidently familiar with the country dialect. This magazine is well edited. There is one suggestion we should like to offer and that is, that there is too much space devoted to purely college matters which may be of interest to the students,

but to outsiders it is of little or no interest. There are always some illustrations in each issue and, as we have previously said, these add to the attractiveness of it.

One of the best edited magazines we have yet received is that of the University of Virginia. Its literary department contains only material of the highest grade and the editorials are strong. In fact we find it difficult to offer criticism except of commendation.

In the *North Carolina University Magazine* we notice the entire absence of verse. Certainly they must have some poets among them and if so, they should arouse them from their lethargy. In the article entitled, "Knighthood and Nobility in America," we have quite a new subject treated. It is an account of the many attempts made in America to establish a titled aristocracy, and is especially important from a historic standpoint.

We acknowledge receipt of the following magazines for November: *Vassar Miscellany*, *Wake Forest Student*, *Converse Concept*, *Tennessee University Magazine*, *Hendrix Mirror*, *Wofford College Journal*, *The Georgian*, *College Message* and *Hampden-Sydney Magazine*.

THE SONG OF THE SANSULLOTES.

Strike for the glory of France,
 Red let the forge fires glow,
 Gaily the hissing sparks dance,
 While pikes are fashioned, Ge ho!
 Strike for a future of gold
 The gold of freedom's fair sway,
 Down with the tyrants of old,
 The dead past has had its day.

Hammer on anvil rings
 As the armorer plies his trade,
 Presaging a changing of things
 A vict'ry that cannot fade,

Strike with the freeman's might,
 Work till the break of day,
 Strengthened with Knowledge of Right,
 Wrong shall not block the way.

Lurid the forge fires glow,
 Loudly the bellows roar;
 Work with a will, Ge ho!
 "To arms" sounds the tocsin of war.
 The armorer nothing loath,
 Fashion the pike and the sword,
 With a grim and terrible oath
 For the future of king and lord.

For centuries robbed and oppressed
 By millions is Liberty hailed,
 For ages ever repressed,
 While wrong has ever prevailed,
 Then work, O men, with a will:
 Armorer work; for France
 Through centuries inert and still
 Awakes from her death-like trance.

Ye ho, then, for Liberty's born,
 Its mission new to the world
 And mosses of ages are shorn
 With its glorious banner unfurled,
 Hammer on anvil rings
 Sounding a message divine,
 As Freedom triumphantly sings,
 With honor—"The World is Mine."

—*William Teall MacIntyre, in Nassau Lit.*

A REVERIE.

As on the borderland twixt thought and sleep—
 That dim, elusive half-remembered land—
 Our dreams, at some all-powerful command,
 Merge themselves in th' enshrouding darkness deep,
 That haply we may afterwards enjoy
 Faint gleams of their ethereal delight,
 Which the return of reason's clearer light
 Would strip of all its glamour and destroy;
 So when in fancy's shadow-land I muse,
 My thoughts, as fickle as the fleeting dreams,
 Refuse to show their meaning, half-concealed,
 Yet ever grant me glimpses, hasty views
 Of something, which, could I but grasp it, seems
 A gift of genius ne'er before revealed.

—*A. C. Ludington, in Yale Courant.*

REST.

I hear the hum of voices and the rustle of the leaves,
 And trace the wavering patterns which the fickle sunshine weaves,
 And listen to the lapping of the water 'gainst the boat,
 As we lie beneath the branches, and read and dream and float.

The low breeze whispering softly, laiden down with faint perfume,
 Of woods and earth and water and apple-trees in bloom,
 Plots, far up in the tree-tops, to take us by surprise,
 And coax our dancing lovelocks into our drowsy eyes.

Deep in the cushions sink we, while the breeze grows soft and low,
 And rising, falling ripples sway us gently too and fro,
 And the sunbeams pierce our eyelids now and then in fitful gleams,
 As from the land of spring-time we drift into that of dreams.

—*M. B., 1901; in Vassar Miscellany.*

A COQUETTE.

Oh, the deepest of wiles was her sweetest of smiles!
 So I hardened my heart to resist.
 And I sought to despise that glance of her eyes
 And those lips that a saint would have kissed.
 But tears on her cheek made prudence turn weak
 And I hurried to comfort her woe.
 I'm hopelessly lost, for I found to my cost
 She had more than one string to her bow.

Oh, dangerous wiles were her innocent smiles
 And eyes that a sunbeam had kissed,
 And hope there was none when the sinner had done
 What never a saint could resist!
 But joys all depart in my sadness of heart
 And life no more pleasure can bring.
 Oh, sore is my grieving—that maiden deceiving
 Has more than one beau on the string.

—*B. J., in Amhurst Lit.*

AT THE FIRESIDE.

At nightfall by the firelights' cheer
 My little Margaret sits me near,
 And begs me tell of things that were
 When I was little, just like her.

Ah, little lips, you touch the spring
Of sweetest sad remembering;
And hearth and heart flash all aglow
With ruddy tints of long ago!

I at my father's fireside sit,
Youngest of all who circle it.
And beg him tell me what did he
When he was little, just like me.

—*J. D. Long, in Wake Forest Student.*





Y. M. C. A. Department

J. H. BARNHARDT,

MANAGER.

Too much cannot be said in favor of good, soul-stirring music in the public meetings. The song service should not be considered merely as a convenient way of spending ten or fifteen minutes of the hour, but as an essential preparation of the mind and heart for the devotional service. It is a feature of the meeting in which all can take part. The singing this year has been above the average. It has not been neglected among the improvements which have been undertaken and made along general lines. Mr. K. P. Sessoms has rendered entire satisfaction as organist. He and Mr. S. A. Stewart, who is known and loved for his enthusiastic support of the Association work, have made the praise service a success. Besides, most of the men take part in the singing. Let everybody sing who can, and there is no doubt but that the hour will be worth more to us than it otherwise could be.

* * *

During the month of November we have had the pleasure of hearing the following speakers: Dr. W. I. Cranford, Messrs. R. R. Grant, J. M. Culbreth, M. B. Clegg, W. E. Brown, J. E. Holden, E. R. Welch, and J. F. Liles. The Association appreciates very highly the encouragement given it by different members of the Faculty. Being men of broad experience in religious work, they are in a position to help us in various ways. Parents who have boys in college should congratulate themselves upon the fact that their sons are in the hands of men who meet them not only in the class-room,

but also in their religious gatherings. Their interest in the spiritual welfare of the student body is genuine and true, and no one rejoices more than they when a student takes a stand for Christ.

* * *

Nothing is more important than the proper regulation of one's habits with reference to prayer. There is a tendency among college men to become careless in regard to their daily devotions, especially toward the close of a term when so many other duties crowd thick and fast upon them. This should not be so. Nothing should be allowed to cheat us out of those precious moments which it is the privilege of every one to enjoy in communion with God. The very choicest part of the day should be set apart for Bible study, prayer, and meditation—whenever possible, we should begin the day in that way. This was Christ's plan. Whenever anything of unusual importance was to be undertaken, he either remained all night in prayer, or arose early in the morning and spent the first moments of the day in prayer. Those who adopt his method will be sure to find the day's work much more satisfactory. The mind will be clearer, the work less irksome, and upon the whole they will be more able to resist evil. Further, it might be said that there is nothing weak or sentimental in the act of kneeling down and asking God's help in the recitation of an honestly prepared lesson. Why deprive God of his right to help you in your daily work? If Christianity is of no practical use, why profess it? Religion when used is more apt to grow than when neglected. Meditate upon these things, and act according to the dictates of your better nature.

* * *

The week beginning November 13 was observed as a week of prayer. It was set apart for this purpose by the International Committee, with a three-fold object in view:

1. Faithful effort for the deepening of the spiritual life of the active membership.
2. Work for unsaved young men.

3. A broad outlook over the Association field, with a view to stimulating interest in both the local and world-wide work.

This week of prayer was observed on every continent, and no one can predict the results of it. A half hour's service was held in our hall every evening, and we have reason to believe much good was accomplished. It was a time of heart-searching. The attendance upon these meetings was very good, and the results will doubtless be felt for many days to come.





At Home and Abroad

EDW. R. WELCH,

MANAGER.

We note with pleasure that Messrs. P. V. and R. N. Hoyle, both loyal Trinity men, have recently become proprietors of the Jonesboro *Progress*.

Dr. Kilgo recently went down to Southport to preach and deliver an educational address.

Dr. Kilgo also preached at the Y. W. C. A. at G. F. C. not long ago. Dr. Kilgo thinks a great deal of "our cousins" at G. F. C. He could not represent the student body—and some individuals especially—if it were not so.

Mr. L. T. Hartsell, of Concord, class '94, was recently elected to the Legislature from Cabarrus County on the Democratic ticket. Trinity men may always be relied upon.

Rev. R. H. Willis, pastor of South Edgecombe Circuit, Washington District, spent several days on the Park recently, the guest of his brother Frank, of the Senior class. Mr. Willis also preached a very interesting sermon at Main Street on Sunday.

Rev. Mr. Underwood of Washington station was with us not long since and conducted chapel exercises. Mr. Underwood is building a very beautiful church at Washington which will contain a Trinity memorial window. This is appreciated by the students and friends of the college. This church and Trinity will henceforth be very dear to each other.

Mr. Wood, of Hertford, came up to see his son Walter, one day recently, also Mr. Monroe, of Laurinburg, visited his son Shelton, and Mr. Frizelle, of Ormandsville, his son Mark.

Rev. Mr. Zimmerman, of the South Carolina Conference, now stationed at Rock Hill—was the guest of Dr. Kilgo recently. We hope Mr. Zimmerman will come again.

Dr. Grissom of the North Carolina Conference was also on the Park not long since.

It always gives us great pleasure to have the parents of students here, and friends of the college here and elsewhere, to visit us. In fact you ought to do so. If you have sons or daughters here, come to see them. If you are interested in the college, come and see what is being done for the advancement of Christian Education by *your* college, let your *Alma Mater* know that you are with her in all her joys and sorrows.

Mr. C. A. Woodard of the present Junior class recently returned to his home in Wilson where he will begin reading medicine under Dr. Albert Anderson. Mr. Woodard was one of our best students and we regret very much to lose him, but we wish him abundant success in his new branch of study. We bespeak for Mr. Woodard a bright future.

Dr. Cranford recently represented Trinity at the Southern Association of Colleges, which met at Athens, Ga. Dr. Cranford reports a pleasant trip.

Mr. J. L. Bost, class '95, is now traveling for the firm of Frederic F. Ingram & Co., of Detroit.

New students continue to come in, both to the High School and college. Trinity now has more students than she has had in any one year since 1872. The catalogues back of that date are lost. The studiousness and manly deportment of the boys is very worthy of comment. The young women also are to be complimented for the hard work they are doing. They never fail to be on hand nor to be prepared.

Cliff Hornaday is undoubtedly the greatest cartoonist in the State, considering his age and practice. Some of his cartoons are amusing indeed, and very finely gotten up. His cartoon issue of "Trinity Puck" has just made its *debut*.

Dr. Kilgo attended the Western North Carolina Conference, where he lectured on the night of the 15th. The annual report of the College, which he took to the Conference, is one of which we all feel justly proud.

Dr. W. P. Few, a member of the Educational Commission appointed by the Bishops of the late General Conference, attended the session of the Commission in Nashville on November 16. The object of this Commission was to prescribe the minimum requirements for admission to our colleges, and also the minimum requirements for the Baccalaureate degree.

A merry Christmas to all.

A Piano at a Nominal Price.

Chicago's largest music house, Lyon & Healy, have bought for a fraction of its cost, the entire stock of Lyon, Potter & Co. These splendid pianos are offered without reserve until all are sold. In this stock are a number new Steinway pianos, and hundreds of new and second-hand pianos, including instruments of the following well-known makes: Sterling, Huntington, A. B. Chase, Vose, Fischer, Weber, Chickering, G. W. Lyon, etc., etc. In square pianos there are fine-toned instruments at \$25, \$40, \$60, and upwards. In Baby Grands some nice specimens at \$250 and upwards. Nearly all these pianos were intended to sell for at least double these clearing sale prices. A good plan would be to order a piano, leaving the selection of it to Lyon & Healy. However, they will send a list and full particulars upon application. Any piano not proving entirely satisfactory may be returned at their expense. Address simply, Lyon & Healy, Chicago. Distance is no obstacle in taking advantage of this remarkable chance to obtain a piano, for in proportion to the saving to be made the freight charges are insignificant. Write to-day so as to avoid disappointment.

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

TRINITY PARK, DURHAM, JANUARY, 1899.

MANAGER'S NOTICE.

All matter for publication must be in by the 20th of the month previous to month of publication.

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L. W. ELIAS, Business Manager,
Trinity Park, Durham, N. C.



W. H. ADAMS,

MANAGER.

DOWN THE MOUNTAIN.

BY MISS ISABEL ELIAS.

“Better not leave this afternoon,” said the hospitable landlady of the summer hotel; “these rains for the last few days have made the roads just awful, and you know mountain roads are not good at their best.”

The persons addressed were Eleanor Mitchell and Saidie Johnston, who, with valises and the inevitable basket of ferns that all visitors to the mountains carry away with them, were bidding their acquaintances of the summer good-bye.

“Our picnic to Sunset Rock will be an utter failure without you, Miss Eleanor,” said one of the young men

who, with the other boarders, was waiting to see them off. "You know Northbern quits us to-day, as well as you and Miss Saidie, so our members will be very much reduced. I suppose it is really time for some more of us to be leaving, but I intend to linger on a week or two yet."

"I would love dearly to stay through September," Eleanor replied, "but papa has written for me to come home, as he is getting a wee bit lonesome without me. Saidie wanted to stay longer, but hated to travel by herself, so decided to go when I did. I did not know that Mr. Northbern's vacation ended to-day."

Just at this juncture the hack, built with more regard for strength than beauty, stopped in front of the hotel and put an end to all further connected conversation, while the two girls and Northbern stowed themselves and their luggage away in it. Amid a chorus of "Good-bye," "Hope you won't find the road entirely washed away," and other similar speeches, the hack, drawn by its two gray horses, rolled away.

Eleanor Mitchell was a girl whom a casual glance showed to be pretty, but after an hour's conversation with her the verdict was apt to be that she was "perfectly charming." Her gray eyes with their black lashes were very expressive; her dark hair made her fair complexion seem almost pale, but it was interesting to watch the pink flush come into her cheeks as she grew enthusiastic over the subject under discussion. She was decidedly popular, and on this very account Fred Northbern, a bright young lawyer of the same city, had not cultivated her acquaintance in the year that she had been out of school, fancying he would not like her, as his tastes were rarely those of the multitude. Yet here he found himself sitting on the seat just in front of her and her little friend, Saidie Johnston, who was an ardent admirer of Eleanor, and knew that it would take them five hours at least to reach the railway station where they expected to take the evening train.

"Driver," he asked, "what did the mail man say about the road between here and Jackson Station?"

"He said 'it was *bad, bad,*' and he looked more than he said. Three bridges over creeks have been washed away, and down on the side of the mountain there's been a landslide; but I reckon we can get along all right if the hack don't break down. After big washin' rains like we've been havin', the road is mighty rough and tryin' on the vehicles."

"But not on those who ride in them?" Eleanor asked.

"Well, no'm, it don't do those that ride in 'em so much lastin' damage."

The soil had been literally washed away until rocks mainly constituted the road. "What do you think of this for a drive-way, Miss Mitchell?" Northbern inquired.

"Well, if I were working it out mathematically, I think I should let the rocks equal infinity," she answered smiling, "but indeed it doesn't compare favorably with the one through the park at home."

"Are you fond of mathematics?" he asked. "It has always been a favorite study of mine, but is rather an unusual taste for a young lady."

"Yes; I have always been perfectly devoted to it. You know I think Geometry is a beautiful study."

"So it is," he admitted, "though few there be that find its beauties."

"Decidedly unusual sort of a girl," he was thinking to himself, while the agreeableness of meeting some one who shared her love for Geometry was not lost on Eleanor.

The conversation ran in conventional channels for a time while the three were finding each other out. From discussions of scenery the talk drifted to the boarders at the summer hotel.

"Miss Mitchell," said Northbern, "you remember that Mrs. Wright who only stayed two weeks, such a quiet, reserved woman. Well, I found her the most interesting character study I have met in many a long day."

“O, I thought I was the only person there who studied her,” said Eleanor. “I longed to penetrate that reserve and know the real woman that lay back of it. I was sure she was unusual, although other people did not seem to think so.”

“I unfortunately had not finished my diagnosis of her character when she left.”

“Neither had I. She was a woman whom it took time to know.”

“I don’t see, Mr. Northbern,” said Saidie, “what there was so attractive about her. I found her awfully quiet.”

“So did I. That was what made her so interesting,” he answered smiling.

“But Eleanor is quite talkative and she interests people—” said Saidie.

“You should know, Sadie,” Eleanor interrupted, “that quietness, although not one of my attributes, is regarded by men as a cardinal virtue in woman.”

“Miss Mitchell is an exception to quite a number of rules, Miss Johnston,” said Northbern.

The road wound along the side of the mountain, and looking down the travelers could see deep hollows with the ground covered with ferns, and trees almost meeting above so that only “a dim religious light” could penetrate these temples for Nature’s worshippers.

At the foot of the mountain a stream had to be crossed whose channel had been washed much deeper by the rains, and the horses plunged and floundered desperately in their efforts to ascend the opposite bank. The sigh of relief of the party when this feat was accomplished was changed into consternation on the discovery that the tire of one wheel had been wrenched off by the rocks and had left the wheel so badly shattered that further traveling with it was out of the question. They were eight miles from the station with a disabled hack and a driver who seemed utterly at a loss what to do.

Mr. Northbern set off for a farm house near by, where he hired a wagon in which they continued their journey. The wagon jolted fearfully going over rocks so that they were continually rising involuntarily from their seats and making old fashioned bobbing curtsies.

“‘This push will cheer me ever or disseat me now!’” quoted Eleanor, clinging desperately to the side of the wagon as they were passing over one of the roughest places.

“‘That was a close call,’ as the mountaineers would say,” remarked Northbern, looking back at the sloping shelf of rock over which they had just passed, “and I hope there will be few more like it. I can already ‘cite up a hundred heavy times that have befallen us’ on this trip.”

“‘Then here comes the hundred and first in the shape of rain,’” said Eleanor, as the big drops began to patter down.

It was one of those thunderstorms with its vivid lightning accompanied by wind and rain that come up so suddenly in the mountains. The flashes of lightning soon became more and more infrequent, but the rain fell without intermission and the heavy gray clouds overhead showed that a steady down pour had set in. The travelers in the opening wagon, with no wraps, were soon thoroughly drenched.

“‘Ain’t you ladies cold?’” asked the driver as he crouched dejectedly in the front of the wagon and urged on his disconsolate looking horses through the steadily falling rain. The scene was gloomy and dismal, and the rain chilled them through and through.

To add to their discomfort night came on and covered the scene with a darkness so intense that it seemed like the curtain that shrouds the future, impossible to be penetrated by mortal eyes. The driver could not see how to guide his horses so that they were momentarily in danger of being turned over.

Northbern lighted a lantern, that by some happy chance

had been brought along, and walked in front of the wagon with it to show the road, which was almost a running stream of water itself.

"If Mr. Northbern were not along I don't see what would become of us," said Saidie with a shiver, as she felt her wet garments cling to her.

"The wagon would turn over and we'd drown in the road," Eleanor replied as she looked gratefully in the direction of Northbern's figure, dimly outlined in the darkness ahead and heard the splashing of the water as they went along.

Suddenly they saw the lights of a village gleam out through the rain and darkness. "Is that Jackson Station?" both girls eagerly inquired of the driver.

"No'm; it's a little town three miles this side of the Station, but I guess you'd better stay there to-night. You've missed the evening train already, so you'll have to go on the eleven o'clock to-morrow anyway."

The wagon stopped in front of a small country hotel, but Northbern and the two girls were only too glad to avail themselves of its scanty accommodations, since it afforded them a shelter from the rain and a fire by which to dry their dripping clothes.

The next morning the sun was shining bright and the sky was as blue and cloudless as if rain had never fallen from it. Saidie, who had gone out on an exploring tour through the village, came back with sparkling eyes.

"Eleanor, who do you suppose I met while I was strolling round? Why, Frank Elliot, the young doctor, don't you know, who was so nice to me at the Springs last summer. He says he has been practicing here this summer because mountain people have such strong constitutions that they always live through his treatment. He is going to take me to the Station in his buggy. Isn't it nice of him? I am sorry you and Mr. Northbern will have to jolt down there in the wagon."

“O, that will be all right. We are going to make the most of the rarity of riding in a country wagon.”

As Northbern and Eleanor drove along in the glorious sunlight that revealed the beauty and freshness of the woods just beginning to be touched by the gorgeous autumn tints, the discomforts of the previous evening seemed like some far off dream, and its other features began to be more prominent in the minds of both.

“How strange it seems,” said Northbern, “that I should never have really known you until yesterday. I find that one needs to go away from home to learn what attractions are in his own city.”

“Yes,” Eleanor answered, “I always enjoy the city more after rustivating awhile— Why, here we are nearly at Jackson Station. Just see what a triangle the road makes before it gets there.”

“Ah, but it is good to see crossties and rails instead of rocks and gullies to travel over,” he said as they approached the station. “Let me see about your ticket and checking your trunk, Miss Mitchell.”

As Eleanor, Saidie and Northbern stepped off the train at the station of their own city, they were met by Mr. Mitchell, with his usually placid countenance somewhat perturbed.

“Eleanor, daughter, I have been so uneasy about you. I expected you last night, and when you didn’t come I wired you at three places, but could get no reply. What was the matter?”

“We had a break down before we reached the station and—Papa, this is Mr. Northbern, who has been very kind all during the trip.”

Mr. Mitchell glanced at Northbern’s strong, intelligent face and held out his hand cordially as he said; “I always enjoy meeting my daughter’s friends and shall be glad to see you in our home.”

In the weeks and months that followed, Northbern be-

came a frequent visitor at the Mitchell's. Whenever he came across any mathematical puzzles he found it incumbent on him to carry them to Eleanor, that they might have the fun of solving them together. Then both were so fond of music that it was natural they should go to hear the best operas together.

One morning after she had been to an opera the previous evening with Northbern, Eleanor was seated in her room, hearing once more, in imagination, the strains of one of the sweetest of the love songs in the opera and thinking, with a rapidly beating heart, of the expression in Northbern's eyes when he had turned to her at the end of the song. That look had spoken volumes.

Her maiden meditation was interrupted by a knock at the door and the servant handed her a card. She looked at it wonderingly.

“‘Mrs. A. T. Wright.’ And who may she be? Could it be that interesting Mrs. Wright whom I met in the mountains last summer?” Then to the servant, “I will see he.”

Eleanor was puzzled to know why Mrs. Wright should have sought her out in this way, and as she went down to the parlor a presentiment of coming evil overshadowed her.

Eleanor noticed as she entered the room that the wonted reserve, that she remembered as characteristic of Mrs. Wright, had been replaced by a somewhat nervous air.

“Miss Mitchell,” Mrs. Wright began, “I am sure you will pardon my seeming intrusion when I tell you that I have come to you on business of a very important although unpleasant nature.” Here she hesitated a moment and then continued. “I was at the opera last evening and saw you there with Mr. Northbern. Miss Mitchell, let me warn you against him. He is not a gentleman.”

“What do you mean by such an accusation?” Eleanor asked excitedly. “Mr. Northbern is the most perfect gentleman and has the highest ideals of honor of any man I have ever known.”

“Ah,” said Mrs. Wright sadly, “I was afraid you thought so, but, my dear Miss Mitchell, be warned in time. Oh! if some one had only done for Marie what I am trying to do for you. Marie,” in answer to Eleanor’s look of inquiry, “is my younger sister and this despicable flirt, this Northbern pretended to love her and by his tender glances and words of love won her heart until she, poor child! worshipped the very ground he trod on.

“He had promised to marry her, but one day she received an abrupt note from him breaking the engagement and giving no reason whatever. Her heart is broken; and she a girl no older than yourself, Miss Mitchell. Oh! it breaks my heart,” and Mrs. Wright’s eyes filled with tears, “to see her suffer so, for she still loves him. I could not bear to think of his deceiving you in the same way, and that is why I have told you this.”

Eleanor was deeply agitated by what she had just heard and the tears in Mrs. Wright’s eyes were very convincing, but she said, “Mrs. Wright, have you any proof besides your own words that Mr. Northbern is what you say?”

For reply Mrs. Wright handed her an envelope with the question: “Is that his writing?”

Eleanor took the note, written in a hand that she immediately recognized and read:

“MISS MARIE:—Consider our engagement broken and be kind enough to return my letters.

“October the eighth.

FRED NORTHBERN.”

Eleanor sat as one stunned with this proof before her. Mrs. Wright rose to go. “That is all, Miss Mitchell, so I need not intrude longer,” she said and passed out.

Eleanor hurried to her own room and there all her self-possession vanished. “To think of his being like that and not what I thought him!” she moaned between her sobs.

Again there was a knock at the door and the servant announced that Mr. Northbern had called for Miss Mitchell.

“Tell him I do not wish to see him,” she said, and then her sobs began again at the thought of what that meant.

Northbern left the house perfectly mystified, angered and deeply wounded by the message, but too proud to ask for an explanation since she had volunteered none. He set himself the task of forgetting her. A woman who, without any reason, would treat him as she had, was unworthy of an honest man’s love—and yet—she was so loveable.

Weeks passed by and became months. Eleanor and Northbern had never met since the evening of their last opera together. They had avoided each other on every occasion. Both had been experiencing the bitterness that comes when the heart finds that it has been deceived. Those who believe they needs must love the highest when they see it, suffer a bitterness of heart known only to themselves when what had been taken to be the highest is proved its opposite. The golden glory of by-gone days had faded into the light of common day for both—but forgetfulness had come to neither.

Northbern was in his office alone one afternoon, vainly trying to fix his mind on some intricate legal points when a visitor, Frank Elliot, walked in. The two men had never met except for a few minutes at the little country hotel where Northbern, Eleanor and Saidie stopped on their way to the station, so Northbern was surprised at the young doctor’s cordial manner. He was still more surprised to learn that Elliot had come to the city expressly to see him.

“Why, Dr. Elliot, none of your patients have been trying to plead the statute limitation about paying their doctor’s bills, have they?”

“No, Mr. Northbern, but it is about a communication of a patient of mine that I wished to speak to you.” Northbern signified his readiness to listen, so Elliot began.

“Last night I was sent for by a woman who has been an actress. She was sick and asked me if I thought she would

die. I fancied in case of the probability of such an event she would want to repent of some misdeed, so I told her that life was a very uncertain thing and I could not promise it to her for any definite period of time.

“She then told me that she had—from what motive she would not say—slandered you to Miss Mitchell and forged a letter to corroborate her words. She gave me the details of the story, believing that her last hour was near.”

That evening Eleanor was sitting at the piano, where she had been playing for some guests of her father. The door-bell rang. She felt a sudden desire to answer it herself, so hurried to the door, but started back in surprise when she opened it, for there stood Northbern.

“You have been deceived. It is all a mistake. Give me an opportunity to explain,” he said.

* * * * *

When Eleanor told Saidie of her engagement, the latter said :

“I believed on that trip down the mountain, when each of you discovered how fond the other was of Geometry, and your various other points of congeniality, that something like this would happen.”

“Yes,” laughed Eleanor, “it was then that we first began to see that we were complementary angles.”



SHAKESPEARE AS A TEACHER OF PHILOSOPHY.*

BY W. I. CRANFORD.

It need not occasion any surprise when Shakespeare is spoken of as a teacher of philosophy. To be sure, no man was ever farther from teaching, directly, technical systems of philosophy than was Shakespeare. He was no professor of Noetics, Metaphysics, Ethics, or even of Æsthetics. The philosophy of Shakespeare is the philosophy of the artist; and, that too, of the profound artist. An artist is one who so weaves together the real as that it shall suggest the ideal. The *beautiful* is commonly regarded as the ideal to which the artist seeks to give expression. But the Æsthetic ideal of the profound artist comprehends more than the mere beauty of the grace and strength of symmetrical forms as seen in sculpture and architecture, more than the harmonious arranging and blending of colors and lights and shadows as seen in painting, more than the mere beauty of the periodic recurrence of harmonious sounds as heard in music and poetry. It comprehends these, and more. These are rather the outward expressions of a deeper and a more significant inner beauty. To the artist of deepest insight these are but the enfolding draperies that are wrapped about a nobler beauty from which the beauty of form and color and rhythmic harmony get all their æsthetic value and significance. This higher, this deeper, this nobler inner beauty, is the beauty of *truth* and of *right*. The noblest and profoundest art must be the *good* and the *true* robed in the *beautiful*—the beauty of *right doing* based on *truth* expressed in artistic *form*.

Shakespeare, wisely no doubt, limits the sphere of truth and action within which he seeks for material to mould into artistic Form. He nowhere attempts to dissect the heart of Being or to relate the innermost secrets of reality;

* A paper read before the Shakespeare Club, Durham, N. C.

he does not attempt to play the minister at the marriage of mind and matter nor does he assume the authority of the judge who declares them forever divorced; he tell us nothing of the gay and joyous life of Molecules nor does he probe the hearts of Atoms and lays bare their loves and their hates, their wooings and their strife; he neither attempts to catch nor does he try to reproduce the music of the spheres; he attempts neither to chant the anthem of creation nor to sing the requiem of the universe. In short, he seeks not any metaphysical body of truth for to wear the robes of his art. He was no self-conscious metaphysician. He lived in a time when men were turning away from *apriori* speculations about the external, material world. He lived in a land and among a people whose philosophy has been largely confined to the realm of mind. It is, then, the psychic realm with which Shakespeare deals. It is human soul life that he studies and seeks to portray. His art and the philosophy it teaches have, then, to do especially with human *life* as expressed in *conduct* and in *feeling*. It is the *actions* of men and of women together with the *motives*—the emotions and passions—that prompt the actions, and the *consequences*—the joys and sorrows and sufferings—produced by the actions, that make up the matter that Shakespeare moulds into artistic form—these make up the body of truth and duty that he arrays in robes of beauty.

Nor do we find any poetic artist that has taken a more comprehensive view of his chosen field than did Shakespeare; nor do we find one that has discovered and given expression to a greater variety and a wider range of beauty. He has delved into every mine of human consciousness, and from all has brought forth precious gems, some bright and sparkling, others with a paler yet a priceless glow.

But that which raises true art above mere fact is its element of universality. While Shakespeare's portrayals of human soul-life are true to nature, they are also true to

art. They are portrayals of artistic truth in terms of truthful art; and therefore make use of that which is common to all human nature in all times and places, with little regard to particulars and facts about individuals. Consequently, Shakespeare teaches that part of the philosophy of his time that is common to all times; but he is no teacher of the philosophy that is peculiar to his time. By this, I mean that, in so far as he deals with philosophical problems at all, he deals with those that are common to life; the solution he gives must of course be his own, which often is far ahead of his time.

But let us look now into the philosophy of Shakespeare. As I have already said, his philosophy must be the philosophy of the artist. But Shakespeare is not only an artist but he is a dramatic artist dealing with human life. His art, then, is one that deals with action, and human action is conduct. But the chief philosophical quality of human conduct is its Ethical quality. Now the Ethical problem, when reduced to its lowest terms philosophically, amounts to asking which counts for more in the universe *good* or *evil*? It is the question of Pessimism *versus* Optimism. This is the most fundamental question in the philosophy of conduct. If evil is fortified in the innermost chambers of the very heart of the universe and backed and supported by the inherent forces of infinite reality then it must be irrational to attempt to do the right. If wrong must be triumphant, then to do right is not only useless, it is foolish, it is philosophically wrong and æsthetically bad taste. But if the reverse be true in the consequent then, must the reverse be true also in the condition. If right is enthroned in the heart of the universe, and from its nature does and must triumph, then evil from its very nature must ultimately fail—the villain must be defeated while the hero triumphs. The question then is between the pessimist and the optimist. On which side is Shakespeare?

On this point he leaves us no room for doubt. But he does not merely tell us in so many words that he is an optimist; nor does he so construct his plots arbitrarily that triumph shall be to the right and defeat to the wrong. Were he to do this, his verdict, so made up, and rendered would be of no philosophical value. That would be only the individual opinion or belief of one man and would count for no more than the opinion of any one else whose experience had led him to the opposite conclusion. No, that is not Shakespeare's way of teaching the triumph of the good. But when he builds a character ruled by evil, if he is true to art, true to truth, true to the evil, these compel him to bring the evil to defeat. But let us see how he deals with this problem in some of his plays that may be considered representative on this point.

Now all harm or evil arising from human action or conduct can have only three sources. If harm or evil, in deed or in intention, result from human activity the fault must be a fault in will, a fault in feeling, or a fault in knowledge. All harm (a broader term, perhaps, than wrong) resulting from human conduct or action must have its source in one or more of these fundamental factors of mind. All most commonly enter in as factors; but whether they enter singly or combined makes no difference in the moral principle involved. Of course to make a deed morally wrong there must be a fault of will; and this necessitates the presence or the possibility of knowledge. Now, the three plays that seem to me to deal with these three classes of evil in their purest forms, are *Othello*, *Anthony and Cleopatra*, and *The Winter's Tale*. In almost any one of his tragedies may be found a good example of the second problem; but in most of the others it is far more complicated with other problems and evil is not given such a fair showing. In these three there is no mixture of the problems of a kind to render their separate treatment difficult.

Othello belongs to his group of great tragedies; and and when writing these, Shakespeare was sounding the saddest yet sweetest, the softest, yet strongest chord on that "harp of a thousand strings"—the human heart. From this many stringed harp of human life he had already wrung a rich variety of soul-melody. Under his touch it had given out the ring of innocent laughter in unmixed merriment. In fact every fountain of fun had been tapped, and all varieties of wit and humor, from the rough, the coarse, the boisterous, to the ironical, the romantic, the refined and joyous had poured fourth and been assigned their place and their value. He had visited the fairy land of fancy and culled here and there a flower of rarest hue. All kinds and degrees of loves and lighter passions had lent their aid to his building of the Beautiful. He had gone deeper and had tasted of less terrible tragedy—tragedies, though terrible and bloody, yet not without some grounds and something gained. But in the group of tragedies to which *Othello* belongs, he goes yet deeper. In these he lays his hand upon the very heart of highest human well-being, and is carving the very cap-stone for his æsthetic ideal. Let us see what he does with the problem of good and evil.

In *Othello*, he meets this problem more squarely face to face, more directly, and grapples with it more nearly single-handedly than probably he does in any other tragedy. In this play we find the purest philosophy of purest tragedy. The question which philosophy in the garb of tragedy is called upon here to settle is: *In the battle of life does good or evil triumph?* Nor does Shakespeare leave us in doubt as to his decision; and not as to *his* decision only but also as to the decision of *real* truth itself, as it is found in *ideal* tragedy.

To settle this question, Shakespeare, in this case, gives to evil, as it were, the benefit of all possible doubt. He takes evil in its purest, strongest, most unmitigated

form, supported and assisted by every lower form of evil, and sets over against it the *right* shorn of every accessory and external support, with no reward or encouragement from without, but standing alone in its own inherent goodness and single-handed lets them wage the battle to a finish.

Now the most confirmed pessimist cannot claim that there are more than two kinds of evil in the world: that is voluntary evil or ill-will (positive or negative) and non-voluntary evil—the evil of mistake, of circumstance or condition. The Optimist would most probably admit the existence of only the first kind of evil; but as I said, Shakespeare gives to the pessimist the benefit of the doubt—gives to evil all the advantage it can possibly claim. So we find marshalled on the side of evil, Iago, the very incarnation of evil, the pure, unadulterated, positive, active ill-will, who wills to do evil and evil alone and because and only because it is evil, and with him united the evil of circumstance, of mistake, of misfortune.

Notice some of these unfortunate circumstances that aid the evil will, Iago. Othello was born under a Southern sun, capable of being maddened by passion; he was black and unpolished—probable grounds for his wife's discounting him; he had a friend and companion, Cassio, who was handsome and polished; he was simple, frank, honest, open, trustful, unacquainted with such characters as Iago; he had Iago in his employ and trusted him, had no reason to distrust him; Desdemona was a Venician girl, tender, timid, ignorant of infidelity in her own heart and so truthful and trustworthy she could not even imagine infidelity in a wife; she loves the moor so well that she forsakes her father; she is too true, too devoted, too courageous to remain at home while her husband goes to Cyprus; she receives from him a peculiar and highly prized handkerchief; in attempting a kindness to him she loses it; it falls into the hands of the evil-will; there is Cassio, the noble-hearted but weak yet

admired friend of Desdemona, and Lieutenant and confident of Othello; he cannot stand against the persuasion of friends; he is very easily intoxicated and is very irritable when intoxicated; the state of the government requires strict obedience to orders; these with many others, are the involuntary evils or unfortunate circumstances that seem to lend aid to the incarnate evil-will and make it easy for him to work his wicked way.

On the other side, Shakespeare places but one force—namely, devotion to a highest ideal—a *devoted loyalty* to the *right*. This stands alone. It is upheld only by its own inherent strength; not by a fear of punishment nor by a hope of reward. The only punishment feared is the pain of doing wrong and the only reward hoped for is virtue's joy in doing the right, the consciousness of duty performed.

These are the forces that fight. Then how goes the battle? Does good or evil prevail?

Shakespeare answers unhesitatingly that the good is triumphant. Nor is this Shakespeare speaking as a private individual, but it is consummate art—*Truth* and *beauty*—answering through Shakespeare. Yet he is not the light-hearted, easy-going optimist who says that "Whatever is, is right." He does not attempt to explain evil, nor does he attempt to explain it away. He does not speculate as to its origin, but accepts it as a great and indisputable fact. He faces it in its worst form and lets it do its worst, but does not allow it to triumph. He does not consider it a weakness or a mistake or a misfortune, but a *sin*; he does not attempt to condone it but to let it work its worst and then let it fall, vanquished by virtue. Does any one doubt this to be his teaching in *Othello*? Desdemona is the soul of love and loyalty. These virtues are the realest essence of her being. They are the heart of her highest ideal. Evil has made her lord, the object of these affections, her hater and her destroyer. Did I say her destroyer? I take it back. Othello has stopped

her mortal breath and stilled her fleshly heart; but that last breath was spent to serve, to shield, to praise him; and that pulseless heart was none the less loyal and loving. Her noblest, realest self Iago's wiles could not reach or harm. Othello is the very soul of true nobility as he knew it, of highest honor, of trustworthiness and trustfulness. He beholds Desdemona. To him she is earth's most lovable being. To the worship of her he has resigned his whole soul and to her has consecrated its every energy. But Iago's blinding hand is laid upon his eyes, and when now he sees her, she is the most hateful, the most despicable being the world contains, because she is the fairest and yet the falsest. His anguish is that wrung from the human soul when it finds its ideal false and mocking. To him the world had contained much that was good, but now its fairest flower had faded and fallen and its sweetest perfume had been changed to the foulest odor; its truth has become falsehood, its light is darkness, its honor is shame, its life is worse than death. Evil seems to have triumphed. But no! The very agents and instruments with which Iago wrought the blinding of Othello now reveal to him the truth and uncover the villainy of Iago. The scales drop from Othello's eyes, and virtue is once again restored to the world. Truth is coming to light again. Emilia falls under a mortal wound, but as she goes down to death, truth rises to life from her fall. Desdemona lies dead, but Othello's ideal is restored to life. Desdemona lies dead, but truth and love and loyalty come back into life while Iago slinks away. And mind you, this is not the mere arbitrary plotting of the play. It is the very inherent wickedness of the evil that necessitates its own discovery and downfall. Any other ending would have been arbitrary and false—would have been impossible. Finally all the good lie dead, while Iago lives and looks on. Desdemona has died for love and fidelity, Emilia has died for truth, Othello has died for hatred of evil; while Iago lives to distrust the true

and the faithful, to believe the false, to love and rejoice in the wrong and to hate the good. Between such dying and such living, the enlightened good conscience will always choose the dying; for we know there is a living that is worse than dying, since "it is not all of life to live nor all of death to die."

But it may be asked, why did not Shakespeare give the good a greater triumph? Why was not the villainy of Iago discovered in time to save Othello and his wife from death and reunite them and let them live a long and happy life together? This would be to take the whole meaning and significance out of the conflict. The very point and purpose is: Though evil do his *worst*, the good shall yet prevail.

Such is Shakespeare's philosophy of the evil of positive ill-will. Let us turn now to the consideration of harm or evil that comes not through positive ill-will, but through the submission of will to lower feelings. No better treatment of this can be found than that in *Anthony and Cleopatra*.

Now the ethical problem wrought out in *Anthony and Cleopatra* is quite a different one from that whose solution we found so triumphantly reached in *Othello*. There the question to be decided was the great question of good and evil, the question of their supremacy, the question of the final triumph of the good over the evil. That was a battle of the worst bad against good—a fight in which the purest evil, the most unmitigated sin was allowed to do its worst, and yet fall conquered at the feet of righteousness. This is one of the profoundest of philosophical problems, for it stands on the very borderland of *being* and *doing*—it is ethics and metaphysics joining hands across one of those deepest streams that separate two of the broadest fields of Reality. While the problem of *Othello* has a deeper metaphysical significance than does that in *Anthony and Cleopatra*, yet that of the latter stands nearer the real

life of men and women than does that of the former; that is, the problem of *Anthony and Cleopatra* has a much more frequent application to actual life in some degree than does that of *Othello*. Who has not felt in reading *Othello* that the battle between good and evil was placed beyond the reach not only of our experience, but also of our observation. We feel inclined to say at every step that Iago is too *purely mean*, that he is worse than the worst, that he is *demon* not *human*; we feel that Othello is *too blind* and *too hot-headed* and *too trustful* of Iago; we feel that Desdemona is *too unsuspecting*, is *too ignorant* of evil, *too fearful* of wounding some friend's feeling or that of her husband; the collocation of circumstances that help to bring on the tragedy are *too* unfortunate; in fact we feel in reading *Othello* that the bad is *too* bad and the unfortunate is *too* unfortunate. In short, the *sin* in *Othello* is the sin of pure sinfulness. The two forces that contend in the tragedy of *Othello* are too entirely opposite to be in one character. The Villain and the Hero are two. In *Anthony and Cleopatra*, Shakespeare comes nearer to life as it is ordinarily lived. In this tragedy the villain and the hero are one and the same. The sin in *Othello* is the sin of *commission*, the sin of positive evil-willing; the sin in *Anthony and Cleopatra* is the sin of *omission*, the sin not so much of doing the wrong as of omitting to do the right. Iago does evil because he loves evil and hates good. Iago chooses pure evil *because* it is evil. Anthony does evil because he fails to choose a higher good. Anthony chooses evil not for the sake of evil or because he loves the pure sin of it, but he chooses a low form of good when he has the privilege of choosing a higher and better good. The moral question involved, then, in *Anthony and Cleopatra* is the wrong and its consequences of choosing a low order of good when there is the alternative of choosing that which is better. And is not this a question that comes much nearer to our everyday life and is appli-

cable to a greater number of actual lives about us? Comparatively few men are in danger of choosing evil for its own sake and because they delight to be evil; but their name is legion whose better selves have met a tragic end because they have fed those selves only on the coarser diets of life when the daintier delicacies of a richer and a higher living were within reach. In short, there are few Iagos, but Anthony's are numerous.

In this play as in others Shakespeare faces the problem squarely and answers it frankly and unambiguously. Nor does he play unfairly; but he gives each power its due measure of credit. Anthony is monarch of one-third of the world, the greatest soldier of his time, has the most powerful friends and allies, an almost unlimited fortune, fame and honor as a man, a soldier, a statesman, has a true and noble wife, a fine and beautiful person, the gifts of culture and oratory; in short, he has it within the power of his choice to become one of the grandest and greatest and most renowned men the world had ever known—he had the option of making for himself a name and a life that could not have been surpassed in that advanced stage of civilization. But there crosses his path an opportunity to choose a life of sensuous ease and indulgence. He has offered to him the opportunity of filling to its brim the cup of the pleasures of sense. He finds the opportunity of gratifying every appetite of sense, of living and enjoying to its fullest capacity the ideal life of the sensuous epicurean. These are the two courses that lie open to him, the high and noble, the sensuous and ignoble. Nor does Shakespeare discount the good there is in the latter. As one reads the account, he must be very blunt in his sense of sensuous pleasure not to feel some thrills of genuine, true, real pleasure as he passes in imagination through the whirls of gayety and scenes of sensuous enjoyment at the court of Cleopatra. We see two of the finest specimens of physical human animals, though not animals merely, but a man and a

woman sufficiently cultured and refined to enjoy the keenest pleasures of sense—desperately in love with each other sensuously, and each completely yielding up his entire being, soul and body, for the gratification of the other, surrounded by all the splendor and beauty that could charm the eye, with music that ravished the ear, with banqueting and dancing and drinking and reveling night and day. Shakespeare makes us feel the good there is in these things, and is far from being so false as to make them altogether bad. But Shakespeare is psychologist enough to show us that there is a higher manhood in man that cannot be kept alive on that kind of food; he makes us feel that there is a higher hungering in the human soul that cannot be satisfied by bread alone; we feel that there is an Anthony that is not gaining in strength and stature by the good time the other Anthony is having in Egypt. Another psychological and ethical truth begins here to be seen; that is, as the higher being of man and woman begins to perish and die, the capacity for feeling the keener sensuous pleasures is taken away. The process is this: The lower Anthony alone is nourished, the higher and better Anthony begins to droop and die, and then soon the lower Anthony fails to relish his food, and the higher is dead and the lower is no longer worth living. So in this play, we feel the deepest sadness when we behold the nobler Anthony dead in the form of the lower living Anthony as he loves and drinks and revels; but when the lower Anthony and Cleopatra die, we feel a sense of relief mingled with a deep pity, such as we feel when we stand by the dying form of some noble animal that has fallen to its death in attempting to gather some bit of food or to relieve its thirst.

The great artist, then, if he were to lay aside his art, would say, choose not merely the good, but always the best. Here again evil meets its merited defeat; sinks beneath its own weight, falls slain by its own hand. At first sight it may seem that the good has gone down too. But

not so. The good has all the time been only a possibility, an alternative to be chosen. It was not chosen by Anthony, but it suffers no discount in being rejected. The noble life rejected by Anthony rather shows more divinely as it stands out in its higher and purer sublimity in contrast to the lower sensuous life, and stands rejected, while the lower is chosen and is dragging down its devotee to destruction. But one may ask, was not the good that was at first in Anthony destroyed? I answer, there was no moral good in him. His greatness or goodness was merely the greatness of opportunity, the means and capabilities of ethical greatness. But the capabilities for good are always equally capabilities for evil, and in themselves are neither good nor bad ethically. The victory, though it be a negative one, is entirely on the side of the right.

So much for the evil of positive will and of negative will led on by lower or wrong sensibility. Let us now look briefly to the third kind of evil in the world—that evil not of *will* or of *heart*, but of *head*—harm arising from fault or defect in knowledge. In the *Winter's Tale* we have an excellent example of this third sort of evil.

By some philosophers this is regarded as the darkest side of pessimism. To many this is the evil that is irreconcilable with an all-good and all-wise world ground. This is the evil for whose existence they can find no excuse. The evil of misfortune of circumstance, of mistake, of misunderstanding. The child suffers for the sins or ignorance of its parents. Perdita, who should have been snugly wrapped in her crib in the nursery of a king, lies alone on a wild deserted shore, exposed to wind and rain and cold and savage beasts. Perdita, whose right it was to have been housed in a palace and reared amid the luxuries and refinements of a royal court, is doomed, by sheer folly not her own, to be reared amid the coarseness and privations of a shepherd's hut all ignorant of her regal rights that she might have had at any time if she had only known the

truth. It is that evil of cruel misunderstanding that separates friend from friend. Leontes has no ill-will against Polixines; he has only the deepest love for Hermione, but he misunderstands both. Their best intentions ruin them. The life-time friends and loving brothers are made deadly enemies; a wife, the truest, noblest, purest, best, most loving and most beloved, becomes most hated, dishonored, disgraced, ill-treated, *all* because of being *misunderstood*. In fact, every personage of any importance in the play is made to suffer deeply, and yet there is not a particle of ill-will of the Iago type in the whole play. All suffer, yet not for sin, but through ignorance or mistake; all are striving to do their duty, but just the effort to do the right is what usually brings them into trouble. Is the world, in which *such* can happen, a world made, sustained, and ruled by an all-wise and all-good Omnipotence?

It is this sort of evil that makes the world and life look so dark to many. I know no darker picture of this evil outside the real life of a confirmed pessimist than that drawn by Professor Josiah Royce in his treatment of pessimism in his work on *The Spirit of Modern Philosophy*. I quote a few sentences. In closing his reconciliation of the existence of moral evil with deeper optimism, he says: "The eternal insight of the All-Knower may look in lofty peace upon the restless flight of our time-moments. Everywhere in his world there will be change and dissatisfaction; yet in his completeness he may judge it all as good. But there is still one condition that must be met by the struggles of the finite world, if they are obviously to conform to this solution of our problem. They must, namely, be significant conflicts. If they are, then, so far, the difference of the eternal and temporal does, indeed, aid us. As for the willing sinner and his just remorse, it isn't in his case that one need feel deeply concerned. He has played the game of sin; he is only exemplifying the rules of the game. The awakened sinner may sometimes banish him-

self almost cheerfully to that hell, bearing, with a stern contempt for his own sorrow, the bitterness of his moral defeat.”

“No, the worst tragedy of the world is the tragedy of the brute chance to which everything spiritual seems to be subject amongst us—the tragedy of the diabolical irrationality of so many among the foes of whatever is significant. An open enemy you can face. The temptation to do evil is indeed a necessity for spirituality. But one’s own foolishness, one’s ignorance, the cruel accidents of disease, the fatal misunderstandings that part friends and lovers, the chance mistakes that wreck nations—these things we lament most bitterly, not because they are painful, but because they are farcical, distracting,—not foemen worthy of the sword of the spirit, nor yet mere pangs of our finitude that we can easily learn to face courageously, as one can be indifferent to physical pain. No, these things do not make life merely painful to us; they make it hideously petty . . . Mere pain can be borne, for cause, very fairly. One may whine, but one can still hold out to the end and not lament it when it is once over. But this capriciousness of life is what really makes it seem like an evil dream. Consider once more that horror involved in hereditary disease, and in the fatal and unearned baseness which often goes therewith. Consider the way in which the wrong-doing of one person often entails not the physical pain, but the utter and inevitable corruption and endless moral degradation of another. Consider how not mere disloyalty, but a transient mistake, may wreck the most spiritual of causes, after years of devotion have built up its fortunes nearly to the heights of success. These, alas! are the mere common places of our temporal order. Is it easy to say that these things are needed as a part of the gravity of the spiritual world? No, for they don’t make the world spiritually grave! They make it rather insane and contemptible. Moral evil in the willful sinner

himself, you can look in the face and defy, and that, too, even if you are yourself the sinner. Here, you can say, is my natural foe; I know what he is and wherefore he is. I condemn him, and I rejoice in defeating him. But the hopeless and helpless degradation of the sinner's passive victim, how shall you speak comfortably or even defiantly after that? Here is the place only for pity; and in a world that is full of such things, so long as its order is the prey of the mechanical accidents of nature, where is there room for anything but pity for its worthlessness? . . . Nay, if it were only our sin that kept us from God, might men not often hope to see his face? The true devil isn't crime, then, but brute chance. For *this* devil teaches us to doubt and grow cold of heart; he denies God everywhere and in all his creatures, makes our world of action, that was to be a spiritual tragedy, too often a mere farce before our eyes. And to see this farcical aspect of the universe is for the first time to come to a sense of the true gloom of life "

Now, it would, perhaps, be unfair to Prof. Royce to leave him just here. I will merely say he finds a way out of this pessimism, though to me, a rather unsatisfactory one.

I am much more inclined to Shakespeare's way out than I am to Royce's. What, then, is Shakespeare's solution of this problem? What is his way out of this dark and trackless region of evil—what Royce calls "the true gloom of life"? I shall say briefly his way out of it is never to get into it, You may say this is arbitrary, and may work very well in a play but in life one cannot keep out by choosing. But as I have before emphasized, what is true for true art must be true for real life. If the *Winter's Tale* is true art, then the lesson it teaches is true for life. The *Winter's Tale* is not mere romance, *mere art*. No, it is as true as it is beautiful. We may not be willing to endorse the principle that all is well that ends well, but

we must agree that all is well that ends *better* provided the means and methods have been without sin. And who does not feel as one reads the last scenes in *Winter's Tale* that all has turned out for the better? Omitting the thief, perhaps, who suffers nothing, there is but one person in the play that fails to be benefited. Amid all the suffering and apparent evil of the play, there is but one person that does violence to his conscience, and he is just the one who fails of being benefited. Antigonus plays the Mark Anthony in another form, and meets his merited reward. To save his head he slays his conscience, and so when the bear has finished his repast we feel that nothing really valuable has been lost to the world in his going hence. Why is it that we feel so well satisfied with the outcome of the play? It is because when measured by the highest standard of real intrinsic worth we feel that every character portrayed has been made deeper and richer, more worthful to themselves and to all others than they were before, or ever would have been had they not suffered deeply. The *Winter's Tale* is then a play of suffering and not a tragedy of *sin*. It is only that shallow philosophy that finds real worth, real good only in pleasure or happiness, that can find the real gloom of life in such suffering. Nothing ever could have made Hermione so dear to Leontes other than her own undeserved suffering at his own hands. The Leontes that Hermione won back after sixteen years of suffering was a far different husband from the light and shallow prince she first won. And who feels, after all, that Perdita is any less a princess for having been reared in a cottage. Yea, what lover would not have loved her more for finding her a real princess in a cottage, and who does not feel that she was intrinsically nobler than she would have been had she not been a shepherdess as well as a princess? But to make the picture the darkest possible, suppose Perdita had never been identified, suppose she had lived and died a shepherdess, or worse, had married the

prince Florizel and lived in exile a hard and suffering life, or worse still, had been found and hanged for a traitor, who would dare say that she would have been one whit less an ideal princess than if she had spent every day of her early life in the court of a King? Suppose Hermione had suffered out her sixteen years and then had died unseen by Leontes, and suppose he had gone down to his grave a sad and broken-hearted childless widower, would we not still feel that both had gained much of that something that is far more valuable than any amount of mere pleasure or happiness? Had Camillo died a homesick exile and Paulina a weeping widow, still we would feel that all went well.

In considering this point, we too often make intrinsic worth depend upon some other's knowledge of it. This may and does make it more enjoyable, but not ethically more valuable. If I sin, its being hidden forever from the whole world does not make me any less guilty. It may make my suffering less. Likewise, if you do your duty, though all the world be forever ignorant of your worth, your worth will be none the less; nor could the world's knowledge of it make it more.

This play would teach us then that the third kind of evil or harm, when unmixed with any positive or negative ill-will, is not evil at all in the true sense, but like all else is a means or a possibility that can be used for good or abused for evil; and as to the other charges brought by Professor Royce against mistake, misunderstanding, and chance, namely, the inevitable, necessary moral degradation of the sinner's passive victim, to this charge, the world pleads "not guilty." It is a dark picture of what not only does not but cannot exist; and we do know that in suffering there is significance. Shakespeare is an Optimist, and again wins the victory for the right.

SEQUEL TO MAUD MULLER.

BY H. M. NORTH.

Thomas Fulton, a Freshman gay,
To the third was sent to play ;
Beneath his new suit beat a heart,
In determination to do its part.
Anxious he went to take his place,
And a grin of joy spread o'er his face ;
But when he glanced at the opposing nine,
Clad in uniform so fine ;
The grin dispersed, and a purple chill
Shook his frame against his will.
Despair for what had been his dream,
For he felt they never could whip that team.
He fixed his mitt and cap and belt,
To hide from sight the fear he felt ;
He thought of the batting and seemed more gay,
And wondered if flies would come his way.
He never heard the umpire call,
Nor saw the man as he struck the ball ;
But Thomas mused beside the base,
Till the flying sphere flew by his face.
He, grasping, glanced with keen surprise,
And rubbed his hand across his eyes ;
A ball more swift, a speed more free,
Never had been his lot to see.
And when the ball from sight had flown,
Poor Thomas stood on the base alone.
He lost his head, and all that day,
He heartily wished to be far away,
And cried "That I a star might be" !
"I'd play the game so merrily,

That all should see my wondrous skill,
And toast and praise me with a will."

One by one the innings were done,
Again his side to the bat had gone—

But when to strike he'd take his place,
He felt much worse than on third base.

And the bleachers yelled that afternoon,
When they saw him fan at the ball too soon,

And wondered how that any at all,
Could think of him as a player of ball;

But the poor boy shook with a secret pain,
For fear that he'd strike out again.

The pitcher was playing the game that day,
And the ball would curve in a wondrous way—

To make a hit he did his best,
But missing the globe, it struck his breast.

He quit the game and once for all,
Said: "Never again will I play ball,

He left the field and climbed the hill,
And could see the boys a-playing still,

But Tom cared naught for which side won,
And left the boys to play alone.

He kept his oath to the latest day,
Nor ever entered the field to play.

But oft in April when the sun was hot,
And the boys played ball in the vacant lot,

He sighed as their joyful shouts he heard,
And thought of the day when he played the *third*.

Alas for the boys, alas for Tom!
They never played when he was gone.

For of all sad news to base ball men:
"We've lost the game, just *one to ten*."

THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR.

BY A SPANISH HISTORIAN.

On February the 15th in the harbor of Havana the U. S. Battleship "Maine" blew up. The reason it blew up instead of down was because the dynamite was placed on the bottom side. The reason why the "Maine" was blown at all is because the Spaniards have a weakness for blowing.

We most emphatically deny the base charge that the "Maine" was blown up by placing under her a hollow globe connected by a tube to General Weyler's mouth because, firstly, General Weyler doesn't blow into tubes but newspapers, while secondly, if Weyler *had* blown into this tube not only the "Maine" but the whole harbor and Cuba would have been as completely annihilated as were the hopes of the old maid of marrying after getting to heaven.

In the third place we have reliable witnesses to prove that at the time of the explosion Weyler was busy sending the following cablegram to the Queen Regent:

HAVANA, February 15, 1898.

DEAR QUEEN:—We have met the enemy and they are hours and hours behind us in the race back to Havana. One of our brave men accidentally discharged his gun in the direction of the Insurgents during the fight and he will be promoted for bravery as soon as possible. I was much elated at the speed of our men but was so far ahead myself that I couldn't see much of them. I greatly encouraged our men in the fight by announcing to them that there would be a bull-fight in Havana on their return, whereupon some of the brave fellows (the Pope bless 'em) ran so swiftly that they set fire to the underbrush by friction and, thinking the enemy near, they began firing into each other and thus about two thirds of my command perished. I am well and doing well and hope these few lines will find you the same.

(Signed) WEYLER.

P. S.—Say, old lady, please send by next steamer 100 boxes "One Night Corn Cure" as I am at present suffering much from the effects of Corn Whiskey.

Senor Infernallo Liario who witnessed the explosion says that the "Maine" was as certainly blown up by an internal explosion as it is certain that country towns have free moon-light on alternate two weeks when the sky is

not cloudy. The reason he gives are as follows: (1) Six blind men who were near by at the time take solemn oath that they did not see a thing when the explosion took place. (2) Don—t—you—Believeino who was on the Southern coast of Cuba at the time says he heard no noise whatever neither rattling of window glasses. (3) After careful search our divers are unable to find any cavity or hole whatever about the Maine. (4) Spaniards are too universally drunk by 9 o'clock at night to tell a sub-marine mine from a salt mine. (5) As all the mines in the harbor had been carefully placed under the "Maine" on the preceding night and as our divers found no trace of them, therefore it is as plain as the hide on a baby elephant that these mines were set off by the "Maine's" first exploding.

Here the scene changes and the historian takes you to Manilla. It is Sunday morning. The Spanish vessels are lazily floating on the water waiting to swallow Dewey at sight as the boa-constrictor said to the rabbit, while Dewey is quietly swallowing coffee preparatory to swallowing the Spanish fleet. Soon from our vessels the Americans are seen approaching. Our men rush—some to their guns—others to their bunks. Suddenly the Olympia belches forth enough shells to pave a shell road from here to the moon 80 feet wide and with a roof over it. Our men easily catch these shells and quickly retire from the deck in sections with them. Our men load quickly with egg-shells and baking powder and apply the match. Quicker than thought fried eggs and hard biscuit are hurled at the Americans. One biscuit sweeps the Boston's deck upsetting two cups of coffee and tearing a great hole in the air over the vessel. Our men are terrified. They are eager. On one side of the vessel they shoot terrible shells into the water and on the other they shoot themselves into the water seeking land as the real estate agent said when he was about to hit the ground after being shot out of a cannon by some westerners. The Spanish flagship is suddenly

seized with a desire to dive and the Spanish admiral is seized with a desire to get off the vessel.

At this point the Americans retire 20 minutes for breakfast. Our brave admiral summons together whatever men can be persuaded to come out from behind boxes and other shell-proof material and they then proceeded to collect the remains of their poor comrades but by this time few of our brave men had any remains since they had carried off their own remains at the first shot and were now to be seen running to Manila at a beautiful gait.

At this point our Spanish marines lynched a fellow who said that the "s" in the American shell was spurious and no doubt as the letter dropped off the front end of the word he took his position in the centre of the word.

Montejo then ascends to the top of a beer crate and says: "My dear men, I feel like unto an ear of corn that is going to be boiled, for I have just been shelled and am now in a vessel full of water.

And I would say just here that if your aim in life is no better than aiming you have just done, your ideals will be as badly shattered as were those of the fellow who tried to drive a hitching-post in his front yard by climbing to the top of his four-story house and falling down head foremost against the post to drive it in.

But at this point the American Dewey came to sight again. But Spanish honor is ready and waiting. Our noble men are trembling so with emotion and are so excited that several of them when ordered to shoot misunderstood the order and shot themselves into the lower part of the ship. After this we easily put the enemy out of sight by returning ourselves to the bottom of the sea. Upon this Montejo cables to the Queen Regent as follows:

MANILA, Dewesday, May 1, 1898.

DEAR REGINA:—All human affairs are temporal. Human life a stupendous cat fight in which one-half of the cats are on the bottom. At present we are occupying that position, but, thank the Pope, Spanish honor has been upheld and can now be seen floating on top of an empty cracker box in the bay.

Our noble men fought like tigers (to get off the ship) and terribly out-stripped the enemy (in missing themark, diving and running). What a consolation it is that Spanish honor is still untainted (for it lies at the bottom of the briny deep where the saline properties of the water will forever preserve it as long as old ocean's billows roll out their sad cat yells over the sunken glory of Hispania.

Please send me 1,000 boxes obesity pills for our men are at present boarding in jail and wish to reduce their width to the distance between the two bars of iron across the windows.

(Signed) MONTEJO.

THE SANTIAGO CAMPAIGN.

During the summer, Cervera by some means that passed human understanding, cleverly passed the American fleet somewhere on the Carribbean Sea and entered Santiago harbor. The Americans then haughtily claim that they bottled Cervera up, but we object to this expression for never yet have we ever seen anything remain bottled up long while a Spaniard was near. Moreover one of our brave men can draw more stoppers in ten minutes with his teeth than the whole blasted race of Americanos can draw in a thousand years with both feet and hands. You can no more keep anything bottled up while a Spaniard is near than you can twist the tail of a comet and make it squeal or catch moon-light in a wash-tub on a cloudy night or put tacks in the sun's path and puncture him or give soothing syrup to quiet its members or ease the conscience by means of hot applications just over the stomach with foot-baths.

While Cervera was in the harbor the Americanos amused themselves by shooting shells four miles over the hills to knock cigars out of our noble officers' mouths and by shooting great loads of gun-cotton away over the hills just to scare the cats in Santiago.

Soon Cervera decides to try a change just as did the old maid, when first proposed to. Our Madrid newspaper men are sent below to blow into the steam pipes in case the boilers are injured and an editor on board is stuffed into the gas generator to keep down fear of failure in that

quarter. Our guns are quickly loaded with Weyler correspondence, messages of the Queen Regent and Sagastan statements of conditions in Cuba and all is ready. We soon clear the harbor and are nearly away but alas here is the whole American fleet upon us. Our decks are cleared for action both of impediments and of men. As the first volley reaches us six men lying in line behind a gun turret are struck square in the abdomen and are bisected. Their legs sprung up quickly and diving overboard swim for the land while the upper parts of their bodies approach a crate of beer, where they were afterwards found quite intoxicated. During the battle our decks and sides were smashed like the truth when it falls into the hands of some American newspapers. Our shooting was just wonderful. Out of 500 shots we hit the sea 490 times while the other 10 shot struck each square in the middle and rebounded back into their respective guns.

Several of our noble vessels failing to hit or ram anything else turned their powers toward the coast of Cuba and rammed that, doing considerable damage to the rammed parts of the island. So terrible was the blow they struck that the whole of Cuba was knocked 40 miles toward the Florida Keys and this also explains the fall of Santiago.

We believe that the awful shock battered up the whole solar system for the sun was seen to be covered with black spots next day, the moon's upper and lower limbs were invisible next day after she sank behind the western hills, the milky way was so badly churned up that it turned to buttermilk the next night and several stars were observed having a shooting scrape that night although if they didn't excel the Spaniards in that art not a single glass in the windows of heaven was broken.

One poor fellow was hit right in the stomach with a thirteen-inch, was so internally moved that his companions have not yet been able to compose his shattered nerves.

As our heroic men rushed ashore they reminded me by

their speed of a fool Englishman whom I once saw running down the road at a fearful gait and when asked where he was going, he replied that he was going down to the mill-race to see the mills run and if anybody wanted to bet he would bet ten to one on the tobacco factory because it outstripped all the rest, or on the watch factory because it always made good time. When it was explained to him that a mill-race was an artificial channel in which the water ran, he doubled his speed saying that he had seen many a horse-race but he be blest if he had ever seen a water-race.

(The above joke was so good that when it was set up by the printer and left over night the type got so tickled about mid-night that it broke out in a terrible laugh and broke all the windows in the printing office.)

D. H. LITTLEJOHN.



**RICHARD MALCOLM JOHNSTON AND OLD MIDDLE
GEORGIA.**

BY J. R. COWAN.

Singularly enough Georgia has played a comparatively large part in our Southern literature, having given birth to such authors as have remained true to their native soil, and given us its peculiar individualistic creations. Many of the character-sketches that have been published and become a part of our literature have been confined to life in the Middle Georgia section before the war.

No list of our foremost Southern writers ought to be accepted if it does not include the name of Richard Malcolm Johnston, that distinguished novelist, scholar, and gentleman, who died in Baltimore last September. Col. Johnston was born and passed the early part of his life in that section which he has made typical to us by his novels, tales, and sketches. His readers have learned to appreciate and will not forget the life and doings of the Middle Georgia folk before the war. His characterizations give us just enough quaint humor and characteristic Georgia drollery to be purely realistic.

It should be noticed that Mr. Johnston was nearly sixty years old before he began to be a writer, and that back of his literary period there lies nearly a lifetime of activity as a lawyer and a professor of literature. His literary efforts, then, must have been the expression of a grateful recollection of the events of boyhood and young manhood by a man of ripe experience. Mr. Johnston must have lived and known all that he has described to us as happening back in the thirties and forties, and as he wrote a few years ago, "a faithful sketcher of rural life in those times must have known to intimacy and loved and admired this people, and in boyhood must have been as green as the greenest in order to be put into sympathy indispensable to the just performance of his task."

It is well to learn just what was going on in this Middle Georgia in those days, and find out the conditions which secured such a rich growth of character. Middle Georgia was settled by immigrants from the older States, chiefly Virginia and North Carolina. Many having sustained losses in the wars of Independence and 1812 were seeking to build up new homes in other regions, and some turned to this new country, attracted by its fertile soil and healthful climate. It was a land of hills and broad uplands with narrow valleys watered by small rivers and creeks. There were dense forests of varied growth, and large extents of cleared land with a deep red soil, so red that it was altogether as unusual as the individualism developed by the people who settled there. Augusta was the metropolis of this section and the only large town. It was the market center, and it was accounted almost a disgrace for one not to be able to boast of having paid at least one visit to Augusta in his lifetime. Milledgeville, then the capital of the State, was embraced in this section, while Athens, the seat of the State University, was the literary center, where the wealthy and cultivated classes resorted on Commencement occasions.

Among the people who settled in this country, there was very little harping on aristocracy, a few of them prided themselves upon their ancestry, but usually thrown among families of some, little, or almost no property or culture, they adapted themselves to their new home surroundings and became close neighbors with one another. This intimacy gave them common interests, common opinions and a common future. Without any thoughts of superiority in social rank, in "that community," wrote Mr. Johnston—"indeed throughout Middle Georgia generally—during that period everybody who visited at all visited more or less often everybody else who resided within convenient visiting distance." They tried to make themselves congenial to one another and no longer went searching for

images of ancestors, but decided that after all, everything depended upon the individual. In Col. Johnston's novel, "Old Mark Langston," Lewis Sanders says: "In this country he makes the best and most honourable career who makes it by his own energies, and toils; and—yes, by his own sufferings."

Under such existing natural and social conditions, there was nothing to prevent the individual from freely following his own bent or inclination. As a basis of free social intercourse, the early settlers in Middle Georgia organized society upon the plan of a simple democracy. There was to be freedom of thought, freedom in manners, and especially there was to be freedom in language, a befitting dialect. Alexander H. Stephens used to tell of a speech made at a dinner in Washington, which illustrates how little they valued pretensions as to ancestry and culture in laying the basis of a sound pioneer existence. A certain Georgian, being somewhat embarrassed at the toasts made complimentary to other States, when Georgia was announced, feeling annoyed lest the subject should not be given justice, he shouted almost in anger:

"Gentlemen, dod-fetch it all! I can't make a speech, but that ain't goin' to hinder me from drinkin' to the State o' Georgia. I'll do it, and I'll do it free. Here's to her! She come from nobody, she ain't beholden on nobody, and you better believe she don't care a continental cent for nobody!"

There is a profusion of the Middle Georgia dialect in Mr. Johnston's books; it is not a mere reckless display of misspelled words, but it is reproduced from memory with a becoming grace and conscientious exactness. In those days even the cultured spoke and loved this dialect as if to inspire the ignorant to something higher. The following quotations are from a paper written about three years ago to be read before the Twentieth Century Club of Chicago, and illustrate the social life and the dialect

which is embodied in Mr. Johnston's fiction. In this paper Mr. Johnston said :

“If ever there was a man who felt himself to be absolutely a freeman, it was the rustic of Middle Georgia . . . The poorest white man had no apprehension of falling into the lower scale, and so his ambitions were the freer and the more cheerful to lift himself higher . . . In my own immediate neighborhood, some seventy-five miles west, not one grown man in five had ever been to Augusta, then a town of some six thousand . . . Sometimes in an argument between two rural persons, one, who might be on the verge of defeat, if by some sort of chance, not enjoyed by his adversary, he had been to Augusta, might look upon him with such contempt as was possible to feel, and say : ‘Now look here, John, has you ever been to Augusta?’ On the sad acknowledgement in the negative, he might add : ‘Well, then, don't try to talk to me about such matters, because they is matters as can't be complete understood except by them as has been to Augusta.’ . . . To one who remembers the conditions and incidents of such a society it seems difficult to overpraise its neighborliness, the healthfulness, the confidence, the warm affectionateness which—except among mean people, and mean people are in every community—generally obtained. None were very rich and none very poor, but rich and poor, especially among men, intermingled with the freedom of intercourse that was productive of results most beneficial to all . . . Aristotle taught that leaders in society should think like wise men, but talk like the common people. That was just what was done by leading citizens of Georgia three-quarters of a century ago . . . The noble Georgia dialect savored in much affectionate sweetness. Much of it, as I have been told in letters from eminent philologists, is a relic of English as spoken three and four centuries ago. . . . The greatest lawyers and politicians, and even divines, loved it to the degree that they habitually spoke

it, if not at home before their wives and children, at least in social intercourse among their neighbors.”

Such institutions as the “old field schools, the country stores, and court houses seemed most essential to the development of what is interesting in the Middle Georgia rustic society. Those rural people sought and desired for such situations and occasions as would give rise to gatherings representative of their particular locality, that they might discuss at large such topics as concerned all more or less.

Many of Col. Johnston’s old familiar individualisms seemed to have blossomed in the famous old field schools. In that formative period of the life of those young people, they were so freely intimate with one another, that however much more fortune might favor one than another in after time, still their old affections remained true. Such schooling as was offered might or might not tell in after life; and usually, if a boy’s genius led him whither his books did not, even a generous application of the rod at becoming intervals could not divert him, he stood like a martyr. Some boys and girls found those school days opportune occasions for the formulation of cases of love, courtship, and, nay, even marriage. “In those days no Georgia boy who thought much of himself failed by the time he became fourteen or fifteen to fall in love with some woman, if it were only a school-mistress or widow.” The Middle Georgia boy and girl expected no great things from life, and once having become independent and realizing that two can live together more cheaply than one, they mated young. As a rule, “having little besides themselves and their affections to give, they exchanged these brief courtships, and went cheerfully to the work and to the enjoyment of their joined lives, in which there was scarcely anything to lose, but much to hope for.” It ought to be added right here that Mr. Johnston’s old bachelors and maids, his widows and widowers, and their courtships

swiftly planned and executed, afford one of the most pleasing features of his abundant humor.

The old court houses and court yards and the character cluster associated with them are interesting to recall. There was the awkward and confused testimony at the witness stand, the lawyer who spoke the dialect, the justices and others having some official position of petty prominence who assumed a bearing of gravity and importance; all furnished clear-cut character studies for the humorist. The court house was only an arbitrary affair, in warm weather the court proceedings might be beneath a large white oak in the court yard, while the jury could retire upon occasion to some more sequestered tree. Those who haunted such places at idle times discussed events current in the locality, jested, whittled, played mumble peg and marbles from morning till night. The country store is a no less famous rendezvous for those who preferred like indulgences. Periodical visits to the store or other such resorts by a member of the family and a rehearsal of what was heard sufficed for a local newspaper. Such visits were invariably lingeringly protracted, unintentionally, however.

Mr. Johnston's most important works of fiction are the following: "Dukesborough Tales," "Old Mark Langston," "Mr. Absalom Billingslea," "Ogeechee Cross Firings," "Widow Guthrie," "Little Ike Templin," "The Primes and Their Neighbors," and "Old Times in Middle Georgia." Of these, "Widow Guthrie" is the longest and most serious, and it was understood that Col. Johnston regarded it as his strongest work, but the author's peculiar gifts appear to better advantage when he works within the limits of such short story collections as the "Dukesborough Tales," "Little Ike Templin," and "Old Times in Middle Georgia." In addition to his fiction, he published a life of Alexander H. Stephens, and two volumes of "Studies. Literary and Social." In reading the last volumes of

essays, it is hard to persuade ourselves that the same genial story-teller is discoursing seriously upon such subjects as are treated therein. We had rather read the dear old dialect and learn more about the droll, dry humorous people we are already familiar with.

To better understand Col. Johnston's delineation of this rustic society, it is in order to say something of some of the leading characters. A sort of unity may be noticed throughout the short stories by which he is best represented. Dukesborough is the center of the village community, and all that is told at Hine's store belongs to the surrounding country neighborhood. Such characters as Mr. Joseph Pate, Len Cane and others reappear in different stories. Old Mr. Pate has such a capacity for story telling that the author often leaves him to tell the story in his own way, sometimes omitting and abbreviating where he thinks it prudent, for Mr. Pate would weave in the details. As Mr. Pate grew older he became more given to garrulousness, so much so that many grown people refused to listen to his stories. The author tells how he, as a lad of eight or ten, used to frequent Hine's store, sometimes without leave of his parents, in order to see and listen to the men who had repaired thither partly for business, mainly to tell and hear what news might be in the neighborhood. Old Mr. Pate, who was always there, was one of his favorites. The old fellow having become almost deaf, was very sensitive at the attitude people were assuming toward him, hence he was more than pleased to make a confidant of the boy, and go on to describe his only infirmity. His old favorite "Dominicker" having been fattened and killed, since the other roosters were running over him and he was getting useless, Mr. Pate tells of the emotions which were aroused in himself while he was eating one of his drumsticks and a slice or two of his breast, the "poor old fellow used to wake me up every mornin' at the crack o' day with his crowin'; and it's got to that I can't hear a single roos-

ter on the place, and I hain't the words to tell how my feelin's inside o' me was hurted when I found it out." The author adds to this: "After observations through many years among the aged, to say nothing of even more reliable sources, I seem to recall in my old friend's droll words, some real pathos, and if not some wisdom, a pathetic simulation of wisdom in thus essaying to defend himself against wrongs real and imaginary; and so his case, feeling at this late day I may be held excusable, I now, for the first time, make public."

The description of the camp-meeting, which all old-time Georgians love to recall, and of its ludicrous, but at the same time typical preacher in the person of the Rev. Allen Swinger, is exceedingly well done in the novel entitled, "Ogeechee Cross Firings." Rev. Mr. Swinger was tall and muscular, he was a pronounced adherent of the sledge-hammer persuasion, and certainly there can be no more laughable scene than that which describes how, after the sermon, he singled out his victim, one Jerry Pound, who had dodged in vain, and "seizing his coat collar with one hand, and with the other the trousers around his middle, and crying, 'Cler the way thar for this waggin-load of ini—quitty!' he made for the altar. Arrived there, he released Jerry's collar, and let his head come down quick, but unhurt, upon the abundant oat straw, saying, 'Thar! anyhow you shall go through the motions!'"

After all these characters have lived for us again in Col. Johnston's fiction, we almost wish we could have lived with him among those old time Georgia folks, we should like to have been present at their Christmas gatherings or shared in those famous piazza conversations during the warm evenings of spring or summer. We should like to go bee-hunting with Tawson Wimpy, who was able to follow the bee by its flight to the bee-tree in the forest, we should like to be with Len Cane and hear him talk about hunting and fishing and discourse upon the habits of

hawks, weasels, and minks. There are many others, all useful and agreeable persons in their way.

Along with this faithful and loving depiction of local American society, Mr. Johnston's stories have applied in them such comparatively recent methods of realistic literary art, that they should be given an abiding place in our literature. In "The Pursuit of the Martyrs," one of Mr. Johnston's longer stories, the principal characters have followed out the inevitable edicts of destiny, since "What fates impose, that men must needs abide." The scenes are in harmony with the rural society which the author remembered as a lad, and later as a young lawyer whose practice took him into several counties in Middle Georgia.

Richard Malcolm Johnston was born in 1822, on a plantation in Middle Georgia. When a boy he removed with his family to Powellton (the Dukesborough of the tales). He graduated at Mercer University, Macon, and afterwards studied law. He practiced law for about ten years in partnership with Linton Stephens, a younger brother of Alexander H. Stephens. He accepted about this time the chair of English Literature in the University of Georgia, at Athens. He afterwards resigned and founded a boys' boarding school at Sparta, Ga., and later near Baltimore, Md. From this time on he figured as a lawyer, teacher, lecturer and author. His life and work since the Rebellion have been identified with the city of Baltimore. In middle life he became a member of the Roman Catholic church. "Married at an early age, his domestic life," says one of our literary journals, "was singularly happy, and the death, a little over a year ago, of the woman who had been the devoted partner of his joys and sorrows for over fifty years left him, to take his own pathetic words from a letter to a friend—'poor indeed and lowly prostrate.' But he added: 'Yet I feel no diminution of willingness to do the work of the remainder of my time, and hope for continuance of the strength necessary for it.'" He died

in the hospital at Baltimore, September 23, 1898. He has bequeathed to American literature a body of work that will not be forgotten. He was dear to all that knew him; his was a fine spirit, gentle in the truest sense of the term, the soul of cordiality, courtliness, and chivalry.

Such was the Old Middle Georgia country, such was the idyllic social life, the people and the dialect, such was the author who lived among them. All, all are gone; the old hills have a lighter red, the creeks have a narrower channel, the forests are thinned, many of the people have moved on westward years ago. Let us hope, then, that the name of the author and the life of the people of his dear native country shall live in memory by the appreciation of his works.



WILLIAM W. HOLDEN.

BY W. K. BOYD.

PART V.—SUPPRESSION OF THE KU KLUX—CONCLUSION.

The Ku Klux Klan, according to the testimony of David Schenck before the Congressional Committee on Investigation, was opposed in its very constitution to the Fourteenth Amendment. So the Klan appeared in North Carolina as soon as the Reconstruction acts went into effect. Within three months after his inauguration, Governor Holden issued a Proclamation in which he stated that the government then in force was constitutionally established and warned the people of the sure results of any attempt to subvert the civil authority, and called on the magistrates and sheriffs to be faithful in the discharge of their duties. This address was of no avail. Negroes were whipped and disorder and demoralization were general. The Legislature which met early in 1869 enacted a law, "making the act of going masked, disguised or painted a felony." The governor issued another appeal, invoking public sentiment to unite with him in the suppression of the outrages. Neither the law nor the proclamation had any influence. In January, 1870, a bill passed the Legislature which authorized the Governor, "whenever in his judgment the civil authorities in any county are unable to protect its citizens in the enjoyment of life and property, to declare such county to be in a state of insurrection, and to call into active service the militia of the State to such an extent as may become necessary to suppress such insurrection; and in such case the Governor is further authorized to call upon the President for such assistance, if any, as in his judgment may be necessary to enforce the law." This was called the Shoffner Act from T. M. Shoffner, of Alamance County, the member who introduced the bill. He brought upon himself the enmity of the Ku Klux Klan. The Ku Klux decided to hang him and send his body to Governor

Holden. The assassins were on their way to execute the decree but were persuaded to return, as a Ku Klux friend of Shoffner's who knew of the plans had taken him to Greensboro. A short time after Shoffner left the State. Who the men were who started on the deadly mission has not been revealed. They were not Shoffner's neighbors, but came from a distance. The one who took him to Greensboro was Eli S. Eustis, a school teacher.

A short time after the passage of the Shoffner Bill, a band of fifty or more Ku Klux entered the town of Graham by night, went to the house of Wyatt Outlaw, colored, seized him, and hanged him to a tree in the public square near the court house. The only offence of the negro was that he belonged to the Republican party and was chief officer of the League at Graham. A half-witted colored man named Puryear professed to know the particulars of Outlaw's murder. In a few days he was missed and after several weeks his body was found in a mill pond with a rock tied to the neck.

Another outrage in Alamance was the whipping of Corliss, a school teacher. He seems to have belonged to that class of well-meaning Northern men who came South in the interests of the negro and humanity but lacked tact and common sense. For his associations with the negro he was severely scourged. Many other whippings occurred in Alamance county.

In Caswell County, from April to the middle of May 1870, twenty-one persons, white and colored, were whipped and scourged. Robin Jacobs, colored, was murdered in May and in the same month John Walter Stevens, Republican Senator from Caswell, was murdered in the Court-house at Yanceyville, while a Democratic speaking was held in the same building. Mr. Stevens was the leader of his party in the county, a man of integrity and excellent ability. No excuse could be given for his assassination except his political affiliations. For a long time the

Democrats declared that he was murdered by order of Holden and his friends, who were jealous of his influence among the negroes. Later investigations have proven, almost beyond a doubt, that the assassination was the work of the Ku Klux.

These are only a few of the many instances of murder and active violations of law in the State. By June 1870, thirteen persons had been murdered, twenty-two whipped and one shot who recovered. In no case were the offenders brought to justice. Solicitors and judges testified to Governor Holden that it was impossible to convict men charged with these crimes. The grand juries could find no true bills. The reasons for this were that the members of the Klan were sworn to protect each other and often members of the grand jury as well as the sheriffs were members of the society, and sentences passed by one local chapter or den were executed by another chapter. In this way a Klan in Alamance might order a negro to be whipped and the order would be executed by a Klan in some adjoining county or distant township.

About this time, Mr. John W. Norwood called on Governor Holden. In the conversation, Governor Holden intimated that if a number of prominent citizens in any county would recommend some one of influence to canvas the county in the interest of law and order and thereby persuade the Ku Klux to disband, he (the Governor) would appoint that one as a representative of the law and grant him a captain's commission. On March 5, 1870, J. W. Norwood, James Webb and Henry K. Nash and others recommended Dr. Pride Jones, of Hillsboro, for this work in Orange. He was appointed and received the commission and pay of a captain in the United States Army. In Chat-ham, N. A. Ramsey received a similar commission. These gentlemen did great good in their counties. They assumed no military superiority, but went quietly through the counties examining the condition of the people, and

succeeded in suppressing the Ku Klux outrages. That this policy worked so well in these counties may suggest the question, why a similar course was not pursued in Alamance and Caswell and other counties where disorder prevailed. The reason was that in Alamance and Caswell the Ku Klux were more numerous, many of the public officials were members of the Klan, and for one to know the agent of the Governor meant certain peril. At least no one was recommended or volunteered to do the work that Ramsey and Jones undertook in Chatham and Orange. No one, however much he may condemn Governor Holden's policy towards Alamance and Caswell, can fall to sympathize with him. There was no precedent for him to follow, and no one advised him or came to his help as friend or councillor except those of his own party. In 1876, he said :

"In the earnest and long protracted efforts which I made to put down these disorders without resort to military force—efforts extending from the day of my inauguration to the first of July 1870, thus covering a space of tow years—I wrote to many sheriffs, to some judges, to many military officers, to mayors of towns, to many private citizens, to our Senators and Representatives in Congress, to President Grant, asking them for advice and help in the unwelcome work devolved upon me of protecting the defenceless and unoffending against outrage and murder, and in putting down an insurrection which threatened the stability of all government, and the peace, if not the very existence of society. . . . No ex-Governor of the State called upon me to aid me by suggestions or advice in the midst of troubles that shook the very State. No minister of the blessed Lord dropped into my office or my house to pray for me, to restrain me by advice, or to sustain me by words of cheer in the dark and difficult path I felt bound to tread."

None of the proclamations of the Governor were of any influence in Alamance and Caswell. So on July 8, 1870, in accordance with the provisions of the Shoffner Act, Governor Holden declared these counties to be in a state of insurrection. He then began the organization of the militia to invest the two counties. This was not done, as many have maintained, with any malice or ill-will. In fact Governor Holden's views were lenient when compared with those of some members of his party. Before the

military organization was effected, Governor Holden held a conference with the leading men of the administration in his office. There were thirteen present, among them Richard Badger, John Pool, J. H. Harris (col.) and General Wilie D. Jones. All agreed that the civil courts failed to suppress the Ku Klux and unless some action were taken at once, no Republican, white or black, could live in certain portions of the State. The military power was necessary. "Governor Holden," says Mr. Badger, "during most of the conference was a listener, and appeared to be anxious to hear suggestions. I sat near him during the entire conference and at every suggestion made by any person he appealed to me either by look, gesture or word, for my opinion in regard to it." Mr. Badger agreed that military occupation and arrests were necessary but maintained that the trials of the arrested should be by a civil, not military court. Mr. Pool said this would not accomplish the object and called attention to Governor Clayton, of Arkansas, who had occupied districts with militia, and tried and executed men and so had broken the Ku Klux in his State. Mr. Badger opposed this method and finally Mr. Pool agreed with him. Mr. Badger said that the writ of *habeas corpus* must not be disobeyed. Mr. Pool said that that was a bad policy, the *habeas corpus* should not be regarded, that if a person were cleared of one charge, he should immediately be arrested on another. Mr. Pool also suggested that D. McD Lindsay be made military commander, that he had been a pirate during the war, and told stories of his daring and cruelty. This was overruled by the other members. Many other similar propositions were introduced in the discussions. "All of these suggestions with regard to using such violent means were objected to by Governor Holden," says Mr. Badger.

It was decided to organize two regiments of volunteers. Colonel Wm. J. Clark was given command of the First Regiment, with headquarters in Raleigh. The command

of the Second Regiment was offered to Major W. W. Rollins, of Asheville. He declined, but suggested Colonel George W. Kirk. Colonel Kirk was then appointed, and at Kirk's request, one Bergen was made Lieutenant Colonel. Bergen and Kirk had fought with the Union Army during the last years of the war, and had won the usual reputation, merited or unmerited, of all Southern men who joined the Union cause. It is here impossible to go into details of the campaign that followed the famous Kirk-Holden war. No battles were fought, no blood was shed. It has been claimed that the Governor instituted the military organization in July in order that he might control the coming elections in August. Colonel James Boyd and Mr. W. R. Albright testified in the Impeachment that Governor Holden told them that in the military organization he cared not how the election went. His desire was to suppress the Ku Klux by any means, and any effort he might make would more than repay the labor required if thereby one more crime might be averted. In his memoirs Governor Holden says that he desired to commence military operations two months earlier, but that there were no funds in the treasury that could be used for that purpose, and as soon as D. A. Jenkins, the treasurer, notified him that there were sufficient funds at hand, he commenced the organization of the militia.

Kirk and Bergen raised about six hundred men. The militia law of the State was not strictly obeyed in the mustering, as the law required that negroes and white men be mustered in different regiments, and Kirk allowed whites and negroes to serve in the same regiment. Many citizens were arrested, mostly at Graham and Company Shops. These were marched to Yanceyville and imprisoned. A. G. Moore and others appealed to Chief Justice Pearson for a writ of *habeas corpus*. This was granted by Pearson, but Kirk refused to obey, saying that the judiciary had "played out," and he held the prisoners under

orders of the Governor. Pearson then wrote his opinion of the case, sent it to Governor Holden, saying that if the Executive chose to obey the writ, well; if not, nothing could be done—the power of the judiciary was exhausted and all responsibility for the prisoners rested with the Governor. He said he was following the example of Chief Justice Taney in Merriman's case in 1861. In that case General George Cadwalader, commander of Fort McHenry, refused to obey the *habeas corpus* writ. Chief Justice Taney ruled that Congress alone had the power to put aside the *habeas corpus*, but also said that he could do nothing with Cadwalader, as Cadwalader's power was too strong for him. The point in North Carolina was this, according to Pearson. The Legislature had given the Governor authority to declare counties in insurrection. The military was then more powerful than the civil officials. The military might obey the writ, but was not required so to do. The writ was, therefore, virtually suspended.

The prisoner then appealed to the United States District Judge, George W. Brooks. The Governor then asked President Grant to sustain his position. But the Federal authorities decided that Brooks could not refuse to issue the writ, and advised "that the State authorities yield to the United States judiciary." This subordinated the military to the civil power and virtually ended the campaign. The regiments were disbanded. But the serious state of affairs awakened the Ku Klux to their senses. The organization speedily disbanded.

In the meantime the elections had been held. Troops were sent to some counties to preserve order. The returns gave the Democrats a majority. In the winter of 1871 they met and decided to impeach the Governor for his conduct. The following charges were preferred:

Art. I. That the Governor, "unmindful of the high duties of his office" and "intending to stir up civil war,

and subvert personal and public liberty," did, "of his own false, corrupt and wicked mind and purpose," declare the county of Alamance in insurrection, and by armed force made arrests. (The names of those arrested in Alamance are here given.)

Art. II. Same as above, in regard to Caswell.

Art. III. Arrest of Josiah Turner, of Orange, without any cause.

Art. IV. The arrest of certain citizens of Caswell by Kirk and Bergen, by orders of Governor.

Art. V. The arrest of A. G. Moore and refusal to obey writ of *habeas corpus* in his case.

Art. VI. Arrest of others and refusal to obey writ of *habeas corpus*.

Art. VII. Use of State funds to support the unlawful military organizations.

Art. VIII. The refusal to obey the writ of injunction issued at the instance of Richard M. Allison protesting against the use of the State's taxes in the military campaign.

A ninth article, charging the Governor with complicity in the Reconstruction frauds, was about to be introduced, but George W. Swepson telegraphed the members who had the drafting of the charges, that Governor Holden was innocent, and if they insisted on introducing the charge, he (Swepson) would come down from New York and testify in the Governor's favor. The charge was then dropped.

These articles were introduced in the Senate from the House. The Senate organized as a high court, and the House took in hand the prosecution. The managers for the prosecution were Thomas Sparrow, chairman James G. Scott, Wm. G. Worth, T. D. Johnson, G. H. Gregory, Jno. W. Dunham, and C. W. Broadfoot. These gentlemen employed as prosecutors for the House, ex-Governors W. A. Graham and Thomas Bragg and A. S. Merriman,

late Chief Justice. No appropriation was allowed Governor Holden to secure counsel. He was compelled to pay his own lawyers and in some instances to pay the expenses of his own witnesses. This was not only partisan but unjust. He secured the services of W. N. H. Smith, later Chief Justice, Nathaniel Boyden, J. M. McCorkle, Edward Conigland and Richard Badger. Mr. Badger refused any remuneration for his services. The trial really began on January 30, 1871. The articles were introduced in December of the previous year but time had to be allowed for the collection of evidence. The burden of the prosecution was the *habeas corpus*. Was it suspended by military action? This and other questions involved held the attention of the court, presided over by Chief Justice Pearson, for forty-four days. The result was that Governor Holden was found guilty of all except the first two charges, and the Senate adjudged that "the said W. W. Holden, Governor, be deposed from office and found disqualified from holding any office of profit or trust in the State."

It is not my purpose to enter into any detailed account of the Impeachment and the legal question involved, and the argument of the prosecution and counsel. That would require a knowledge of legal history that few of our best jurists have. But this fact must be felt by every one who reads the proceedings in an unbiased spirit—that whether the Governor was guilty or not guilty, the trial was conducted in the most partisan spirit. The defendant's chances for acquittal were limited by a decision excluding all testimony regarding the Ku Klux except that relating to Alamance and Caswell. Also whenever there was an uncertain issue, nine times out of ten the Senate would overrule the decision of Chief Justice Pearson and decide in favor of the prosecution. In this, Senator Edwards was prominent, for he always made the motion appealing from the Chief Justice to the Senate. Also the evidence for the

prosecution was often doubtful, for example—Josiah Turner was arrested without the order of Governor Holden. No order could be shown for his arrest. Yet the Governor was convicted of this charge. And Mr. Turner when examined made the following statements :

Q. What are your personal feelings toward the accused ? A. I suppose as good as they ever were.

Q. That is not exactly answering my question—what are they now ? A. They are just as good as they ought to be between a good and a bad man.

Chief Justice. Are you on good or bad terms with him ? A. There are no terms between us. I have never passed a dozen words with him in my life. I never had any social relations with him. I never passed a dozen words with him in my life—hardly a good morning."

In his memoirs Governor Holden states that he supported Mr. Turner when candidate for the Confederate Congress, that Mr. Turner visited him in Raleigh, where they planned the campaign and separated the best of friends.

Also two Republican Senators were expelled and Democrats elected to fill their vacancies. One of these was Edwards, above referred to, one of the chief tools of the prosecution. On the day the final vote was taken, says ex-Governor Brogdon, two Democratic Senators were so drunk that they had to be led into the Senate chamber and supported by marshalls until their votes, which were necessary for conviction, were taken.

Through all the proceedings, Governor Holden conducted himself with dignity and and honor. He refused to be a party to any method of self-preservation, save the small chance given by the prosecution. In his manuscript I find the following statements :

"One morning, in the Spring of 1870, Chief Justice Pearson called to see me at my house. We conversed a good while. Among other things he said that the Senate of this State has been chosen for four years and he could prove it beyond question. He said he hoped I would concur with and would aid him in a case to be made up by the Supreme Court. I was surprised at the suggestions. The proposition

was to me a new one. I had not thought of it but I said to him, 'Judge, the people in voting for the Constitution, no doubt believed that they were voting two years for the Senate and not for four—and besides it is written the different departments of the government should be kept always separate and distinct, and according to their rule I could not concur with the court.' He seemed to be, as he no doubt was, profoundly in earnest. The Senate was at that time two-thirds Republican. It was the first Senate under the Constitution. I did not think of the matter any more until I was impeached.

"Mr. Brogden said to me one day, "Governor, I am advised to say, that if you would use your influence with the Legislature to call a Convention the Impeachment proceedings will be stopped. I told Mr. Brogden, 'I am the first Governor under the new Constitution and can not support a Convention to amend the Constitution at this time. The Constitution has not yet been tried. I could not do evil that good might come.' He seemed perplexed and troubled and said, 'I am disposed to think well of the Constitution generally, but it ought to be amended, but you are too careful and squeamish for your own good.' I went that day over to the lobby of the House of Representatives, and met Dr. Thomas W. Young, my brother-in-law and a member of the House who said, 'Governor, we want to call a Convention and lack but eight or ten votes of doing so. What will you say?' I answered, 'Doctor, I can't agree to the arrangement to call a Convention on my account.' He said, 'We can do it in both Houses if you will agree to it.' I said, 'No, I can't do it.'"

After his Impeachment, Governor Holden removed to Washington, and was connected with the *National Chronicle*. He finally returned to Raleigh where he was Postmaster for a number of years.

So ends the public life of W. W. Holden. In many

respects he is the most unique man in North Carolina history. He is the only Governor in the United States that was ever deposed from office. His trial is a slur on the history of the party that conducted it—still greater is the shame that his disabilities were never removed. Much has been said of Reconstruction and negro rule. But Mr. Holden never recognized the negro as an equal of the white, though he was compelled to protect him. He left the Republican party in 1880 when the negro question was becoming dominant, and his party seemed to be identified with the negro.

The final verdict in regard to his political life remains to be made in the future. But this must forever remain to his credit. He was one of the leaders in the Revolution of 1848 and 1850 that placed all citizens on an equal suffrage basis and so struck the final blow to the only aristocracy.

Whatever may be our judgment of him politically, as a journalist he is the peer of any North Carolina has ever produced. When we consider his literary ability we cannot but lament the fact that one who possessed such brilliant possibilities was compelled to spend his life at the case and press and make his livelihood as a politician. As testimony to his literary tastes I give this extract from Mr. J. H. Bonner to T. H. Hill:

"I remember one stormy autumn night—I think it was in 1865—he and I sat alone by a smouldering log fire in the rear room of the old *Standard* office. We fell to talking about poetry, as was generally the case when we were alone, and I chanced to have in my pocket a copy of your first book. I read to him your "Fireside Fancies." This drew him out, and in return he recited for me several of his own pieces which, so far as I know, have never appeared in print. I can only recall now a portion of the refrain of one of them. It was this:

—"who can tell
Where the lone spirit went when
the frail body fell!"

Gov. Holden had fine poetic taste; he was a good critic, though inclined to favor religious verse. Milton was his poet. He was familiar with the English Classics.

"How old an I growing! More than thirty years have passed since I first

became acquainted with Governor Holden. I was then in my sixteenth year, and I gratefully remember the kind and gracious manner and tone with which he greeted me. From that day to the end of his life we were warm friends. We exchanged letters quite frequently up to the time of his paralytic disablement. In '83, when my book of poems was published he managed to write a few tremulous lines expressive of his loyalty of friendship—only ten lines, in which he said; 'If I had the physical strength, John, it would give me peculiar pleasure to review your poems in some North Carolina paper.'

During the stormy days of "reconstruction," when I held a State office which necessitated frequent business interviews with him, I have seen him calmly endure enough mental and nervous strain to wreck a man of steel. As Jo. and I had come to be chums, the Governor regarded me with real fatherly affection. Often when I was about to retire from the Executive chamber because of the presence of important personages with secret affairs, he would bid me remain. I know much of his unpublished history, and I make bold to say that I believe he always *intended* to do right. After many a critical scene, when the last visitor had withdrawn, and the door had been locked for the day, he has unbosomed himself to me and avowed his purpose to do right. And he at least had the courage of his convictions. He was a brave man. First of all, he was a gentleman. Personal assaults upon him were not infrequent, but he was never harmed. He never carried a weapon. I was once near him, on Fayetteville street, when a malignant man leveled a pistol at his breast. The Governor was always alert. Quick as a flash, he struck the pistol from the assailant's hand with his cane. Instead of following up his advantage with a blow, the Governor, apparently without loss of temper or composure, said to him: "Shame on you, sir!" There was no further trouble.

Though his life was stormy, his enemies always malignant, he showed the greatest charity. He aided in having amnesty to the Ku Klux proclaimed two or three years after his impeachment. His last years were filled with charitable work in Raleigh. He was the friend of the poor of the city, visited them and aided them in their troubles. He, on every available occasion, said he cherished no spirit of resentment against those who had opposed him. He died in March, 1892. During the last months of his life he dictated his memoirs, written by his daughter. This manuscript is remarkable for the clearness with which everything is stated, though he was then paralyzed and feeble. In conclusion I quote the last section of his "last letter to the public:"

"We live in altered, in new times. The events of the past and the condition of things in the present, warn us of the paramount importance of law and order. There is no safety to society save the reign of law. I have always held that as a citizen and as an officer. I hold it still, with added tenacity, if possible. The paramount thought with all public officers should be, what is my duty, not what the crowd or the mobs, or bodies of friends desire or advise, but what is right now, without regard to party. George Washington himself warns us against the fatal danger of party spirit. General Andrew Jackson does the same. Their farewell addresses are invaluable. General Jackson once said to Colonel Bedford Brown: 'Colonel Brown, you will live to see a great civil war in this country about slavery. I will not live to see it, but I put you on your guard. The tariff has been proclaimed by Duff Green too weak to divide the Union, but he says slavery is strong enough to do it. Mr. Calhoun and Mr. Preston make speeches for the South and against the North, and the North in turn assails the South. One side cuts the wood and lays it down, and the other side sets fire to it. If this sectional feeling is continued I fear the worst.' Jackson and Washington were wise and forecasting. We now have a restored Union. It is the strongest government on the face of the earth . . . The States are not only powerful and never will be. The rights of the States are dead. I simply state facts. I do not say who did this thing or that thing. I speak only of results.

"Mr. Webster said in one of his great speeches in the Senate, that if the pillars of the Union should fall, 'they would be raised not again.' It is not the same Union and it never will be.

"Pass on, relentless world, I grieve
 No more at all that thou hast riven—
 Pass on, in God's name only leave
 The things thou never yet hast given;
 A heart at ease, a mind at home,
 Affections fixed above the sway,
 Faith, set upon a world to come,
 And patience thro' life's little way.

"The public's most obedient servant,

"W. W. HOLDEN."



FROM VERSAILLES TO ST. DENIS.

Hawthorne's famous saying concerning Rome is equally applicable to the French capital, for "Paris," too, "is so full of memorable events that one obliterates another, as if Time had crossed and recrossed his own records until they grew illegible." Scarcely a bridge or a street, a church or an arch of Paris but tells its story of conflict and passion, heartache and happiness, triumph and disaster. Many months could be spent profitably in Paris, alone, studying there by "object lessons," the checkered history of the French nation.

I shall, however, speak only of that great world city, as it throws light on some of the tragic scenes in the lives of two of the most unfortunate sovereigns of France. My desire is to repeat the history of the last days of Louis XVI and his Queen, Marie Antoinette, as told by the buildings that have escaped the horrors of the Revolution, and that now stand as monuments to those two hapless monarchs. To do this, let us go, for a while, away from the gay Parisian center, to one of the historic "environs."

A delightful ride, of a few minutes, in the queer little continental trains, and all the din and roar of Paris are left twelve miles behind, and we dismount in the quiet town of Versailles. But we do not yet catch a glimpse of that wonderful building which has attracted us hither. We hurriedly enter a cab, and all too slowly for our restless and impatient souls, are driven in the direction of the Palace. Soon, through the trees in the distance, we see its somber walls. A few minutes more and we enter the "Court of Honor." What emotions surge through our hearts as we stand upon that soil, every rood of which is teeming with a thousand memories! The court is paved with stones, and surrounded on three sides by the low gray walls of the Palace. Around it, at intervals, are sixteen statues of famous warriors and statesmen; conspicuous

among the number is a large, equestrian piece in bronze of Louis XIV. As we look at this, our thoughts wander back to the time when the now world famous Park of Versailles was a waste of barren soil; when he, the "great king," chose it to be his place of residence. He did not like Paris—too many statues of preceding Kings were there to suit him; nor did the royal castle at St. Germain please him any better, for, from his windows, he could not choose but see the towers of the St. Denis cathedral, in which are the royal tombs, reminding him that even a kingly head must, at last, lie as low as a peasant's.

It was nothing to him that the chosen site for his Palace was barren and unattractive; that no water was to be found upon it. Thirty-six thousand men and 6,000 horses were soon set to work; entire groves of trees were transplanted to cover the naked sand; water was brought several miles by aqueduct—in short, millions of money was spent, and, after twenty years of continuous labor, a royal demesne was wrought out second to none in the world. There Louis lived in splendor, waited upon by 4,000 servants, guarded by 10,000 soldiers; in his stables were 5,000 horses. After a reign of more than seventy years, the "Great Monarch" died, and his corpse was cursed by the unhappy peasants, as it was carried to its final resting place at St. Denis.

The discontent and misery of the masses was greatly augmented by the succeeding reign of Louis XV. He realized that his kingdom was tottering to its fall, and used carelessly to say, "It will last my day." Another favorite expression of his was, "After us the deluge." And the deluge came, swift and sure and terrible—it was not far off. When Louis, his great-grandson, heard of his death, he exclaimed, "God guide us, protect us, we are too young to reign." To ward off the breakers which were even then rolling in upon the doomed nation, a wise head and a firm hand were imperative. But Louis XVI, who was only 20 years of age, was much more interested in his

carpenter's bench and tools than in "affairs of state." For weeks at a time, he used to busy himself in his shop, oiling bolts and filing locks, while his Queen was even less concerned than he himself, and when told that the people were crying for bread, she innocently asked, "Why do they not eat cake?"

These are some of our reflections while waiting for the Palace doors to be opened. We now enter the gloomy pile—the beauty and magnificence of the interior remain, but the eternal silence of the halls is broken only by our footfalls and voices. Everywhere is to be seen "the rising sun," that emblem of Louis XIV, representing himself as giving light and life to his people.

We visit the famous "Gallery of Battles," the walls of which are painted with scenes from all the principal battles in French history, beginning with the wars of Charlemagne. We next come to the magnificent "Gallery of Mirrors"—a long hall, one wall of which is covered entirely with bevelled glass, and the corresponding one of heavy plate glass windows framed in gilt, through which one never tires of watching the wonderful fountains—the pride of all France.

Passing through galleries and salons, the beauty of which cannot be imagined and only with difficulty realized, we arrive at last at the apartments of Louis and Marie.

Here our attention is first attracted by a long narrow piece of brass laid in the floor, and we are told that Louis himself placed it thus, to serve as a sort of time-piece. Their rooms are almost entirely bare, save for many rows of book shelves, the books of which, however, have been replaced by "dummies," the original ones having been removed to the Biblioteque Nationale in Paris. On entering Marie's private apartments, one is startled at beholding himself in a mirror—*headless*; this effect is produced by the arrangement of two glasses at right angles to each other. It is said that this was the sight that greeted the ill-fated Queen when she took possession of her rooms.

Tiring of the onerous duties of court life, and of its sumptuous atmosphere, Marie liked to flee to a place in the Park remote from the Palace, and there play at being dairy maids and peasants with some of her favorite attendants. Towards the close of day, we come upon this deserted "hamlet," through which a tiny, clear stream tinkles over pebbles and moss. On its banks, a little dairy now crumbling to decay, still tells the tale of those happy days. Here and there, dotting the green of this quiet retreat, are eight or nine huts of two rooms each, one above the other, the upper story being reached by rough stairs on the outside; the whole covered by a thatched roof. In these lived the peasant-queen and her high born ladies, in this manner casting aside the burden of royalty when it grew too heavy to bear.

But such halcyon days were not longer to be. The deluge predicted nearly twenty years before by Louis XV, has at last come. On the 6th of October, 1789, surging waves of human billows rolled into the Court of Honor, penetrating even the Palace itself. Men and women half mad of starvation and oppression, demanded the blood of "the Austrian," for they declared her the "Madame Deficit" who kept them poor.

The King, Queen and their little children were forcibly taken to Paris by the mob, who continually shouted along the way, "We shall not die of hunger now, for we've got the baker, the baker's wife and the baker's little boy." Of their virtual imprisonment in the Palace of the Tuileries, of their attempted flight and subsequent arrest, we all know from the pages of history. Louis was confined in the Temple and Marie was taken to the Conciergerie. The little cell in which she spent her last dark hours of earth is shown to those visitors who hold permits from the *Prefet* of Police.

Having beheld the scenes of her former free and happy life, it is now our fortune to visit those walls which shut

away from her the sunlight and the gay world she so passionately loved. A short walk along the quay brings us to a side door in the *Palais de Justice*, an imposing structure on the banks of the Seine. In answer to our knock, a solemn-looking old man admits us into a long, narrow hall; traversing its gloomy length, we pass a window through which, across an open court, we catch a glimpse of the room where Josephine, Charlotte Corday, Madame Roland, Madame du Berri and many other famous women of the day were imprisoned. Nothing, however, diverts us from the main object of our visit; we impatiently follow our guide, and a few steps farther on we pause before an opening in the wall, too small to be called a door. Somewhat of the anguish of spirit that lacerated the heart of the haughty Queen, as she bent low to enter that dark hole, is ours, as we feel that more than a Queen—a woman and mother—entered there, to leave only to “roll on the life-tide of the city to the everlasting sea.”

We, too, bend low and, in silence, enter the narrow chamber which has since been converted by Louis XVIII into a chapel. Directly in front of the door, and shedding a subdued, tender light through the room, as if to soften the bitter memories that still cling there, is a large art glass window in memory of Marie Antoinette. Near by is a marble altar on which her crucifix in bronze still stands, and who shall say what messages it spoke to her, in those lonely hours of mortal anguish, of the more abundant life and love and light to come.

Traces of the bed of ashes on which she lay, but only slept at the command of exhausted Nature, are pointed out to visitors. Two large oil paintings dumbly but forcibly tell us of the last moments of the dark drama enacted here. One represents the queen leaving the little cell, and gently and tenderly endeavoring to comfort and strengthen her only daughter, Madame Royale, and the Princess Elizabeth; in the other, she is between the two gendarmes who are

leading her forth to the scaffold. The narrow steps down which she passed to the fatal cart also send a shudder of horror over us.

Leaving the Conciergrie, we turn towards the "Place de la Concorde," one of the most famous and splendid squares in all the world. Here the waters of the two magnificent fountains catch all the glints of the sunlight, as they sparkle and sing, leap and fall back in their eternal play. The "Place" is paved with asphalt and around it, rise eight colossal emblematic statues in white stone, representing the principal towns of France; in the center towers the obelisk of Luxor—a single block of reddish granite, nearly one hundred feet high; from its summit more than thirty-two centuries look down upon us. Each of its four sides is embellished with hieroglyphics, referring to Ramses II and Ramses III. One side of the "Place de la Concorde" is bordered by the Tuilerie garden, a bewildering mass of gorgeous flowers and foliage and gay people; on the opposite side the wonderful Champs Elysees begins.

With the probable exception of "Unter den Linden" in Berlin, this is of all Boulevards the most widely famous for the variety of its attractiveness and beauty. Well indeed may the name of concord be applied to such harmony and scenes as now characterize the square; but before 1795, it was known and abhorred as "la Place de la Revolution." Sunshine and gladness were then unknown; where the obelisk now stands was erected the guillotine, whither in January 1793, came Louis XVI, "Louis Capet" as he was styled at his trial. Having been accused of conspiring against the people and the constitution, he was condemned to death by a majority of one, and paid the penalty with the price of his head, January 21, 1793. It was at this spot, that a cart, stopped on the 16th of October, 1793, and from it descended Marie Antoinette, that queen whom France rejected, and of whom Burke in his Reflections, speaks thus: "It is now sixteen or seventeen years since I

saw the Queen of France . . . and surely never lightened on this art, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated she just began to move in—glittering like the morning star, full of life and splendour and joy.” . . . “I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult. But the age of chivalry is gone . . . the glory of Europe is extinguished for ever.”

She, too, mounted the steps that her husband had climbed only a few months before, and like him, shed her blood—a victim to the excesses of the Revolution.

Nearly 3,000 victims perished in this square, by the guillotine in two years. To this “carnival of murder” flocked the market women who sat and knitted while watching the fatal knife and counting the heads as they fell. Well might Chateaubriand say, “Not all the waters which now sparkle in the sunshine of that famous square, could wash out the stains of blood so recklessly shed there.”

The bodies of Louis and Marie were interred for nearly twenty years in the cemetery of the Madeleine in the heart of Paris, they were, however, moved to the cathedral of St. Denis, and on the spot where their graves had been, Louis XVIII, caused to be erected to their memory a monument, which he appropriately called the Expiatory Chapel; and a fitting mausoleum for royal dead it is. Immediately in front of it, lies a quaint little garden, through the centre of which runs a pebble walk dividing the green sward and entirely surrounding each square thus formed. Beautiful rose-trees form the border of each plot. The whole is enclosed by half-open arches of gray stone, through which delightful bits of soft, blue skies are visible; the lower and solid portion of the arches bear inscriptions to the Swiss Guard whose brave defense of Louis and Marie in the Tuileries, three stones commemorate. The dome-

shaped chapel is built of gray-stone; above the doors of the main entrance are three words of Hebert's which became the motto of the Revolution: "*Liberte, Egalite, Fraternite.*"

The interior is exquisitely beautiful in every detail. The floor is handsomely inlaid with mosaics; above our heads are three heavily carved domes in which are glasses that admit a soft twilight into the chapel. Beautiful allegorical figures in white marble form the frieze of the upper villa. On the right and left of the entrance are niches, or circular alcoves, in that to the right, is a statue of Louis XVI kneeling, while behind him stands his confessor, who holds a cross and, in pointing above utters these words, "*Fils de St. Louis, montez au ciel.*" Upon the black pedestal, are the terms of his will done in gilt letters. Just across the chapel, is a similar statue of Marie. Her crown no longer sparkles on her queenly brow, but lies low beside her; her ermine robe has slipped from her shoulders, her magnificent hair has escaped from its coils and falls a wealth of glory, round her form; she kneels, and in a perfect abandonment of grief has thrown her arms round the figure of Religion standing near, which bears the features of the faithful comforter—Elizabeth.

On the pedestal of this statue, also black and gilt, we read these words from Marie's last letter to Elizabeth, "It is to you, my dear sister, that I write my last words. I have just been condemned not to a just death, that is reserved for criminals. . . . I go to rejoin your brother; my only regret is for my two children. I leave them to your tender care." But the wrath against this royal family of the insensate mob was not yet appeased, and in May, 1794, Elizabeth followed her brother and his Queen to the invisible Kingdom.

Again our study calls us to leave Paris, and this time we visit St. Denis, a town of 50,000 inhabitants, about eighteen miles distant from Paris. It is extremely interesting, its

importance dating from the year 638, when Dagobert I founded a Benedictine abbey there. In 754, Pope Stephen II fled from the Lombards to St. Denis, and while there, anointed Pepin's sons Carloman and Charlemagne. But the town is specially celebrated because of the St. Denis Cathedral, the burial place of the King of France.

It occupies the site of a chapel built in the year 275 above the supposed grave of St. Dionysius or St. Denis, the first Bishop of Paris, and its patron saint. The *Basilique* as it stands at present, was almost entirely rebuilt in the twelfth century, and is an excellent specimen of the blending of the Gothic and Romanesque style of architecture. The exterior walls are discolored by the stain of time, and overgrown with moss, and we are totally unprepared for the glorious vision that greets our eyes, upon entering one of the three handsome bronze doors of the western facade. The gorgeous beauty of the interior dazzles us; lofty fluted columns of white marble divide the church into a nave and two side aisles; thirty-seven windows, each thirty-three feet high admit a radiance that baffles the art of words to paint. The perfect blending of part with part, the harmony of effect everywhere visible, touches our innermost souls as nothing else ever has. The cathedral interior is a "poem in stone," a "symphony in color." It was here, that in 1429, the Maid of Orleans hung up her arms; in 1593 Henry IV, "the good King," abjured Protestantism, and in 1810, Napoleon was married to the Arch-duchess Marie Louise.

In this haven of rest lie many weary and uneasy heads that wore crowns—some, indeed, being thorn crowns that pricked to the death. The tomb of Dagobert who died in the seventh century, is to the right of the high altar, and is a curious specimen of thirteenth century art, representing the King's soul leaving his body and its reception by the angels in heaven. Here all the kings and queens since his time are interred. One of the most striking of the royal tombs,

is that of Henry II and of his wife, Catherine de Medicis ; it consists of twelve marble columns and twelve pilasters, with bronze statues of the four cardinal virtues at the corners. The deceased are represented twice, first by marble figures on the tomb, and again by bronze ones in keeling posture above the entablature.

Hours slip by unconsciously, so lost have we become in contemplating the lives of the kings and warriors who lived centuries ago, "when the heart of old earth was young." But at last, we come to the crypt—below, surrounded by a choir encircled with chapels, through a small aperture in the solid masonry of the crypt, we vaguely distinguish the caskets containing the remains of the martyred Louis XVI and Queen Marie Antoinette whose bodies were removed here in 1815 from the Madeleine cemetery in Paris.

In one of the chapels near by, is a kneeling figure in purest marble of beautiful Marie, clothed in a magnificent ball dress. This statue, so suggestive of gaiety and life, calls to our mental view, the splendid halls of Versailles from which the brilliant Queen began to tread the pathway of sorrows, ending where we stand in the unbroken hush of the vast cathedral of St. Denis. Here with the most powerful of earth's monarchs for companions, she and Louis lie, waiting for the fuller life—the rounding of the broken arcs.





D. W. NEWSOM, CHIEF EDITOR.
 R. B. ETHERIDGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

The student always looks forward to spring days and ball games with the keenest delight. The prospects for the coming ball season are most promising. The manager of the Trinity team has had on the Park for a day or two, Mr. Frank G. Selee, manager of the Boston National League Team, who inspected our grounds with a view of bringing his team here in the spring to practice with the Trinity team. This season of practice will be of great value. Mr. Selee will keep his team with us about two weeks. We trust our men will begin to put themselves in shape to obtain the greatest benefit.

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Mr. Cobb, the manager of the Trinity Baseball Team, has been very diligent and enthusiastic in his plans for the coming season and has made arrangements for an interesting series of games. The program, as thus far arranged, is about as follows:

March 20—Bingham School vs. Trinity.

March 27 and 28—Lafayette (Pa.) vs. Trinity, two games. It will be remembered that this team defeated Yale and Harvard and tied with Princeton.

March 31—Lehigh (Pa).

April 3—Easter Monday—Wake Forest vs. Trinity.

April 20—Roanoke College vs. Trinity.

April 25—University Maryland vs. Trinity.

April 29—Wake Forest vs. Trinity.

— — University Georgia vs. Trinity.

— — University Virginia vs. Trinity.

May 11—Georgetown University vs. Trinity.

Other games will be arranged for at a later date. We look forward to the coming of the above teams with the greatest interest, and promise them a hearty welcome to the Park and excellent entertainment on our ball ground.

Last year Trinity students were delighted to watch the games between Trinity and the University of North Carolina, and though we were defeated, yet the games were very enjoyable and were witnessed with the greatest interest. It is rather surprising that with last year's victory the University should withdraw to the corner and refuse to play Trinity this season. This quite surpasses our understanding. It has been stated that this action was due to the feeling of the authorities "that athletic contests between the two teams, with the heated rivalry and feeling accompanying them, and the unpleasant comments following in their wake, were not at this time advisable." Now, who ever saw a game of baseball, football, tennis or any other game, between opposing teams that there was not rivalry and feeling. From what source will the interest and enthusiasm of the game come, if it come not from the rivalry and the consequent feeling. We have never yet had a game with any team but what there were rivalry and feeling, yet a rivalry and feeling conscious of their bounds, and recognizing and respecting the rights of others. We have failed to see the game into which Trinity has entered without a manly, friendly spirit towards her opponent. As to the "unpleasant comments" following last year's game we must confess that they are news to us.

It is further stated that "there is every desire that the kindest and most generous relations should exist between us, and this, it is thought, from the experience of last spring, is not

likely to be brought to pass by intense athletic contests." In all the games we have thus far played the result has been to bring us to a closer and more friendly relation with the opposing team. We regret that our friends on the Hill have refused to meet the Trinity team, and for the above reasons. In the games between Trinity and the University we know of no instance in which Trinity has refused a game after having been victorious in a previous one. We see no reason why we should not be allowed the privilege of a game with our friends during the coming season. We trust they will reconsider, and grant us what is nothing more than common justice.

It is with great satisfaction that we watch the building of our gymnasium. It will soon be completed and at our "service." The building is spacious and well constructed, and will be fitted with everything necessary to the development of bone and muscle. Many of our paler comrades will soon have the opportunity of investing themselves with beauty of form, strength of sinew, and we trust, comeliness of countenance. The gymnasium will supply a need we have long felt. Still it should be borne in mind that it is not a panacea. Few men need the freshness of open air, the invigoration of the sunshine, and the hilarity of the ball ground, more than college students; and yet it is the college man who is most apt to neglect his physical exercise. Hopes, prospects, everything dear to the college student must depend upon his health. The mechanism of the human system is of such a nature that the mind must sympathize with palsied powers of body. So when the body has been neglected, and its tone and vigor lost, there is little joy or profit in study. A shattered mind has little hope of ever attaining to any degree of scholarship. Many a young mind flashes a beautiful and intense glow while its storehouse is rapidly nearing decay,—burning with an exquisite lustre soon to breath itself away amid the ruins of a shattered body. *Mens*

sana in sano corpore should be the motto of every student. By nature we are active, but the habits of student life have too often curbed and cramped nature and defeated the very end of education.

It is very natural for the student, in the buoyancy of aspiring life, with the boundless fields of knowledge opening before him, either to put his whole soul to the study of many books, or else lose heart at the sight of the endless toil. It has always been hard for the student to find the happy mean. And so it is that in college one finds on the one hand the intense student, the seeming prodegy of genius, and on the other the indifferent loafer, to whose ears come no appeals from the empires of knowledge, and whose self-complacency is fatal to all high achievement. The student who habitually cloisters himself within the bounds of books is missing the goal as widely as he who regards foot-ball as the *summum bonum*. We all need more system and regularity in our college life. There is a time for intense application and a time to feel the freshness of the air and the freedom of the sunshine. These things must be observed for a well-balanced student life.

When this issue reaches our readers the students will have enjoyed the gladness and merriment of another Christmas at home. Such seasons are the oases of college life. Whenever our thoughts turn toward them the wearied brain forgets its burden and the mind leaps forth into the sunlight of pleasant prospects. The Freshman returns with the bomb of baby-wakers still lingering in his ears, and the smile of his girl haunting the quiet hours of study, and lives in pleasant anticipation of another Christmastide. The Senior takes up his book again with a feeling of determination, yet serious in the consciousness that his course is nearly run. He has spent his last college holiday and he who is now the college boy must soon become a man of the world.

"All things must change to something new, to something strange."

At the recent meeting of the "Current Events Club," Dr. W. P. Few gave an interesting discussion of some selections from Mr. Kipling. He brought out in a very clear way some interesting characteristics of Kipling as seen from his writings, among which were his closeness to nature and his ruggedness. Prof. J. F. Bivins gave a very interesting review of Mrs. Ward's "Hellsbeck of Bennettsdale." The review was clear, brisk and attractive throughout and was greatly enjoyed. Such evenings as this are well spent, and the students are to be congratulated upon having the privilege of hearing such live subjects discussed.

"George William Curtis' most popular story, 'Prue and I,' which a recent writer in the *New York Times* classes among the twenty-five best American novels, and an eminent critic says embodies the sweetest and most genial humor which has graced English literature since the time of Elia, has just been issued in a very handsome and handy cloth-bound volume, reduced in price from \$1.50 to 35 cents, by the famous cheap book publishing house, Hurst & Co., 135 Grand Street, New York. It may be had at all book-stores or from the publishers."





Wayside Wares

TO THE YEARS.

(ON MY BIRTHDAY.)

O years, O years, why slip you thus away
 And let me move unconscious of your flight!
 Why make my days so swiftly chase the night!
 Why bring before me ever on this day,
 That stern command to stop, review, survey!
 Ye calleth back the gloam of early light,
 Some joyous sport, some half-remembered sight—
 The itemized account of each sweet day.
 Speed on, speed on, I make no anxious score,
 But count alone the heart-throbs I have braced,
 The souls forlorn, that drooped, earthwore and sore,
 But with resolve have lifted up and faced
 Grim life again. If such there be, no more
 I grieve; nor should I have the years erased.

—*D. W. Newsom.*

CHRISTMAS COURTING.

The train was speeding onward and in a joyful state of mind I was being borne homeward. I was on my way home from the college to spend the Christmas holidays and I was as happy as a small boy going to a circus. I was happy because I knew that I would see a certain angelic little creature who lived near my home. Her name was Mary Jane Simpson and bless her heart I loved her harder than the bed-post seems to be when you bump your head against it. But I was not the only worshiper at her shrine and sad to say I was not up on the latest method of courting. That was the reason that I had bought a dime novel from the news-boy and was

now so deeply engrossed by its contents. I was trying to get some lessons in the art of courting, from "Spoony Jo," or "Yanked by the Heart."

When I reached the scene where "Jo, swayed by the mighty emotions of love and quivering with suppressed excitement clasped the blushing Sibil to his throbbing bosom and whispered softly into her willing ears the story for his great love," I determined to follow the instructions of that great book and thereby "cut out" the fellow from over the river. But when Jo sealed their vows by "drawing her close to him and imprinting upon her ruby lips the sacred kiss of pure and boundless love," I almost jumped out the window.

Then I closed the book and listening to the monotonous clang-clang of the wheels I began laying my plans to win the adorable Mary Jane and *do* the other fellow. But soon I was aroused from my pleasant thoughts by hearing the porter call out the name of the village in which I lived. The train stopped and I was soon shaking hands with friends around the station. I was delighted to see my people and dutifully kissed my five little brothers and seven sisters.

I sat in the parlor at home and talked until supper time. After supper was over I told my father that I thought I would take a short stroll about the village and see the changes that had been made while I was away. He did not think to suggest the fact that I could see very little for it was dark now and the clouded sky was lit up only by a few stars which twinkled here and there as if smiling at the folly of the world. Before going on my stroll I read over the clasping scene in my novel and then I put on my best tie and tipped my hat on the back of my head and walked out in all my glory.

Ah, I lived to regret that stroll !

It did not take me long to reach old man Simpson's residence and I approached the gate with a degree of composure and confidence which surprised me. I noted as I opened the gate that a new fence had been built around the house. It

was a high paling fence and the house stood back about one hundred yards from the gate. I also noted as I passed up the walk that there was a light in the parlor. My divinity was expecting me. I had almost reached the steps and was thinking of the clasping act when I heard a fierce growl in the back yard and then around the corner dashed a barking bull-dog. Great Scott, what was I to do! I ran. I chased around the opposite corner and made for the nearest fence. I ran as if Cerberus and all the fiends were after me. I gained the fence and raised myself up but just then I felt myself jerked down. I made another desperate effort and succeeded in clearing the ground and getting out of reach of that fearful bull-dog. But I realized with pain that the dog had already borrowed the lower part of my coat and the pistol-pocket from my Sunday pants. I reached back to ascertain the amount of damage done and as I did so I lost my balance and over I went. In falling, a sharp paling had made a great hole in my pants and thus I was pinioned to the fence up side down. It was a matter of impossibility for me to get away without help for I could just reach the ground with the tips of my fingers. There I hung. The dog had tired of using my coat for chewing-gum and now turned his attention to me and my surroundings. He could get his fierce, foaming mouth too close to me to make me feel comfortable. I resolved then and there that if I ever got out of that awful dilemma I'd kill that dog if I had to paste him over with arsenic and then drown his sorrows in lead. I looked at him and he looked at me. It was a mutual admiration society and the dog seemed very anxious to admire me at a very short distance. We exchanged compliments. He growled and gnawed the fence as if he would be delighted to tear me to pieces. I yelled appropriate, English words at him with all the vocal power of which I was capable. I used such strong language that the fence was scorched in places and I heard afterwards that the air was full of sulphur for many days.

But our conversation was arousing the neighbors and soon

I saw my adorable one and the *other fellow* standing on the porch and the old lady Simpson appeared bringing a lamp. I screamed for help. The young fellow from over the river ran out and after laughing at me all he pleased he released me from my awkward and painful position. I picked up my hat and planted it over certain rents in my clothing and backed out into the darkness. Now, wasn't I in a heavy mood! 'Twas enough to make a fellow cry at the funeral of his mother-in-law.

I went home and used arnica and read my novel. I was mad, sick, sore and in love but my will was undoubted. I kept repeating to myself, "Faint heart never won fair lady." Thus I determined to try again—as soon as I could get well.

The evening before I was to leave home and come back to school I wrote her a little note and told her to watch out for me that night and to *tie the dog*.

I reached the gate about 7:15 but I took about fifteen minutes to walk around on the outside to see how the dog was getting on.

I then marched boldly up and knocked at the door. My dear Mary met me and we were soon seated in close proximity on the sofa in the parlor. I began by telling her about my school days and how I had longed for one glance at her sweet face. Then I waxed eloquent and quoted poetry and told her how I longed to take her to my bosom and swear eternal love. I then attempted to do the clasping act. But instead of clasping I was clasped from behind by an unknow but by a powerful being. I felt like my days were numbered. The next thing I knew I was standing in the front porch. Then old man Simpson's number thirteen brogans struck me with full force and I shot out into space. That was a powerful blow. I have played foot-ball many a time but never did I have such a lick as that before. I got up and ran home as fast as possible not even stopping to *rub*.

Alas, woman is so fickle. Oh, the crushed hearts and the ruined lives that they have crushed. Oh, the torn clothing

and fierce kicks that are all on account of women. Ah, the tacks they have caused to enter into the feet of their devoted husbands as they paced the cold floor at two o'clock at night amid the fumes of paregoric.

Next day I came back to school an older but wiser man. Some of the boys asked me what was the matter with my foot that made me limp; I told them I had fallen on the ice while skating, and they believed me.

Just think of it, I received an invitation to Mary Jane's marriage to-day! The other fellow from over the river is to be the groom.

I do not envy him.

CYRIE.





Literary Notes

F. T. WILLIS,

MANAGER.

Mr. Maurice Hewlett's new novel, "The Madonna of the Peach Tree," like "The Forest Lovers," deals with mediæval life.

Mr. Kipling is writing a series of stories relating the adventures of Stalky and his friends while at a public school. They are to be published serially both in this country and in England before they appear in book form. The first of the the series is in *McClure's Magazine* of December.

Mr. J. M. Barrie is writing the sequel to "Sentimental Tommy." Though it will not be ready for *Scribner's Magazine* this year he hopes to have finished it by the first of 1900.

Mr. Zangwill will spend the winter in this country, lecturing under the management of Major Pond. He is said to be very much interested in the South and will probably visit it later in the season. Major Pond has secured Ian Maclaren for a tour of the Pacific Coast, beginning in the Spring.

Mr. James Lane Allen's "A Kentucky Cardinal" and "Aftermath" are being translated into Japanese, largely through the efforts of Miss Dyer who is now visiting friends in New Orleans. It is interesting to note that a hundred and ten thousand copies of "The Choir Invisible" have been sold. It has just been issued in a revised and illustrated form, Mr. Orson Lovell contributing the illustrations.

All letters in the Buonarotti archives which relate to Michael Angelo are to be published simultaneously in Italian, French, and English. They number eight hundred and were either written to him, by him, or concerning him. Miss Helen Zimmen is translating them into English and Harper Bros., will bring her translation out.

Lord Rosebery's inaugural address as President of the Edinburgh Philosophical Society has called forth some discussion as to whether or not the statesman is a man of letters and whether the literary man as a rule makes a good statesman. Lord Rosebery pointed out that no one ever attained such eminence as a statesman "who was essentially so bookish a man" as did Mr. Gladstone. Our writer has expressed the opinion that in mediæval times, when the statesman was more at leisure than he is at present, he usually liked books. But the modern statesman doesn't have the time to give to reading. Science influences him more than letters. The same writer emphatically denies that the literary man has ever made a successful statement.

Mr. Harold Frederick had reached his forty-third year when he died in November. *The Bookman* says of him: "It was not easy to know him despite the frankness of his manner. He had much in reserve which he imparted only after confidence had been established. But those who knew him best had an absolute belief in the genuine firmness, kindness and simplicity of his character. . . . Mr. Frederick was self-taught, but few men knew so much. There was scarcely any subject on which he was not able to give information. Remarkable as his books were he was greater than his books." An anonymous article on the historical novel which appeared in the *English Bookman* some time ago appeared in the December number over his own name.



Editors Table

W. N. PARKER,

MANAGER.

Among many of our exchanges it seems to be the fad for the contributors, instead of placing their names after their articles, to give their initials or some *nom de plume*. This strikes us as being false modesty. If your contribution is worthy of being published in your college magazine and is accepted by the editor, let him have it and be proud enough of it to put your name after it. But, if you are really too ashamed of it to claim it as yours, by all means keep it out of the magazine, for when one does not think well of his own production, it is hardly likely that others will do so. This may seem a small matter, but there is always some satisfaction, even to a stranger, to know the names of the writers of certain articles, and if this is carried out we feel sure that more care will be taken in the composition and general make-up of the articles submitted for publication.

Again, the editors of many of the Exchange Departments do not seem to realize what is expected of them as exchange editors. They criticise everything in general and nothing in particular. They seem to gather the exchanges of the month under one arm, while with the other arm they proceed to "criticise." Now, if an Exchange Department means anything, it means careful and thoughtful consideration of each magazine that is taken up for criticism, and if this is not done the department may well be left out. Then when a poem is clipped from an exchange it is but due that exchange and the writer to give them credit for it.

"A Meeting on the Road," by Rita Creighton Smith, in the *Smith College Monthly*, is well written, but it lacks the life and spirit which are needed to keep up the reader's interest. In "The Supernatural in Poe and De Manpassant," by Ruth Shepard Phelps, we have quite a new subject treated. The writer has not given us a superficial treatment of the subject, but has made a close study of both authors and presents her facts in a good style.

Especially interesting to those of the Old North State will be the article, "A Sunday Afternoon on the French Broad," by Florence E. Stryker, in the *Vassar Miscellany*. "A Mistake," by Louise Sanderson Hart, and "The Passing of the Master," by Clare E. King, are excellent pieces of fiction. The plots, though light, are well rounded, and each is told in a clear and interesting style, which seems to be characteristic of the fiction which appears in the *Miscellany*.

The Wofford College Journal for December contains a larger number of contributions to its literary department than the number for the previous month, for which we commend them. The article, "The Essential Unity of America and England," is good so far as it goes, but the writer comes to a close before he has hardly entered upon his subject. Such questions as this have been so thoroughly discussed that it is hardly necessary for a college man to undertake it, unless he can throw some new light upon it.

"The College Crow," by Eva M. Williams, in the *College Message*, is tame and shows little genuine literary merit. "What the People Read," by Maude G. England, gives its readers a short summary of each of the popular books of today. The article is most too long, however. In this number of the *Message* there seems to be more interest manifested in literary work.

We acknowledge receipt of the following magazines: *Davidson College Magazine*, *Gray Jacket*, *Vanderbilt Observer*, *U.*

Va. Magazine, North Carolina University Magazine, Furman Echo, Richmond College Messenger, Guilford Collegian, Ozark, King College Magazine, Amherst Lit, Hampden-Sidney Magazine.

THE LANDSMAN (MOSCHUS V).

Whenever o'er the silvery sea the soft winds gently sweep,
 My timid heart is stirred within, and the firm land cannot keep
 Its charms for me, for stronger far is the calm voice of the deep.
 But when the curving white caps foam, and the tempest's thunders roar
 Drives the great billows headlong, and piles them on the shore,
 Then wistfully my eyes are turned on land and trees. I fear
 The sea. The earth is friendly, and the shady woods are dear,
 Where, if perchance the wind blows strong, the whispering pines I hear.
 Oh! dreary is the fisher's life, whose boat is all his home,
 Whose wandering prey are fishes, whose toil is on the foam!
 But mine is peaceful slumber 'neath the deep-leaved plane, and dear
 It is to hear the babble of the plashing fountain near,
 Whose murmur charms the rustic, falling gently on his ear.

—*L. P. C., in U. Va. Magazine.*

A GYPSY LULLABY.

Down amid the whispering grain,
 (Swinging low—soft and low),
 Where the bending poppies blow,
 (Blowing red—nodding slow),
 For thy stars, the fireflies' gleaming,
 Nestling winds to lull thy dreaming,
 Baby mine, Baby mine.

When the fleecy clouds blow chilly,
 (Blowing pale—drifting low),
 Drift where branches swing snow-laden,
 (Swinging slow—hushed and low),
 For thy stars, the embers, glowing,
 From thy father's camp-fire blowing,
 Baby mine, Baby mine.

—*Laurel Louisa Fletcher, in Smith College Monthly.*

THE HEART OF A MAID.

"Petals of the marguerite,
Tell me, pray,
Doth he love me?—Answer
'Yea' or 'nay.'"

"Loveth?" laughs she gaily,
Let him sigh!
For all the love he offers,
What care I?"

"Petals of the marguerite,
Tell me, pray,
Doth he love me?—Answer
'Yea' or 'nay.'"

"Loves not?" weeps she sorely,
"Let me die!
For life without his love,
What care I?"

—A. C., 1901, in *Vassar Miscellany*.

 AUTUMN.

Gray days in grief submerged,
Sere leaves that rustle sad,
Dull rain on sodden earth,
And yet a spirit glad.
Type of a storm-swept heart,
That numbed with chilling pain
Thro' mists of sorrows drear,
Views Hope's return again.

—*Davidson College Magazine*.



Y.M.C.A. Department

J. H. BARNHARDT,

MANAGER.

“Whether life is noble or ignoble depends, not on the calling which is adopted, but on the spirit in which it is followed. The humblest life may be noble, while that of the most powerful monarch or the greatest genius may be contemptible. . . . Life must be measured rather by depth than by length, by thought and action rather than by time.”—*Lubbock.*

* * *

We are now starting upon the work of a new year. As we look back over the past few months, we are perhaps impressed with the fact that many duties have been left undone. It is now in order to ask ourselves some very pointed questions. Seeing the mistakes of the past, are we going deliberately to repeat them? What new plans are we going to undertake? How many men have I led to Christ during the past year? If none, why? Am I nearer Christ than I was a year ago? What is my influence worth among my school-mates? These and many similar questions crowd upon us. They demand an answer. How shall we answer them? New Year greetings come to each of you from our Association. Will you be true to her during the coming months? It lies within our power to make this the best year in its history. Shall we prove recreant to our duty, or shall we, like men, obey the voice which urges us on to greater things? Let every one feel the demand that is upon him to make this year's work a success in every way.

The motives of three missionaries—McKay, Judson, and Duff—were considered at the meeting on December 4. These were ably discussed by Messrs. Parker, Webb, and Mims. No sincere man can face such lives without being made better. In order to understand the motives which prompted these men to undergo so many sacrifices for the sake of Christianity, it is necessary to look beyond the surface into the kingdom of the soul, and there measure the strength of that love which is willing to submit to pain and even death itself, in order to save a soul. No appeal, more genuine and pathetic, could be made in behalf of missions than those which speak to us from the tomb of such heroes as these. The more we study the lives of such men, the greater is the probability of our imitating their example.

* * *

On Sunday, December 11, Mr. S. A. Stewart spoke of the "Value of song in Christian worship." He emphasized the importance of song in uniting the thoughts of all upon one idea—that which is embodied in the hymn. This prepares the way for the reception of the address or sermon. He spoke of music as emanating from God and filling the whole universe, thus forming a constituent part of all being. Hence, in order to be a well-developed Christian, one must not neglect the training of his musical nature. While every one may not be able to sing, still he must not be insensible to music. Otherwise he fails to be ethically perfect. A short song service was held at the close of his speech. Good singing cannot be too highly prized.

* * *

Our last meeting for December will long be remembered. Dr. Kilgo spoke to us from Psalms 121:8: "The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even forevermore." No more suitable subject could have been chosen just at that time. It was the first time this year we have had the privilege of hearing him speak


in the Y. M. C. A. The attendance was good, and everybody was greatly impressed by his speech. Dr. Kilgo has the utmost confidence of every student. This is due to the fact that we *know* him. He loves us too, and feels at home among us. He is in hearty sympathy with the Christian work of the Association. Whenever he speaks, he does not fail to make a profound impression upon his hearers. The older men will remember with what telling effect he labored last year in our evangelistic meeting. We hope Dr. Kilgo may have the opportunity of speaking to us again in the near future.

* * *

Have you stopped to consider the fact that very few of our college magazines have seen fit to set apart a specific department for the benefit of the Y. M. C. A.? A few of them permit the religious work of the students to be spoken of in their pages. These are to be commended. The pity is that there are so few to commend. In the majority of cases, college slang is painfully in evidence, while not an item of religious interest is to be found from start to finish. Nothing would be more sensible than a great deal of genuine reform in regard to this matter. What relation does your religious Association sustain to the life of your institution? Is it of small importance in shaping the character and determining the conduct of the student body? Or is it in possession of principles which permeate the entire college community, making themselves felt in the class-room, on the athletic grounds, and in all the associations incident to college life? If the Association is what it should be, it ought to be the favorite of every student. Why? Because it stands for all that is ennobling in the experience of Christian young men. Here is the common ground where students of all classes meet to exchange sympathy and love, and to help in the bearing of each other's burdens. Here the common heart beats in unison with the divine heart, and receives from its highest source that wisdom which is needed in the discharge

of *every* duty, be it great or small. Then if the function of the Y. M. C. A. is of such vast importance, why crowd it from the pages of the magazine which proposes to give the best thought and life of the college community? It should have at least a corner somewhere to breathe a prayer for, and invoke a benediction upon, the reader into whose hands it may fall. True, our magazines are not religious newspapers, but they will lose none of their literary merit by the simple statement of a few religious items.





At Home and Abroad

EDW. R. WELCH,

MANAGER.

Dr. W. P. Few lectured at Guilford College on the 10th of last month. Subject, "Shakespeare and His Place in the Education of English People."

Prof. Mims gave a very interesting and instructive lecture at the Durham Public Library on the 9th. Subject, "Books that are Laid on the Shelf."

At the same place, on the evening of the 16th, Dr. Bassett gave his lecture, "Bismarck and Gladstone," to a very appreciative audience.

Dr. Kilgo attended the recent session of the South Carolina Conference.

We were pleased to have visits from the following gentlemen during the past month: Revs. B. B. Culbreth, the new pastor of Bladen Street, Wilmington; S. E. Mercer, pastor Sneads Grove circuit; H. Turner, pastor of Hot Springs circuit, and A. J. Daily, of Burlington; Profs. D. H. Littlejohn, of Old Trinity, and H. B. Craven, the new principal of East Durham graded school. All are faithful alumni. Come again, gentlemen.

Mr. L. M. Carlton, a former student here, is studying law with Messrs. Boone & Bryant, of Durham.

Dr. Bassett was elected president of the North Carolina Historical Society at its recent convention.

Prof. Dowd and his classes in Political Economy and Social Science spent three days in Washington City recently. The

purpose of this trip was to study the institutions of the capital city. It was a rare occasion and alike very beneficial.

E. H. Meadows is one of the most prominent business men in New Berne. He is president of the Trinity Alumni Association in his city.

A. H. White, class '90, was the Democratic candidate for Clerk of the Court in Jones county, and was elected by good majority.

W. H. Anderson, class '98, is Professor of Latin and Greek in the New Berne Academy.

We note with pleasure the convalescence of Prof. Meritt, who has been ill for several weeks.



Resolutions of Respect.

WHEREAS, God has deemed it best to call from action to rest an esteemed and honored son of the Columbian Literary Society, Judge E. T. Boykin, therefore be it resolved—

1st. That while the Society recognizes in his death an irreparable loss, still it cheerfully submits to the righteous will of Him who doeth all things well.

2d. That we believe the State to have lost one of her ablest jurists and worthy sons, one whose labors were constant in behalf of his country, and whose zeal for the right was ever undaunted.

3d. That we take this means of declaring to the public our appreciation of his worth and of extending to his afflicted family our heartiest sympathies.

4th. That a copy of these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of our Society, a copy be sent to the family of the deceased, and that copies be sent to THE ARCHIVE and *Christian Educator* for publication.

B. G. ALLEN,
S. A. STEWART,
J. M. CULBRETH,
Committee.

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TRINITY PARK, DURHAM, FEBRUARY, 1899.

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H. M. NORTH,

MANAGER.

A NEW STUDY OF SHAKSPERE.

BY W. P. FEW.

Another important book on Shakspeare, has recently been added to the long list. It is written by the distinguished Danish critic and poet, George Brandes, and is entitled William Shakespeare—a Critical Study. It is in many ways a notable contribution to the study of our greatest poet. This Danish critic has peculiar qualifications for the task he has undertaken. He is a foreigner, and for this reason is able to look at his subject with entire freedom from any national prejudice; he is himself a poet, a keen critic, and a man of great insight; he has been a wide student of English literature and literature in general, and is more than usually competent to judge of the evidence.

It may be said then at once that Dr. Brandes has produced a book that will take rank among the best of its kind, and the book is to be cordially commended. The criticism of the individual plays discussed in chronological order is usually keen and often happy; but the book is primarily an attempt to find Shakspeare in his works. "This book was not written with the intention of describing Shakespeare's triumphant progress through the world, nor of telling the tale of his world-wide dominion. Its purpose was to declare and prove that Shakespeare is not thirty-six plays and a few poems jumbled together and read *pele-mele*, but a man who felt and thought, rejoiced and suffered, brooded, dreamed, and created.

"For too long has it been the custom to say, 'We know nothing about Shakespeare . . . It is to refute this idea of Shakespeare's impersonality . . . The poet has incorporated his whole individuality in these writings, and there, if we can read aright, we shall find him . . . William Shakespeare . . . rises a wonderful personality in grand and distinct outlines, with all the vivid colouring of life from the pages of his books, before the eyes of all who read them with an open, receptive mind, with sanity of judgment and simple susceptibility to the power of genius.'"

This purpose thus clearly set down on the last page of the book is manifest from the beginning. Such an attempt to study the personality of Shakspeare and to explain Shakspeare's works in the light of his supposed experiences is interesting; but it is not always satisfactory, because it is hardly ever convincing. It calls for too much exercise of faith and allows too much room for the capricious fancy of the individual critic. It is not to be questioned that much may be gathered from his works about the personality of Shakspeare; we may know a great deal of what manner of man he was. But it is not so easy to be sure of the actual experiences of his life. There are some tradi-

tions and may be endless conjectures; but after all we do *know* but little about the actual life of Shakspeare as he lived it. And, furthermore, Brandes makes more of the immanence of Shakspeare in his works than is common with great artists or safe to assume for Shakspeare. It is never possible to tell how much of their actual experience is reflected in the work of the great impersonal artists. A cautious reader constantly demurs at the way in which Brandes accepts traditions and applies them to his interpretation of plays of Shakspeare, just as he sees some actual experience back of the underlying mood of most of the plays.

For example, to cite only a few instances, Brandes seems rather too sure of the tradition reported by Rowe that Shakspeare was driven from Stratford by Sir Thomas Lucy because of his deer-stealing raids on this gentleman's park, and this tradition is used to explain a well known place in "The Merry Wives of Windsor." This tradition may be true, but it only belongs to the Shakspeare legend and can't be accepted as a fact. Again, Brandes assumes that Shakspeare's marriage was unhappy, a disputed point on which there is no convincing evidence. But he says: "Ordinary knowledge of the world is sufficient to suggest that his association with a village girl eight years older than himself couldn't satisfy or fill his life. The study of his works confirms this conjecture . . . There are . . . several passages in his dramas which may fairly be taken as indicating that he regarded his marriage in the light of a youthful folly." Here Brandes cites the words of the Duke to Viola in Twelfth Night, where he says a man should always marry a woman younger than himself, or his affection cannot hold the bent. By this process of attributing to Shakspeare the sentiments he makes his characters utter, one can easily prove Shakspeare to have been anything he wishes. Brandes places together numerous citations of this nature from Shakspeare's plays, no one

of which alone could possibly be accepted as evidence that Shakspeare's marriage was a failure. But he seems to feel that these counts, no one of which by itself can have weight, if taken together, make a strong bill of indictment. Having satisfied himself that Anne Hathaway played a small part in Shakspeare's life, he proceeds to make for the poet *liaisons dangereuses*. He repeats the gossip of Aubrey, that Sir William Davenant was the natural son of Shakspeare, and makes a long story of the "dark lady" of the sonnets. Aubrey's gossip deserves no consideration at the hands of one who is collecting evidence, and the mood of the sonnets can be accounted for on grounds much more creditable to Shakspeare.

These illustrations of Brandes' method must suffice. He has followed his method with remarkable acumen and good sense, but the effort was foredoomed to failure. We may learn a great deal from his works of the personality of Shakspeare, but it is not possible to know much of the actual experiences of the man's life. But in spite of this fault of undertaking to do what perhaps cannot be done, the book is full of learning and critical insight.

There is often a fearlessness and downright quality in Brandes' criticism that is refreshing. He is especially sharp when speaking of the advocates of the Baconian theory. "Any one who has read even a few of Bacon's essays or a stanza or two of his verse translations, and who can discover in them any trace of Shakespeare's style in prose or verse, is no more fitted to have a voice on such questions than an inland bumpkin is fitted to lay down the law upon navigation." And he has other sharp things to say of the advocates of this theory—a theory which intelligent readers of Shakspeare and Bacon feel to be beneath contempt. Brandes has not hesitated to speak what he believes to be the whole truth, whether he is speaking of Queen Elizabeth, King James, or King Shakspeare, and this candor gives his criticism much more value.

Brandes has read widely in the literature about Shakspeare and he is usually up to date. It is, however, not clear that he has seen the latest views on Hamlet by Sarrazin. He has then thoroughly studied the subject and brings wide knowledge and common sense to the interpretation of Shakspeare. For doing this he has the gratitude of Shakspeare students, even if he has not made much distinct contribution to our knowledge of the subject.

He has treated the plays in the broadest way and has not often indulged in minute interpretation of lines of Shakspeare. He has rarely allowed himself any verbal comment, and he does not give us reason to believe he has the equipment for this. For instance, speaking of Oberon, he says he "is of French descent ('auberon,' from l'aube du jour)." When a distinguished critic in the closing years of the nineteenth century can perpetrate such etymologizing as this, one wonders if the millennium will ever come.

Brandes' estimate of Shakspeare's influence on England and the whole modern world is interesting. After speaking of Hamlet's influence on Goethe, and through Goethe on Byron, and through Byron on Heine, Hamlet's influence in France, in Russia, and in Poland, he writes: "With such piercing vision has Shakespeare searched out the depths of his own, and at the same time of all human nature, and so boldly and surely has he depicted the outward semblance of what he saw, that, centuries later, men of every country and of every race have felt their own being moulded like wax in his hand, and have seen themselves in his poetry as in a mirror." Again he writes: "From the moment his life's history ceases his greater history begins. We find its first record in Great Britain, and consequently in North America; then it spread among the German-speaking peoples and the whole Teutonic race, on through the Scandinavian countries to the Finns and the Slavonic races. We find his influence in France, Spain, and Italy; and now, in the nineteenth century it may be

traced over the whole civilized world. . . . All the real intellectual life of England since his day has been stamped by his genius, and all her creative spirits have imbibed their life's nourishment from his works. Modern German intellectual life is based, through Lessing, upon him. Goethe and Schiller are unimaginable without him. His influence is felt in France through Voltaire, Victor Hugo, and Alfred de Vigny. Sudovic Vitel and Alfred de Musset were from the first inspired by him. Not only the drama in Russia and Poland felt his influence, but the inmost spiritual life of the Slavonic story-tellers and brooders is fashioned after the pattern of his imperishable creations. From the moment of the regeneration of poetry in the North he was revered by Ewald, Oehlenschlaeger, Bredohl, and Hauch, and he is not without his influence on Bjoernson and Ibsen."

These are proud words and coming from a distinguished foreigner justify the modern English poet in calling Shakspeare "The pride, the monarch of mankind."



KIDNAPPED.

BY J. M. CULBRETH.

On a gloomy morning in the latter part of December, 1898, two parties of sight-seers thronged the magnificent halls of the wonderful Congressional Library at Washington City, D. C. One party had travelled a weary day and far into the night from North Carolina to reach the Capital City. The other had come from Pennsylvania, reaching Washington the same night that the North Carolina party did. Both parties were made up of students, as was evident from the colors that many members of each party wore.

The sound of a multitude of footsteps on the marble floors had been heard all the morning. It was noon, and many of the excursionists had left the building. A considerable number, however, still lingered over some pictures and photographs which were exhibited in large show cases. At one of these stood a little girl, alone. She was just tall enough to see over its edge, apparently she was nearly eight years of age. Her skin was dark and clear. A few deep brown curls hung gracefully around her small ears. Long, dark lashes protected a pair of sparkling, black eyes. Her pretty, laughing lips revealed two rows of white teeth of uniform size and shape. She wore a blue dress with velvet trimmings. Her hat matched her dress, and was fastened on her head by an electric band passing under her chin.

This was the pretty little maid that Wade Cardon, a North Carolina boy, saw as he was strolling leisurely through the hall on his way to the front entrance. He stopped and spoke to her :

“What is your name little girl?”

She turned round quickly with a startled look in her eyes, but was instantly reassured when she looked into the merry twinkling eyes bent on her.

"Lizzie Wyngate," she answered, without any hesitation.

"And where do you live?" Wade asked encouragingly.

"I live in Somerville in Pennsylvania, what is your name?" she enquired, before Wade could continue.

"My name is Wade Cardon, and I live in North Carolina," he replied. "Is your papa or mama here with you?"

"Yes sir, papa and mama both are here."

Just then a tall, whiskered man, wearing gold-rimmed spectacles came up, followed by a fashionably dressed woman of medium height.

"Why, Lizzie, what did you stop here for?" asked the gentleman in a kindly, eager tone. "We didn't know what had become of you. What, you have made friends with this gentleman? Well tell him good bye, for we must go now."

She said good-bye to Wade, and placing her hand in that of her father's, trotted off happy and contented.

The next morning between seven and eight o'clock several North Carolina boys were gathered around a heat radiator in a hotel office. One of them, John Richmond, was reading the morning paper. Suddenly he said, "Here's something sensational, fellows, do you want to hear it?"

"Yes, read it," said two or three boys together. John then began to read an account of the mysterious disappearance of a child from the National Hotel.

"Read that name again, please," interrupted Wade Cardon eagerly.

"Lizzie Wyngate," John replied."

"Why fellows, that is the name of the little girl that I got acquainted with in the Congressional Library yesterday," said Wade. "She belongs to that Pennsylvania party." Finish reading the account, John."

"There's not much more of it," said John. "It is thought that she was kidnapped, and every effort is being made to find her. Her father has offered a large reward for her recovery. He must be wealthy."

Soon after, the boys left the office, and started on their second day's excursion of fun and sight-seeing.

From all appearances, little Lizzie Wyngate had been kiddapped. It was on the evening of the same day that she had talked to Wade Cardon in the Library. A good many of the party from Pennsylvania were sitting in the parlor of the National Hotel waiting for dinner. Presently Mr. and Mrs. Wyngate came down and joined the company. Mrs. Wyngate looked around, and with a disappointed expression on her face asked where Lizzie was. No one had seen her since she went up stairs with her parents.

"Why, she left our room nearly fifteen minutes ago, and said she was coming down here where you all were," said Mrs. Wyngate in a slightly alarmed tone.

"O, I guess she is here somewhere, said Mr. Wyngate," reassuringly. Very likely she mistook the office for the parlor and went in there. I'll go see."

"And I'll go with you," said Mrs. Wyngate. Lizzie was not in the office. Mr. Wyngate inquired of the clerk about her. He had not seen her.

"I noticed a little girl with a blue dress on pass through here some fifteen minutes ago," remarked a gentleman who was standing near. "She went out at that door," he continued, indicating with a nod a small side door near the front entrance.

"Thank you," said Mr. Wyngate as he stepped to the door and opened it. He looked out upon a bustling, hurrying throng of people, carts, wagons and horses. At the foot of a flight of steps leading up to the small piazza on which he was standing, Mr. Wyngate caught sight of something that made him utter a short exclamation of surprise. It was a small over-shoe. Descending the steps he picked it up, and at once recognized it as one that Lizzie had worn. Of course no further evidence was necessary to prove to Mr. Wyngate that some misfortune had befallen

his child. He stood bewildered for a moment, then he walked up the steps and handed the over-shoe to his wife, at the same time confessing his conviction that Lizzie was lost. Mrs. Wyngate's grief can be imagined, not described. She was almost frantic. Mr. Wyngate tried to restrain his grief, the better to control her. Speaking encouragingly to her, he led her to her room, and then went out to alarm the police and start the search for his little girl.

At nine o'clock he came back, and throwing himself into a chair wept bitterly. "I've done all I could, dear wife," he said in a grief-stricken voice. "We must try calmly and patiently to await the results."

The bereaved parents passed a sleepless night. The morning dawned cold and cloudy. A snow storm was threatening, and before night the city was wrapped in a soft, silent mantle of white. No tidings of Lizzie had come to their anxious ears.

The second morning after Lizzie's disappearance four boys boarded a Pennsylvania Avenue car at Fourteenth Street. Wade Cardon was one of them. It was easy to judge from their enthusiastic conversation that they were visitors in the city.

"Fellows," declared Wade Cardon, "This is the last day we'll be in Washington, and we must make the most of it."

"We are due at Seventh Street wharf at ten o'clock to go down the river, so we havn't much time to spend out here," remarked Ikey Kinlaw as he glanced at his watch.

By this time the boys had gone a long distance in a north-westerly direction. They were coming to the suburbs of the city. Nearly everybody except them had left the car. Finally they stopped near a large brick building with a granite front, and the conductor sang out: "This is the end of the line, gentlemen, just one block down this street, turn to the right, and you will go straight to Georgetown University."

“Thank you,” said John Richmond, “come, fellows, let’s hurry up.”

The boys walked to the end of the block, as directed, and turned to the right. But nothing was to be seen in that direction but a very long, steep flight of stone steps, leading, apparently, to a work-shop of some kind above.

“Pshaw! you know this isn’t the way,” said Willis Reid,” we must go farther down and then turn up.”

Wade Cardon looked around him. He and his companions were standing under the brow of a hill on the summit of which only the tops of many houses were visible. The Potomac swept around the foot of the hill to their left, a long iron bridge spanned the river at this place. Carts and wagons and crowds of pedestrians were crossing back and forth. On the north side of the bridge, and close up to the bank was a kind of artificial canal, very much resembling a large mill-race. In this canal there were several fishing boats large enough for their owners to live in them; and, indeed, so they did. Small, squatty cabins, like chicken coops, were crowded onto the decks of the boats. Several dingy shops and little stores were jammed together near the foot of the bridge.

The boys walked on down the narrow, rugged street for a considerable distance, but the prospect of reaching their destination by keeping that direction grew less and less hopeful. At last they stopped before a miserable, tumble-down store-house with a low shed in front. A two-horse wagon stood at the door, and a negro boy sat in the wagon holding the horses.

“Can you tell us how to go to Georgetown University, please,” John Richmond asked the boy.

The negro very kindly directed them to retrace their steps, and go up the flight of steps, thus they could reach the University.

Wade Cardon had left the other boys and was standing near the edge of the canal talking to a rough looking man

on one of the fishing boats. From appearances the man had not long ago waked up. He wore no coat, and his eyes were red and heavy. He had just finished combing his thick, iron-gray locks with an almost toothless comb, aided by a small, badly cracked hand-mirror. Evidently Wade was deeply interested in the man's domestic affairs.

"Have you any children?" he asked.

"One little shaver," below replied the man gruffly, pointing down a dark hole just within the wretched cabin.

"Say, why can't I come on board and see how you're fixed up? Wade asked pertinently.

"Just 'cause you can't, I recon," the man answered testily.

"You mean you won't allow me, then?" persisted Wade.

"'Zackly," replied the man shortly.

"Is that your child sobbing so pitifully?" Wade asked.

"Reckon 'tis,—it's been sick fur three days," the man hastened to add.

"Come on," Ikey Kinlaw called to Wade, "or we'll leave you."

"Well, good-bye stranger," said Wade to the man as he hurried away to join his companions. But the man disappeared under the floor of the boat without returning Wade's good-bye.

"Who was that man you were talking to, Cardon?" Willis Reid asked as Wade came up.

"I don't know," Wade answered, "but I do know that he is a very peculiar man."

They had turned the corner to go up the steps. Wade Cardon stopped. "Boys," he said, "I don't care especially to see the University, so I'm not going with you. I'll meet you at the wharf at ten o'clock."

The boys insisted on his going, but Wade was firm, and so, after promising to be at the wharf at the set time, they disappeared over the top of the hill.

While Wade was talking to the man at the canal, a very strange idea had taken possession of him. The ugly conduct and indisposition of the man to talk had aroused his suspicion. He believed that there was some secret locked up in the hold of that boat, and he had determined to investigate it. Accordingly he acted. Something more than an hour had elapsed when he appeared at the canal again. This time he was accompanied by two sturdy policemen, and he took them straight to the boat on which he had seen the uncivil fisherman. On the boat there was no sign of life. Everything was closed up.

"It looks deserted here," said one of the policemen.

"Are you certain this is the boat you are looking for?" the other asked Wade.

"Quite certain," replied Wade. "Let's use this timber as a gang-plank," he continued.

A large timber was put in place, and the three passed over to the deck of the boat. One of the policemen tried the door of the cabin. It would not open. He shook it violently at the same time calling loudly, but there was no response.

"There's nobody on this boat," he said rather impatiently, turning to Wade.

But just then the men were startled by the scream of a child. The sound came from beneath them.

"Force the door," commanded Wade.

One of the big policemen threw himself against the small door and it crashed in. Then shuffling footsteps were heard, and a large face covered with coal dust and perspiration and swollen with anger appeared through the small hatchway. Wade recognized it. With a terrible oath, the man demanded of Wade what he did there. In answer Wade marched boldly down the almost perpendicular steps closely followed by the policeman. They found themselves in a narrow passage leading to a dark room.

The ceiling was very low. A foul, damp odor greeted them.

"Guard this man well," said Wade turning to one of the policemen, "while this officer and I search this hovel."

The man made a movement as if he thought of resisting, but a significant look from his guard, accompanied by an appropriate gesture, quieted him.

The officer and Wade went straight into the little room at the end of the passage. Wade struck a match, and by its light saw a low, rickety cot in the remotest corner of the room. There appeared to be a person lying on it. Wade approached and lit another match. Its flickering, uncertain light revealed a sad picture to him. A small, wan face, besmirched with dirt, was pressed against a dingy pillow. The child's sunken eyes were closed. Its dark hair was cut short. Wade bent forward and shook the child gently, but could not arouse it. He passed his fingers over its parted lips and then to his nose, "Chloriform!" he ejaculated to himself, "Well, she shall wake up in a happier place," he continued, still to himself, "Officer," he said turning to the policeman, "go make that man secure. This is Lizzie Wyngate."

The day had been a dismal, sad one for Mr. and Mrs. Wyngate. Snow had been falling, and now it was sleet-ing. The unfortunate parents had received no intelligence from the police with reference to Lizzie. Mr. Wyngate had just come into the room, and seated himself at a table to write a letter. He had scarcely picked up his pen when there came a gentlerap at the door. "Come in," said Mr. Wyngate. The door opened and Wade Cordan entered. Mr. and Mrs. Wyngate rose to meet him, when with a little scream of joy Lizzie rushed into their arms.

That night all the North Carolina party left for home except Wade Cordon. He had to stay in Washington until after the trial of the kidnapers. For when the fisherman found himself caught, he confessed his guilt as party

to the crime and made it easy for the police to capture his accomplice.

Wade enjoyed the week spent in Washington at Mr. Wyn-gate's expense very much. He got home by Christmas and had a snug sum in his pocket, for he received the amount that was offered for Lizzie's return.



A FRENCHMAN'S ENGLISH.

BY C. W. EDWARDS.

The correspondence now being carried on by students of French at Trinity with students of English in France is proving to be very interesting as well as profitable. It is giving us an insight into the real France with its greatly misunderstood tendencies and customs. The ideas, even of educated people, concerning French life as well as literature, are largely gathered from the productions of Zola, Maupassant and the like that are disseminated abroad in the form of poor translations, on account of their salable filthiness. Even when they read these works in the original their knowledge of the language is such that it is only the vulgarity that can appeal to them. In the present position of French in the smaller colleges the great bulk of ideas must come second hand—but it is imperative that they come as directly and as accurately as possible. While theoretically we should get our ideas of literature from the master minds directly and of customs by observation, yet as a practical matter we have to get our notions otherwise. We must, however, try to see their life and literature from their standpoint as nearly as possible if we do not wish to condemn unjustly.

The particular point that the following extracts are introduced to show is the immense superiority of the European methods of language teaching. I do not think the American third year student of French can write anything like so correct a French letter as these second year students write English—even when not considering the inherent difficulty of the English language.

The prevalent idea that has been fatal to French in many colleges is the same that many of us have held of the French nation—that the destiny of France is to provide more or less innocent amusement for mankind; and the pathetic endeavors of some teachers to make the study of

French perfectly innocent, has also its painfully ludicrous side. It has been made a subject that takes up considerable time on the schedule and does not mean much otherwise—except to enable students to decipher nice stories after the manner of a cable code or telegraphic symbols. Without hard and continued study, sufficient to permit one to write and read without translating, anything like a true appreciation of literature is impossible—the opinions of many to the contrary notwithstanding.

Accompanying each letter in English they send one in French generally discussing current topics of interest to Frenchmen. Thus we have had the Spanish-American war, the Fashoda incident and the Dreyfus case.

The correspondence has brought out the fact that the State pays the entire expenses of the students, and that they are granted a half holiday on Thursdays and Sundays.

The specimens given below are of the average quality. The omissions were simply of personal and uninteresting matter :

‘I was exceedingly pleased to have a correspondent in America and hasten to write you. I am pupil-teacher to the Training College of Savenay. I shall be eighteen years old the next 12th of October. I was born at Lavan, little town placed at eight kilometers of Savenay on the banks and in the fine valley of the Loire. My home is about at one kilometer of the Loire only. In a year I shall go out of the school and I shall be placed as teacher.

‘At the Training College the lasting of the studies is three years. . . . We play very little. Some time we play at foot ball. In the play ground we walk and look at the girls walking on the way. I shall be very glad to know your age. I should want how to know in detail your college. How many are you in your college? Is this one mixed school? . . . We are 16 school-pupils in third year, but we are 58 in all the school. I has read the story of which you speak—Colomba of Prosper Merimee—and I like it, chiefly the episode of the Corsican battalion at Vittoria in Spain, the fine answer of the Orso, a young lieutenant at the English colonel: ‘It is my father,’ and the delightful conversations between Orso and Miss Nevil. I like so the fierce Colomba. This Corsican story has a foundation of reality. Do you know Alexander Dumas and Jules Verne? There are two French authors that I much like. My great difficulties I find in English are the pronunciation and the anglicisms. . . . I send you two papers; one of

them is a paper of fashion. I hope you will take a pleasure in reading them. I send you my photography taken before a match of Foot-Ball."

"Every Thursday we go walk watched by a professor. We rise at 5:30 o'clock and go to bed at 9 o'clock. Last Sunday a woman is climed in a balloon at hot air. At the first ascencion the furnace was taken in the ropes and the balloon rub the poor areonaut upon the houses on a length from 200 yards. At the second ascent the balloon climed majestically over Perigueux at a highness from 500 yards. This lady has got down very softly on the ground."



STANDING AT THE CROSSING.

BY N. O. P.

This thorny road from youth to man
Through myriad dangers goes,
By many a by-path that would lead
The soul to endless woes.

We travel till perchance we reach
Some stable vantage ground,
Unconscious of the hidden snares
That once did girt us round.

'Tis strange to us how we escaped
When right and wrong did lie
So close that one could scarcely tell
Which one to journey by.

But when we look, ah, we do see,
There where the ways divide,
That loving forms with patient steps
Are walking by our side,

And leading us with gentle force
Upward along the way
That tends toward heaven and the realm
Of everlasting day.

Forms, loving forms, of those we love
Which aye more dear become,
Tho' some have reached the journey's end,
And wait for us at home.

Tho' these are gone we still can hear
Their words of other days—
And they are still with power fraught
To help us on our ways.

They're standing still at crossings vague,
Where life a guide demands,
And, past the danger into light,
They beckon with their hands.

WORDSWORTH'S COLLEGE LIFE.

BY D. W. NEWSOM.

The College careers of our poets have, as a rule, been far from brilliant. Wordsworth's sojourn at Cambridge was no exception to this rule. Notwithstanding his impressionable nature, college life seemed at the time to touch him at few points; yet, in after years every incident of his college days remains as vividly before him as when he sat idly about on the rustic seats or stretched lazily on the shaded grass beneath the oaks. In fact, the *remembrance* of his stay at Cambridge seems to have given him more pleasure than college life itself, and it is with great delight that he recalls the events of "those recollected hours that have the charm of visionary things, those lovely forms and sweet sensations that throw back our life, and almost make remotest infancy a visible scene."

One could hardly understand the deportment of Wordsworth at college did he not know something of his earlier life and surroundings. A child of the wild woods, sequestered in unbroken composure, he had no teachers or inspirers save the clouds that drifted above him, the shadows that flickered in the still flowing waters, the flowers that flecked the hillsides, and songs of birds amid the deep greenness of the woods. Amid the freedom of the air and the freshness of the sunshine he had chased the butterflies, with nothing to disturb or weary him, save his own childish boundings over hill and vale. In short, about his home were "the sweetest landscapes that art ever attempted to imitate, an unsuspected paradise of peace and rusticity." Left an orphan boy at the age of thirteen, without the strong restraints of parental affection, Wordsworth naturally became a child of the wild woods. So it must have been with great reluctance that he surrendered the attractions of the woods and fields for the rigid demands of Cambridge life. His school days began in the

Grammar School at Hawkshead, where he was sent with his brother Richard. Of these days he says, "I have little to say, but that they were very happy ones, chiefly because I was left at liberty then." Thus Wordsworth was always happy where he had liberty. While at Hawkshead he wrote some short poems, at the suggestion of his teacher, and these are but the dawn, the first faint glimmer of the full day, the prelude to a life of song. As vacation approached he doubtless felt deeper than ever, as every school-boy does, the sweet sadness in leaving the old school-house and the familiar play-grounds, and so he wrote the following lines :

"Dear native regions I foretell,
From what I feel at this farewell,
That, wheresoe'er my steps may tend,
And whensoe'er my course shall end,
If in that hour a single tie
Survive of local sympathy,
My soul will cast the backward view,
The longing look alone on you."

His vacations he spent in reading and in roaming with his sister the woods and fields that had been his companions through all his young life.

In the month of October, 1787, he set off for St. John's College. Every college student can imagine the impressions which came to him as he caught the first sight of King's College, with its turrets and pinnacles high above a dusky grove, as he seemed to be drawn into the city with an eddy's force. How he must have gazed upon that student who passed along the roadside, dressed in his long gown and tasseled cap! Every student must be familiar with Wordsworth's feelings during his first days under the roof of college. A strange boy, in a strange land, amid strange faces,—“a stripling of the hills” amid doctors, students, and busy halls.

Near Wordsworth's room stood Trinity College, and “Trinity's loquacious clock” seemed to haunt him; her

pealing organ was his neighbor too, and in the moonlight he could see from his pillow the statue of Newton, "with his prism and silent face, the marble index of a mind forever voyaging through strange seas of thought, alone." As days passed on the newness of things wore away, and nothing seemed to trouble the mind of Wordsworth, save "examinations, with their excessive hopes, tremblings withal, and commendable fears." Wordsworth fell in with the crowd of boys who indulge in "good-natured lounging." His free life at home could not sober down and submit to the fetters of college life. To some extent he must have been disappointing to his home folks, for they had with difficulty, sent him to college and expected him to study hard. He recoiled from the competitions and rivalries of college life. We should like to have seen the calm, philosophic Wordsworth, when he turned dandy, and wore hose of silk, and powdered hair, and in the room formerly occupied by Milton, drank to the health of the blind bard, till the fumes of the wine hand-cuffed his brain. He was fond of "idleness and joy," and took part in the sports of the hour. But as days passed on, in seasons of calm and quietude there came to Wordsworth the thought of his early affections, "those shadowy recollections," and the sight of the time

"When meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth, and every common sight
To him did seem
Apparelled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream."

Those early delights of home life crept back before him. Culture, society, nothing could obliterate the deep trace of that early training, where solitude and isolation had induced meditation and reflection, a staunch dependence of the mind upon its own powers. He had lived in a village where everybody knew everybody else, where nothing of interest happened but that everybody knew it. When death entered any home there was an echo of sympathy

from every fireside. Every grave in the little churchyard had a story to tell. It was in such a village that Wordsworth learned that homely, human sympathy. During his last year or two at college, the picture of all this peace and simplicity and human sympathy bore upon him with its charms, and he sought the woods and fields where he might get intimations and remembrances of his earlier days. He no longer enjoyed the riots, and the "unprofitable talks at morning hours." "The dazzling show had ceased to dazzle," and he left his comrades and the busy buildings and strolled where his mind might return to its earlier surroundings and earlier joys, and feel at home again, for to every natural form,—flowers, fruits, and even the loose stones, he attributed a moral life, and with them he felt a common brother. Wordsworth began to be "disturbed at times by prudent thoughts, wishing to hope without a hope;" was troubled about his future maintenance in the world, and more than all, he felt that college was not the place for him, and his college labors were rather forced, for he says, "I did not love the timid course of our scholastic studies."

It was during his last year or two at college that he determined to be a poet, and during his vacations he was "harassed with the toil of verse, much pains and little progress." His poetic career began with a sunrise and ended with a sunset. It was during a summer vacation, when he had passed the whole night in dancing—"amid the din of instruments and shuffling feet"—where glancing forms and tapers glittering made his spirit mount high, and where slight shocks of young love-liking tingled through his veins. It was day before he left the dance, and on his way home he was struck with the grandeur of the rising morning. The laughing sea stretched before him; a short distance from him the mountains shone, bright as the clouds, while in the meadows and the low-grounds, the dews and the melody of birds, and laborers on their

way to the fields, filled the hour with a silent rapture, and it was there that he dedicated himself to the sphere of poetry. In connection with Wordsworth's description of this morning should be read the beautiful poem which may be said virtually to close his poetic career,—that poem composed upon an evening of extraordinary splendor, when he stood before a sublime sunset, the silent spectacle—the gleam—the shadow—and the peace supreme!

Wordsworth's vacations are more interesting both to him and the reader than his college sessions. When he goes home after a year of college life, what a thrill of joy must have quivered through him as he approached the snow-white church on the hill and felt again the freedom of his chosen vales. He tells very touchingly how his aged Dame met him with "glad welcome and some tears," and with what motherly pride she accompanied him through the garden and about the yard, delighted to have her college boy at home again. The face of every neighbor seemed like a volume to him; some of them he hailed by the roadside, and some he greeted who were half the length of a long field away. "Nor less delighted," says he, "did I take my accustomed seat at the table, and laid me down in my accustomed bed, whence I had heard the wind roar and the rain beat hard." During his two first vacations Wordsworth wrote "Evening Walk," which was published in 1793, to show, as he said, that he was able to do *something*, if he had failed to win honors at the university. During his last vacation he took a tour on the continent, with a Welsh college friend, and upon this trip is founded "Descriptive Sketches."

Whatever else his college course may have done or failed to do for him, it had brought him in contact with men, and this was worth a great deal to a man of Wordsworth's nature. In early boyhood animal activity and pleasures had engrossed him, but before his college life ended he began to meditate feelingly on man, his sufferings, and his

destiny; and what Cambridge began along this line, his stay in France perfected. But when he quitted Cambridge with the degree of B. A., then came the crisis of his life, as with a great many college graduates, in the attempt to settle down to some life work. He had determined to be a poet, but he knew that even these must be fed and clothed and housed. He was strenuously advised to take holy orders, but refused to do so, for he felt that he was not good enough to preach; he had no taste for law, and he couldn't consent to a military life. Very much to the annoyance of his relatives, he seemed not to be going to follow any profession. He hated to take hold of the rough world, it would go hard with his tender and delicate sensibilities. The flat scenery about Cambridge served to intensify his love for such elements of beauty and grandeur as still were in sky and fen, and he returned to his golden clime, to "thread with echoing feet the secretest walks of fame."



THE MOTHER'S LAMP.

BY E. O. SMITHDEAL.

Out from the humble home went Jack,
The widow's only child,
To find his fortune and his fame
On the ocean rolling wild.

"Be good, my son," she said to him,
As he proudly left to roam;
"This lamp for thee shall ever shine,
To guide thy footsteps home."

But Jack was young and frolicksome,
And full of sin was he;
He heeded not the message clear
As it echoed o'er the sea.

"A sailor strong and brave I'll be,
The dark unkuown to ride;
And after that I'll wander back
And there with her abide."

He steered to North, to West, to South,
He crossed the trackless mere,
He tossed upon the foaming wave
In regions lone and drear.

And every night whene'er 'twas dark,
The mother's hand would keep
A light upon the window sill
To guide his wayward feet.

But ne'er again she heard of him,
His fate must surely be
Rolled beneath the briny deep,
Mourned only by the sea.

And one bright summer afternoon
The mother said to me:

“I now shall cross life's troubled main,
And leave the world to thee.”

“Pray, then,” I said, “but who will set
In yonder window old,
A light to guide your wandering boy
Again into thy fold?”

She whispered to me with a sigh,
“After life's way is trod,
I'll set my lamp up in the sky
To light his path to God.”



IN THE HOSPITAL.

BY RICHARD WEBB.

Jack and Katie were not discussing whether the United States should annex the Philippine Islands, or whether Cuba should be self-governing or not, nor yet were they discussing the "silvery moon," though it was shining as softly and tenderly on them as it usually does on foolish lovers. Their conversation was not about the latest sensational opera singer or musical composer. They were not even recounting to each other the latest scandals they had heard about their friends. None of these things crossed their minds. What then? Jack was going to leave with his company early next morning for Camp Jackson, not knowing whither he might be called to go from there or what accident might befall him before he should again be with Katie. Is it a wonder, then, that he is pleading so earnestly for a favorable answer to his sincerely put question, or that that last question before his departure should be such an important one? Katie is not a creature of a stone heart. Moreover she is a sensible girl and is not surprised at Jack's question, as all other girls under similar circumstances would have been, and is prepared with an answer, one which she means to be final, as Jack is going away. Therefore she replies faintly, "Yes!"

All is well and the moon shines on, and the light clouds every now and then move across its face as if to befriend that joyous couple on the old bench in the grove. Perhaps we had better take a hint from these same clouds and leave the pair to their bliss. As we take a parting glance we notice that the space between them is disappearing. Perhaps that faint sound was also suspiciously ominous. But he is going away to-morrow, she thinks, and under these circumstances who could dare refuse him one as a parting gift, just one?

* * * * *

Jack was spending his time at Camp Jackson as patiently as a man in his condition well could. He detested drilling. Real fighting would be a pleasure in comparison, he thought, and longed for the time to come when his regiment should be ordered to Cuba. His mind was mostly turned toward home and Katie and with thoughts of these, knowing they expected him to do his duty, he managed to go through the routine of camp life. Often his life was brightened and sweetened by long, healthful, hopeful letters from Katie. "She still loves me as much as ever," thought he, as he read and re-read these missives, and pondered every sentence in his mind, almost memorizing them.

Finally the long hoped-for order came. His regiment was to leave immediately for Cuba. Jack dropped a hurriedly written note to Katie informing her of this move, and assuring her that his truest, best love was hers till death, and asking her not to be uneasy about him.

Once on Cuban soil, the movements of the army were rapid, the soldiers were kept busily engaged with their military duties, and besides, slight mail facilities were to be had and so the letters between our friends were few and only at rare intervals. The battle of Juan Hill was fought before long and Jack's regiment was in the engagement, and Jack was in the front. Many of his fellows fell about him, but he escaped with a slight wound in his leg just below the knees and a fracture of the right arm. These wounds were painful in the extreme and made it impossible for him to walk at all. As soon as he could he sent word to Katie, and resigned himself to the unpleasant task of lying idle in the hospital until his bones should knit together and his wounds should heal.

Before the news of this accident had reached Katie, a momentous question had been puzzling her brain and heart. Before our acquaintance with her she had taken a special course in scientific nursing, and now she was

pondering in her soul whether it was her duty to go as a trained nurse to the army and give her skill in the service of her countrymen, or to remain at home and continue to live a life of ease and pleasure. Up to this time she had thought little on the mystery of life and so naturally the deep questions and meanings of life were unfathomable to her, for heretofore she has gone joyously along life's flower-strewn path, oblivious of the thorns, and the human hearts torn by those thorns, by the wayside. To her life has been a glad holiday. She has helped her fellow creatures when opportunity cast them in need in her way, simply because she was noble enough by nature to do so, with no thought of sacrifice on her part.

For days she debates the question, "Duty versus Pleasure," "Sacrifice versus Ease;" for days she thinks and prays over it. One day while in this condition she picked up a copy of *Sesame and Lilies* and read the chapter "Of Queen's Gardens." When she came to the lines beginning

"Come into the garden, Maud,—"

and read Ruskin's interpretation, her purpose was well nigh fixed and duty and sacrifice had won. She determined to give a part of her life to that noblest of services—ministering to others.

Her mind was already made up when the thought suddenly came to her, "People will say I'm going just to see Jack! How can I go?" Again she struggles and strives with herself. Again a helpful sentence, which she finds in the works of one of the world's noblest students and interpreters of Life and Duty, saves her. This is the sentence:

"Better not be than not be noble."

And with the inspiration gained from these words, although she knows that the world is very slow to appreciate the really true and sincere motives which actuate people who are capable of being ruled by such motives, she decides to do what she conceives to be her duty. An appointment is

easily had and she goes directly to the scene of action, where she enters upon her work in one of the government hospitals. Here we leave her for the present.

One day Jack was lying back among his pillows with his bandaged arm resting on the clean, white bed-clothing, and with his blue army jacket loosened about his neck. His hair was charmingly out of order, and his sun-burned face had become bleached from his stay in the hospital, so that although he presented a pleasing picture. He was dreamily thinking of Katie. It had been some time since he had heard from her, and he was thinking that perhaps she had forgotten him to some extent and had fallen in love with a more tangible lover. As this thought crossed his mind, his dream was broken by the appearance of a nurse who was delivering the mail. Noiselessly she trips along from cot to cot, distributing those precious missives from far-away loved ones. Jack had seen this nurse before and a friendly feeling existed between the two. To-day she seems especially bewitching in her spotlessly white dress, with the cunning little cap stuck jauntily on the top of her well-poised head and still more cunning curls peeping out with no sense of propriety, but with an eye to effect, from beneath the frills of the cap. He is thinking of her beauty and sweetness, when she stops at his cot and holds up a letter addressed to him. The hand-writing he knows well. If this had been two months ago, he would have snatched that sweet morsel and devoured it eagerly without giving further attention to its fair bearer. Now it is different. She holds the letter just out of his reach and he lazily stretches his hand for it, caring more to gaze into those deep brown eyes than to get the letter. With a laugh she draws the letter farther away. He likes the game and isn't at all anxious to end it. He does get it finally and watches with eyes that tell of something akin to love the disappearance of the nurse.

Katie's letter tells him that for reasons she cannot now

make known their correspondence must cease. Altogether it is a mystifying, unsatisfactory letter. After reading it he feels that he has not been treated rightfully, and begins to persuade himself that he doesn't care so much for Katie anyway. Is the nurse responsible for this new condition of things? If so, she is entirely ignorant of it as she goes her rounds. She knows she had rather deliver a letter, or serve in other ways, the soldier with the broken arm than any other one, but she notices the square envelopes, sealed with wax, directed in that straight-up-and-down style, and she judges of their significance, and goes on with her work with no loss of tears over vain regrets.

Jack was gradually getting better. Also he was falling deeper and deeper in love with his sweet-spirited nurse, and was beginning to realize that all beauty and sweetness were not left behind him when he took his departure from home. She on her part rather rejoiced in the rarity lately of those letters in square envelopes, and began to give over her former idea that no one in the army less than a general could ever lay successful siege to her heart. When she is near him Jack is happy, and when she is away his thoughts are of her. Each is very dear to the other.

In the meantime Katie has been toiling faithfully among the sufferers of another hospital in the same city and has fallen deeply in love with her work. She is still as true to Jack as the needle to the pole, and her refusal to write to him longer was not because she did not love him still, but because she feared that she would not be understood. For this same reason she has not sought for Jack since her arrival in Cuba. But when she learns that nearly all of Jack's regiment were killed or wounded in the battle of Juan Hill her anxiety and love for him overcomes all other considerations, and she makes inquiries about the survivors of the regiment. When she learns that they are in another hospital near by, her excitement becomes intense. Without further ado she makes arrangement to visit this

hospital, and as soon as possible does so. When at the door her feelings almost overcome her and she can scarcely find courage to enter. At last she opens the door and goes slowly along the row of cots, glancing at each pale face, and each time her heart beats more violently than before. Disappointment follows disappointment when the face she sees is not the face she wishes to see. Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4 are passed and still—but suddenly her heart feels as if it will get in her throat. Something about No. 5, an indefinite something before she has had a good look at it, tells her that her search is over. Quietly and tremblingly she approaches the bed-side. “Is he nearly dead? Will he know me? What will he say about my coming here?” Such thoughts rush through her mind in the twinkling of an eye.

Jack has been dreaming of the other nurse and looks up when he hears a footstep, hoping that she is coming to speak to him. When he sees Katie he is sure he is dreaming, and can't believe his eyes. She approaches him, however, and he is forced to believe her a reality when she speaks. “Oh, Jack, at last, at last! how long it has been since I saw you! How glad I am now! But oh! are you hurt very much? I am so sorry for you!”

This is too much for Jack. He doesn't understand anything about the reasons for it, but he does know here is his own Katie beside him. Once more the fires of his former love are kindled in his breast. Where are the thoughts of the other nurse now? Oh, much abused women! Are you alone false and fickle and men forever true and faithful? She sits by him and tells him the news from home, and lastly tells him as modestly and briefly as possible of her own heroic action. Then his heart smites him for his distrust of her and his growing coldness—and she so pure and good. A flood of recollections comes over him and he decides that in the future his life must be better and count for more than it has in the past, and he

knows that Katie is the only one to help him carry out this vow.

All is as it should be now, but his nurse—the former one—steps in at the door at the moment when the scene at the bedside is so vivid. Blank amazement seizes her. Consternation runs riot in Jack's mind also. Katie understands nothing about it all. She only knows that she and Jack are to be married Christmas.

The nurse is a woman. Jealousy and spite get control of her and at first visions of vengeance, vague thoughts about poison, come into her mind, but it is not long before her better self gains control. It is hard for her to see that some one else is taking her place and she can stand no longer to be near and see their happiness, and so she decides to go back to America, for the war being about over, she knows her services will be needed but slightly now.

Jack and Katie had a long chat and decided that it would be better for Katie to return to the United States. Jack is to come on as soon as he gets stronger and can get a discharge.

So by accident the two rivals take the same steamer for the United States. After they were out a day from Santiago, a great wind storm, such as commonly befall that part of the ocean, arose and the ship was driven upon a reef. Many lives went down to find a grave where their requiem will ever be sung by restless waves.

In a few days the newspapers were full of accounts of the wreck and lists of those who perished were published. Among those whose names were unknown was a description of a young woman who had the badge of the Red Cross upon the sleeve of her dress. The thoughtless multitudes of men who read the account knew not that a heroine had been lost to earth, but Jack knew it when many days after he saw in a paper the description of the one who had so faithfully nursed him in his illness. He let fall a tear upon his pillow to the memory of the one he had learned to love.

The rest of the story is quickly told. Jack returned to the United States early in December and the marriage took place Christmas, as had been arranged. After they were married Jack told Katie the story of the nurse, and often, as they sit together in their neat little cottage home, they cherish fondly in their thoughts the memory of the nurse who had been so true, and had nursed Jack so faithfully.



LINES IN MEMORY OF "UNCLE JESSE."

BY H. M. NORTH.

The tears fall fast, the heart is sad,
Our truest friend has passed away;
The memory of his holy life
Comes stealing o'er our souls to-day.

A man of God, a faithful man,
With simple grace and manners mild;
So strong in love, so pure in heart,
And spirit sweeter than a child.

The young man's help, the student's friend,
The comfort of the sick and poor:
We miss thy kindly smile and word,
And hearty hand-shake at the door.

The power of thy Godly life
Is felt by home and church and State;
Devotion deep and sacrifice
Have classed thee with the truly great.

But not as they who have no hope,
We mourn our loss; when ends this strife,
We'll greet thee in the summer land,
The land of everlasting life.

As on the pine-tree's lofty crest,
The winter snow comes softly down; .
So gently on thy hoary head,
Thine old age rested like a crown.

Thy frame grew old, but not thy heart,
For it was born to endless youth;
Thy pulse may cease, the cheek grow pale,
But there's no death to love and truth.

For thee there was no lasting death;
But just a step across the tide,
That keeps us from eternity,
Conveyed thee to the other side.

And there in spirits' costly robes,
Beyond the bair, the shroud, the sod;
To enter on that glorious rest
That waits for the people of God.



D. W. NEWSOM,	- - - - -	CHIEF EDITOR.
R. B. ETHERIDGE,	- - - - -	ASSISTANT EDITOR.

A great many students have a wrong conception of true college life, and of the nature of education. Many a young man goes to college and paces the rounds of a college curriculum to become *prepared for life*. He drags his trunk around to some room and there unloads it, he lives on from day to day, careless, thoughtless, perfectly satisfied, feeling that he has *come to college*—that he has pressed the button and the college will do the rest. Things come and things go and are taken in a good easy way, as a matter of course; nothing ever disturbs the serenity of his passivity. He spends the best part of his time in profitless talk in the room of some good-natured associate; he does as little original work as possible, always accepting dogmatically the conclusions which his honest companion has searched out with great exertion; he buys as few books as it is possible for him to squeeze through with, and seems to think that all the book money he can invest in peanuts and apples is that much saved and well invested; he goes to his meals as if it were his business in life to see how much he can destroy in a given length of time; he attends everything from a love feast down to a circus; he is careless about his dress and less so about the appearance of his room; he feels that he is only temporarily located and that there is no use of doing anything in more than a half-hearted way, for he expects soon to *get out into life*. Such a student finds little pleasure or inspiration in the class-room, but goes

there simply because the schedule calls him there for that hour, and he remains there for an hour with a semi-conscious dread of being asked a question on the last ten pages he failed to get over. His watch constantly and almost automatically leaps from his vest pocket, and he is almost tortured as he watches the slow movement of its hands. If a vacant hour intervenes, he loafs in the sunshine, or else tries to get on the trail of some fellow's box from home. If he happens to be on recitation from one to two o'clock he becomes critically nervous, till at last, wearied with sitting and with "unprofitable talk," as he would term it, the sound of the tower bell makes him leap for very joy, and his book closes like a thunder-clap; his feet dash around with a noisy stampede and slouchy impatience, and he grasps his hat with one hand, while his best eye stays fixed on the door. It would be intensely interesting to trace this *student* in his gyrations through all the long hours of the day, going the rounds of what he calls *education, preparing for life*. Great heavens! he has forgotten that the four years in college ought to have been years of the most intense *living*. He has been *preparing for life* and at the same time has blindly flung away four of the most valuable and most telling years of *life*. He has *gone through college*; yes, let it not be said that college has by any means gone through him. When he *gets out into the world*, and the world touches him at a few points he begins to realize that he got nothing out of college. His folks at home begin to doubt the efficiency and to discredit the worth of college training, and think surely "things are not what they seem." There must have been something wrong in the man or else something woefully lacking in his education.

The accumulation of a few isolated facts is not education, "the tree of Knowledge is not that of Life." Besides awakening the dormant powers of the human mind and discovering a man to himself, education needs to give to the student a firmer hold upon himself. The great problem it needs to touch is his moral sensibility and moral weakness. In the

formation period of his life the young student needs to be seriously impressed with those things that go to make life and real happiness—to know how to take care of his health and to feel the moral obligation resting upon him for the conservation of his own powers; the duty of investing his money rightly, of resisting temptation, and many other things vital to his happiness and usefulness. When a student goes to a class-room and there learns that regularity of diet is essential to good health, and that good health is a necessary requisite for the achievement of the highest and best in life, and yet goes out from the class-room to spend the hours of the night in dissipation and revelry, there is a sad lack somewhere. Mere knowledge without the strength to use it wisely, is not without its dangers. All history is rife with illustrations of the fact that a dangerous gulf divides mere knowledge from the power and will to apply it. When the student, along with knowledge, can be endued with sobriety, continence and prudence, then, and then alone, is college training worthy its name. When the student can be impressed with the fact that during his four years in college he should *live*, rationally and virtuously, then there will be need for *preparation for life*.

The trip to Washington City made by a number of students from the Junior and Senior Classes of the College, and also some from the lower classes, proved a season of delightful study, to say nothing of the pleasure which it afforded. Prof. Dowd secured a special car for the party, which added greatly to the comfort of the ride. A program had been arranged, showing how and where each hour of the day would be spent. A special subject had been previously assigned to each student, who should give to it careful study and then embody in a paper the information which he had gathered. From time to time we hope to give these papers to the readers of **THE ARCHIVE**. The following are some of the subjects to be written up:

Sights in the Senate and House.
 Statuary and Paintings in the Congressional Library.
 Architecture in the Public Buildings.
 Statuary and Paintings in the Corcoran Art Gallery.
 National Museum.
 Smithsonian Institute.
 War Department.
 White House.
 Architecture of Private Buildings.
 Clerks and Servants.
 Public and Private Conveyances.
 Streets and Parks.
 Stores and Shops.
 Mount Vernon.
 Newspapers.
 Theatres and Amusements.
 Dress.
 Markets.
 Saloons.
 Slums.

After three days of profitable study and much pleasure the students returned to their various homes to spend the Christmas holidays.

In this age when everything seems to be done through compulsion it is quite a relief to find one who, in the goodness of his soul, voluntarily tenders us an article for our pages. Such goodness is unsordid and rare, and more to be prized than rubies. The hardest efforts and the best work of the world have nearly always been confined to the few. The righteous remnant has been the salvation of the many. This has been eminently true in our magazine work this year. Our support so far has come mainly from the upper classes, and even with them it lacks much of being as free and spontaneous as we could desire. We esteem the fidelity with

which some have labored for us, and appreciate the good wishes with which others have met us; but while kind words and good wishes are helpful to us, yet they never enlarge our table of contents, nor increase our subscription list. We need your best thoughts as well as your subscriptions, and there are men who ought to give us both, yet from them we get neither. Even with your best support we shall fall far from our ideal of College journalism. However,

“It is not with mortals to command success;
But we'll do more, Sempronius, we'll deserve it.”





Wayside Wares

E. S. BOWLING,

MANAGER.

THE INGLE IN THE COTTAGE.

The winds are whimpering at the door
 And e'er with sudden angry rush
 Our peaceful talk they oft ignore,
 Then listen, with a softened hush!
 But let the winds blow on, dear girl,
 And wildly sweep the wintry snows,
 Let darkening clouds their depths unfurl
 So the ingle in the cottage glows.

The world sweeps on with reckless tread
 And nations come and nations go,
 And by our fire we count the dead
 Who once were here and loved us so.
 Then let us love while love we may,
 While the leaping heart no sorrow knows,
 While the night winds sound their frantic fray
 And the ingle in the cottage glows.

—D. W. Newsom.

“To be or not to be,—that is the question.”

That is the question that comes to the average college student during his examinations, add while he is being “weighed in the balances and found wanting.” An examination is misery three hours long in which one gets muddled up and tells what he does not know. Perhaps my highly esteemed friend, Mr. Webster, would not agree with this definition. He didn't say so, (he died, poor fellow) but if he had stood a modern examination he would have printed the word *Examination* in italics and then defined it as, “Three

hours in Purgatory answering questions." Most boys had rather marry a forty-year-old widow with six children and a log cabin and with ninety-seven wrinkles on her face and a wart on her nose than to stand one English examination. Both are horrible and enough of either would cause one to commit suicide. The others are just as bad and when a fellow gets through with all the professors he feels like one just waking from a mad dream in which he has had the measles, epilepsy, corns and the mumps.

I'd rather sleep on a single bed with a long-bearded fat man who snores than to stand one Math. examination—even if old Beady has had onions for supper.

It is wierdly amusing to see a poor student "cramming" for his examinations. He works night and day trying to do four monthss' work in two days. For breakfast he eats tough beef-steak, at dinner it is almost tender, and at supper he gets it in hash. Thus he lives and toils.

When the examinations come off he is like a little red rubber horn you blow up and then let it run down. He blows himself up and goes into the examination room and for three long hours he spouts out all the music and then runs down. This is repeated for each examination and then the little rubber horn is laid away to be used at the next examination-time. And so the merry dance of death goes on.

When a man falls on his examinations he feels something like the man who mashes his finger on a cold day or like the man who walks under the clothes-line and knocks off his hat—he gets angry *in vain*.

C. L. H.



Literary Notes

W. N. PARKER,

MANAGER.

There has been a movement on foot for some time to erect a statue to Byron in Aberdeen, but from the following clipping from *The Bookman* it would seem that the movement does not meet with a very hearty support.

“We hear that the proposition of erecting a Byron statue in Aberdeen are, at the present moment not particularly bright. The appeal to the pockets of the Aberdonians has so far met with a somewhat cold response, the total sum subscribed amounting only to five hundred dollars, which is rather discouraging when the length of time that the project has been under discussion is remembered, and when it is known that over fifteen thousand dollars is required. Some of the “unco’ guid” in the Granite City have objected to any memorial of the poet, and even the more liberal sort, who are willing to go as far as to support the erection of a statue, are strenuously opposed to its being placed in the grounds of the Grammar School, where Byron received much of his early education, because they have a hazy idea, that some way the statue might have a bad effect on the character and morals of young Aberdeen. Not long ago one of the most religious lairds of Aberdeenshire entered a vehement protest against the whole scheme, and the event was chronicled in caricature by a local artist.”

Messrs. Chas. Scribner’s Sons have just issued the Thistle Edition of *The Works of Robert Louis Stevenson*. This volume, the twenty-second and the last, containing letters

and miscellanies, sketches and criticisms, some of which have been printed directly from the original manuscript, and others collected from various reviews and magazines in which they appeared. Some of these unpublished sketches from manuscripts dated 1871 show us Stevenson as a literary apprentice, but even from the first, Stevenson put his mark on whatever he wrote, and even in the chips from his workshop one feels the sincerity, the seriousness and the charm of Stevenson's personality. It is noticeable that in these early papers the cigarette has not appeared. That was a later habit, but frequently one finds him speaking of "filling" or "lighting" his pipe. The genial note, the glad joy of living comes early into Stevenson's writing. A remark, which a friend makes to him in the essay on the "Forest Notes," published in this volume, struck our fancy. Stevenson had set himself down on the grassy bank with a book on his lap when a painter friend exclaimed to him: "I say, just keep where you are, will you? You make the jolliest motive." In the literature of the last half century no writer will be found to write with so genial and so jolly a motive as Stevenson.—*The Bookman*.

Mr. Conan Doyle is the hero of a story told by the London "Academy." A little Irish town possesses a convent ruled by a Mother Superior whose eyes have seen their best days. Going lately into the local book-seller's shop, she picked up a volume which she thought was written by Canon Doyle, a dignitary of renown in those parts. She bought it, and had it read aloud for edification at the midday meal of the community. The edification in the first chapter seemed far to seek. Never had love-making been so freely alluded to within those secluded walls. The novices were thrilled. "Well, well," said the Mother Superior, "the dear Canon is preparing us for a miracle of grace. The frivolous flirt, by the mercy of Heaven, no doubt ends by taking the veil." Then came the awakening. Some one eagerly peering into the volume perceived that the title page bore the word

Conan instead of Canon. The discovery reached the ears of the Mother Superior. "Very well," she said, "the bookseller where we bought the book, is a pious man, and, now that we have paid for it, we should be wasteful not to read it to the end."

Writing in *McClure's Magazine*, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps says of Ian Maclaren's latest book—*Afterwards*: "I am not afraid to prophesy that it will be read and loved for a generation of years. I call it a great story, and have no fear that I shall be called upon to retract the adjective. The characterization is a mirror of dazzling intensity, and the *motif* is a chariot of holy fire. The story deals with one of the great situations of human life, and touches it with a simplicity that gives it immortality. We read till our heart-strings snap, and then we read again."

In *The Day's Work*, Mr. Kipling continues his triumphant career as a writer of short stories. Indeed, this seems to be his fort, for as a writer of sustained fiction he has been disappointing. In *The Day's Work* he has given us those detached phases of human life for which he seems especially gifted, and as a delineator of which he is without an equal in the literary world of to-day. As to the merits of some of the stories in this book there seems to be a difference of opinion, but as to "The Walking Delegate" all join in declaring it to be "One of the most exquisitely humorous stories ever written." Mr. Bangs in writing of it in *Harper's Monthly* says: "As a tract the virtues of 'The Walking Delegate' are transcendent, and one might almost wish that it might be printed as a leaflet and distributed among the amiable masses who are discontented on demand rather than through any conviction of injustice. The good hard common sense—the horse-sense, one might say—of the group of pasturing steeds on the Vermont farm when confronted by the seductive eloquence of the walking delegate—too indolent to do work, too rebellious to serve, too vindictive to be trusted, too glutton-

ous to do anything but eat between speeches, too garrulous to do anything but speak between meals, and too ignorant to be of any use to his fellows—cannot but appeal to any one who has a sense of humor and a real knowledge of present problems. If Mr. Kipling had never written another line, this story would entitle him to the gratitude and admiration of all whose good opinion is worth having.”

But late red War his jagged lignings hurled,

And Thunder stalked his cloudy caverns through:—

To-day Peace broods above the quiet world,

And Earth is glad and all the skies are blue.

—*Benjamin F. Leggett, in The Bookman.*





F. T. WILLIS,

MANAGER.

January issues of our exchanges are not coming in on time, but it is doubtless due to the effect of two much Christmas. We have, however, been glad to receive several December numbers since our last issue. All of these savor of "Yuletide" and all that goes therewith.

There is one class of reading matter in some of the smaller magazines especially, which we have spoken of before, but which is so out of place there that we mention it again. It is usually designated as "College Fun." There is no justification whatever for the appearance of such foolishness on the pages of anything that claims to be a dignified college journal. What appears in such a publication is supposed to represent something at least of the more serious thought of the college community. Not only is it impossible for the outside world to understand the "fun," but it is quite a drawback to all the literary features of the magazine. We call attention to the evil repeatedly, because there can be no doubt that it is damaging college interests in more ways than one. We hope that the editors will consider the matter more seriously than they have in the past.

Among the best stories of the month is "An Experiment" in *Smith College Monthly*. Contributions to the "Contributor's Club" are also good. Fiction in magazines gotten out at colleges for women is essentially different from the usual order in the painting of characters, and is therefore all the more interesting.

"A Medley in Minors," in *Vanderbilt Observer*, is worthy of special mention. "A Question of Ethics" is well written, though it was rightly judged second to "A Medley in Minors."

The Wake Forest Student gives its literary department almost entirely to fiction. Nothing adds to the attractiveness of a magazine more than good stories do, though other articles should not be wholly disregarded. "My Company Chair" is most too fabulous to be interesting. "The End of the Feud" and "A Unique Revenge" have good plots, but they are rather crude in expression.

The Vassar Miscellany of January maintains the high standard it has held among college magazines. "Two Graves on Saint Helena" brings out briefly, but impressively, the distinguishing characteristics of two very different personalities, Napoleon and Mrs. Judson. We regret that so much space is taken up with college news that the literary department necessarily suffers therefrom.

"Nancy" and "A Question and the Answer," in the *University of Virginia Magazine*, are interesting and well written. "Shakespeare's First Study in Madness" shows considerable study on the part of the writer, but it is most too technical in expression and the subject is scarcely worthy of the treatment it receives.

The Yale Courant is the best magazine among our exchanges. It contains articles which are not only interesting, but of real literary value. "The Spendthrift" and "The Man of the Ages" are especially good. Many editors would profit by noting carefully the excellent qualities of this and three or four other journals that are among the best.

WHEN IN THE NIGHT WE WAKE AND HEAR THE RAIN.

When in the night we wake and hear the rain,
 The boughs, leaf-laden, shake and rise and fall,
 The brown brook ripples down the lovers' lane,
 The greensward wakens when the rain-drops call;
 The flowering bushes shiver, dripping wet,
 The down-pour, fed from towering clouds of jet,
 Wakens the robins in their lofty bower,
 The roof re-echoes 'neath the heavy shower.
 Sweet sounds! They tell of days so cool, so calm,
 Of fields' sweet breath, of tender, blooming things,
 Of greens and browns, the tired eyes' gentle balm,
 Of trees, harmonious with birds' carolings.
 A soothing reverie drives off care and pain,
 When in the night we wake and hear the rain.

—*Marcia S. Hargis, S., in Vassar Miscellany.*

MOODS.

I.

The voices of Earth call softly,
 Her warm, brown breast lies bare,
 Her sweet breath quivers upward,
 Thrilling the heavy air.
 It kisses my eyelids open,
 And I turn as from weary sleep;
 The beautiful Earth lies waiting—
 All mine—to grasp and to keep.

II.

The star-light glistens coldly
 On the heaving, wide expanse,
 The burnished heaven is cloudless,
 Bent in a holy trance.
 The thoughts of earth fall from me,
 While with eager, straining eye,
 I seek to read the meaning
 Traced by the stars on high.

—*Mary Buell Sayles, in Smith College Monthly.*

STANDING ON THE SHORE.

Upon the shelving slope and lonely brink
 Of rugged shores, where roaring waters call,
 And the illimitable expanses pall
 On misty eyes, until the wild waves shrink,
 And bending circles of the heavens drink
 A deeper blue, while waters heave and fall,
 Or mountain waves uplift their curling wall,
 And breakers die where reefs run link on link,
 I long to launch upon the free expanse
 Of that eternal sea, and feel its beat
 And boundless sway, and share the mystic trance
 Of waters ever sweeping on to greet
 The vast Unseen with gleam and stately dance
 Where tide and time and space forever fleet.

C. R. B., in Vanderbilt Observer.

THE CHILDREN OF THE SEA.

Over the breast of the heaving sea
 They run, in the silent morn,
 With hair that is trailing wantonly,
 And teeth that are white in scorn.

 The fisherman's boat in their arms they clasp—
 But a lover uncouth is he,
 And mocking and jeering they cruelly grasp
 And drag him beneath the sea.

 Then, when the sun is aflame in the west,
 They creep to the gray-browed shore,
 And there all the night they moan, distressed,
 And sob o'er a broken oar.

—P. H. Hayes, in Yale Courant.



Y.M.C.A. Department

J. H. BARNHARDT,

MANAGER.

Nothing indicates with more certainty the growing interest that is being taken in the religious work of the college, than the large attendance upon the regular weekly meetings of the Association. The first meeting of the new year was held on Sunday, January 8th. The boys all seemed glad to get back in their places once more, and they entered into the spirit of the service with an earnestness that was inspiring indeed. The meeting was thrown open for short talks by those who wished to make requests of any kind. Quite a number responded. Besides, there were several requests for prayers. Different ones testified to the fact that they had found the Y. M. C. A. a most valuable organization for the deepening of their spiritual lives. All things considered, there are many reasons to be encouraged as we start upon the work of the year 1899. May it bring with it even greater results than were realized during the past year. Let us hope and pray and work to that end.

* * *

Dr. W. P. Few favored us with an address on Sunday, January 15th. It was the first time we have had the pleasure of hearing him this session. His talk was sound and practical. It contained much excellent advice, worthy of the serious consideration of every college man. How shall it be applied? Each one must answer that question for himself. It is not the *hearer* of the word, but the *doer* who shall be justified. We hope Dr. Few may speak to us again very soon.

Mr. S. R. Vinton, who is travelling through the South for the International Committee in the interest of the Student Volunteer movement, recently paid our Association a visit. While here he spoke to the student body on the needs of the foreign field, and also with regard to the world's Federation of students. He met the Missionary Committee and gave some valuable advice with reference to this important feature of our work. It is gratifying to know that he left among us quite a number of missionary books and other literature pertaining to the subject. It was a pleasure to have him with us. Mr. Vinton is a native of Burmah, his people all being engaged in missionary work in that field. For the present he is in America completing his education, after which he intends to return to Burmah as a missionary.

* * *

On January 22d a Y. M. C. A. was organized at Trinity Park High School. When the school opened last September it was thought best not to organize an Association at once. In the meantime, the members of the High School have been attending the college Y. M. C. A. We wish for them success in every way, and bid them God-speed in their work. It is to be hoped that every one will feel it a personal duty to give it their support and best efforts in the interest of truth and right.





At Home and Abroad

L. C. NICHOLSON,

MANAGER.

There is great interest on the Park in athletics, and the prospects for the base ball team are very fine. The Athletic Association at its last meeting elected the following officers: President, P. H. Hanes, Jr., of Winston; Vice-President, H. M. North, of Laurinburg; Secretary and Treasurer, C. L. Hornaday, Hertford. Steps were taken to put the new athletic grounds in proper condition, and to enclose them, also to erect comfortable seats. Mr. Selee of the Boston team will bring his men here to practice in March.

The Current Events Club, at their regular meeting had a very interesting program. Prof. W. F. Gill talked on Fifty Years of Francis Joseph of Austria, Dr. J. S. Bassett on the Present Status of Europe; Mr. P. V. Anderson on Tissot's Pictures on the Life of Christ; Mr. W. K. Boyd, on Cyrano de Bergeroc; and Prof. Mims on Some Recent Phases of the Expansion Question.

Although the second term of the college year began Feb. 1, some twenty-five new students came to the Park after Christmas holidays. None of the applicants for the Freshman Class were found to be sufficiently prepared to enter the class a half year in advance. They were therefore advised to go to the High School.

The intermediate examination began January 18th, and continue to February 1st.

A memorial service was held in the Chapel Monday evening, the 16th, in memory of Dr. J. A. Cuninggim. Dr. J. S. Bassett read a history of his life, and Dr. Kilgo talked on his character. His portrait which hangs in the Benefactor's Hall has been draped.

J. T. Henry, Class, '98 has been elected Principal of the West Durham Graded School, and has taken charge of the work. We hope him much success. It seems that Trinity men are in demand, in Durham especially so. Mr. H. B. Craven, Class '96, is in charge of East Durham Graded School; Prof. W. W. Flowers, Class '94, A. M. '96, of the Durham Graded School.

Dr. J. J. Lafferty, the bright and versatile editor of the Richmond *Christian Advocate*, spent a day or two this week visiting the college.

Mr. B. R. Payne, Class '96, is the principal of a flourishing school of boys at Morganton. We are glad to learn that Mr. Payne is talking for Trinity when he can, and is sending her more students. We hear that he is going to send us three next fall. Send them on *Bruce*, we will take care of them and treat them *white*.

Miss Maud Moore, Class '01, recently attended the marriage of her sister, Miss Josephine.

Mr. Long, representative of the Spaulding house has been on the Park looking after the equipment of the colleg gymnasium.

Dr. H. M. DuBose, Epworth Secretary of the Southern Methodist Church, was at the Park a few days ago. He was the guest of President Kilgo.

The Craven Memorial Hall will soon be completed. It will be a most handsome structure when finished, and the Commencement exercises of '99 will be held in it. The last class of the century will be the first to graduate in it.

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Violinists everywhere will hail with delight the beautifully printed and authoritatively written book about Old Violins, published by Lyon & Healy, Chicago. Good old violins may now be obtained from \$25.00, and a violinist is foolish indeed to remain handicapped with a poor instrument.

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THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

TRINITY PARK, DURHAM, MARCH, 1899.

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MANAGER.

DR. JESSE A. CUNINGGIM.

BY JOHN C. KILGO.

Rev. Jesse A. Cuninggim, D. D., the subject of this study was born in Greene county, Jan. 28, 1832 and died in Greensboro, N. C., January 7, 1899. He was a Methodist preacher, but with his call to preach came the call to be a noble man. He obeyed both. A study of him ought to be of great worth to a young man.

No other force that has wrought in the history of man has produced such lofty and noble character as the Christian religion. The product of its influences is its supreme vindication. Its doctrines have appeared in the character of men from righteous Abel to this hour, and will continue

to appear. Meekness tells its best story in Abraham and Moses; courage has its chiefest manifestation in Elijah, Daniel and Paul; patience is embodied in Job; while Christ expresses all the elements of noble life and extends them to the last limits. "The Bible," says Emerson, "will not be finished till the history of the last good man has been written." So Froude complains that the church does not give scriptural dignity to the good men of the present. This much is true, Christianity can only be rightly interpreted in the lives of holy men. It is not necessary to canonize them. Their value is in earthly conduct, not in fanciful dignities voted to their honor. Heaven will not be governed by the verdicts of ecclesiastical assemblies. What is most important is the truth that any individual may explain to and enforce among men. For the final value of a man to society is the truth that has found utterance through him. It is one of the vast conceptions of Christianity that the incarnation of the human and divine is the law of life. The measure ment of the individual character is the magnitude of truth that he reveals. So the life of Dr. Cuninggim has its value in the truth which he exemplified.

✓ Dr. Cuninggim was one of those rare men whose opinions and conduct were standards. To occupy such an exalted position in the thoughts of men is to attain unto the best. Many men, because of superior intellects or large observations, are able to command the attention of their fellow men, but to rise by personal integrity to an authority over the consciences of men, so that all will feel safe in following his example, or have a sense of condemnation by acting against his opinions, is the greatest genius of moral force. Max Muller said of Schiller that his greatest work was Schiller. The man behind the poem was greater than the poem. Personality gave nobility to the work, it received no greatness from the work. It is the second rate man who becomes great by deeds; it is the highest type of man who

gives magnitude to acts. Common acts become great because done by a great character. He who knows how to elevate every day living to imperial dignity has learned the art of life. With some men, a throne is reduced to contempt in the public mind; with others a servant's apron is transformed into a kingly robe. David fresh from "minding the sheep" was a king; Saul crowned, was authority mocked. Men do not think of the acts of such a man, they think of the man. Children realize the distinction, and produce the man as the final argument of truth and right. Dr. Cuninggim belonged to this class. Holy women quoted his life as the defense of their own; little children saw the truth in him; and strong men felt the authority of his presence. Whatever he did, from plucking a flower for a child to the most exalted office of his ministry, received a dignity from him. This is genius—the genius of character, for genius is not confined to mind. There is a genius of heart, as well as of thought.

Such a personal character must rest upon a definite realization of God. Great character never proceeds from vague notions of divine being. The God-consciousness must be clear and positive. The mind that interprets God into abstract principles of truth or physical forces, emasculates moral energies and bewilders conscience. Against the vague abstractions of moral philosophies and the generalities of scientific teachings, a man like Dr. Cuninggim stands out in strong contradiction. He made God a reality, because in his own thoughts the reality of divine being and personality was most fundamental. He never prayed as a pious exercise, mostly beneficial for the development of the devotional in his nature. Prayer to him was the human spirit seeking immediate protection and direction by God. In this day of vague faith and looseness of conscience such a man has increased value. To many God has become a theory, theology has passed into a mythology, and the Bible has become the book of dreams and traditional

visions. Great is he who makes God a fact—a stern, irresistible fact. Such was the mission of the prophets. Into whatever home Dr. Cuninggim went, the one truth which he made emphatic was the reality of God. Parents, children, and servants felt this truth. In the social circle, among business men, and in the pulpit this truth was made clear. To him God was the key to the universe. Nature was not immense phenomena waiting for human solutions, it was the work of God. Starting from this point everything had divine meaning, and all movements were the orderings of infinite wisdom. Thus he was saved from all vexations of so-called advanced thinking and sceptical insanity. Where a man will go in the universe and what he will get out of his excursions, depend entirely on the point from which he starts. Only a clear and definite faith in God can give a working basis to the study of the universe. To follow men like Spencer is to end in the thin atmosphere of agnosticism. It was this fundamental faith that gave solidity to the character of Dr. Cuninggim.

In the present pessimistic tenderness of thought it is a relief to find a man whose mind is hopeful of the future. Such a man has strength to undertake large work and project new enterprises. Men who crowd their minds with imaginary ills and foster the feelings of despair, add nothing to the working forces of an age, but disorganize the energies of a people. Dr. Cuninggim was not influenced by the cry of alarmists, neither in the State nor Church. His ministry was one of hope. He did not ignore any real ill, nor was he indifferent to the dangers that beset life. Extravagant optimism is as wild insanity as the melancholy of the alarmist. Both are distorted conditions of mind. The recognition of social disease and the purpose to cure it, combined with a faith in the power of truth to overcome all forms of social distresses are the only true position. These men are the saviors of a people. They inspire action. The pessimist lays bare a sore and probes it

continuously with no intention to cure it, but simply to keep it running. The poise of the character of Dr. Cuninggim was one of his secrets of power. No problem confused his thoughts and destroyed the delicate balance of mind; no victory so enthused him as to unfit him for a just estimate of its meaning. In conflict or victory he was the same. This poise of character did not harden his nature. He was not a Stoic. His feelings were deep, but never ruled him. Truth had its own way with him, but nothing else. This spirit of hopefulness made him a leader of men. His own spirit was the organizing power in him. What he knew of plans and military arrangements, no body can say. He did not lead men by them. He appeared and all fell in line. He was the embodiment of hope and men were made to feel confident when he undertook a work. Great is the man that can make other men feel great. Such a man in the hut will advance the sense of nobility in the hearts of the humblest. Small men will make poverty more wretched and leave the hearts depressed with gloom. Dr. Cuninggim stirred the nobler impulses in men.

He held exalted ideas of friendship. His friendly feelings were not the outgrowth of personal favors, and hence, of a commercial type. Self-interests cannot produce lasting and true friendship. They must rest upon an appreciation of what is true and noble in men. When this is the case, differences of opinions do not disturb friendly feelings. The man who demands slavish agreement as the condition of friendly relations, arrogates a sovereignty over other man's rights of thought that makes his friendship iniquitous. It is no easy task to perform the duties and consent to the rights of friendship. No small man can be a friend. It is not hard to deal out cheap flattery and receive in return more of the same sort, but the feelings that are incident to such exchanges are self-congratulatory mockings. Friendship has a stern duty to

perform. It is never jealous of the success of a friend, but it is never over-enthusiastic because of them. To correct the wrong and point out weaknesses are among the sterner duties, and the man who does not accord this right to a friend, is not prepared to have friends. Chief worshippers are what he most desires. All who knew Dr. Cuninggim know how well he filled all these offices of friendship. He was never guilty of flattery, nor did he approve the wrong in a friend. Such would have been cowardice, and the cowardly conduct of social life found no sympathy in his nature. He knew how to be true in every sense of trueness. He did not belong to that class of men, so large in these political days, who always rejoice in the triumphs of a friend, and forsake him in his conflicts. Friendship had no duty to which he was not consecrated. Many men condition their friendship on the popularity that one can command. Such was the friendship of Erasmus for Luther, and the latter had no greater curse than the traitorous friendship of the former. Dr. Cuninggim never "stood by a man," he *wrought* with him, and had part, personal part, in all the issues. The value of such a character is made the greater by the spirit of insincerity that too largely controls in society.

To grow old beautifully is a rare achievement. When men reach the age that forces them to give way to younger men, there is often a recoil that sours the nature and produces a cynicism that takes its revenge on young men. Dr. Cuninggim will not be thought of as an old man, not because sixty-seven years did not make him old, but because no number of years could have struck down the hope that always made him appear young. He had a great sympathy and high esteem for his young brethren in the ministry, and his greatest friends were among them. They felt that in him they had a friend. What they did was not dismissed with a contemptuous sneer at their age, an arrogant superiority of greater years. He never thought

that it was a crime to be young, and that the powers of a young man were to be distrusted and hated. He loved the imprudence of youth, inspired it to action, and with godly wisdom gave it right direction. Only such a man can make men out of young material. Many young preachers have been damaged for life by the folly of conceited years. They have been advised to keep silent, "because thy were young." The years of growth were thus spent in indolent silence in order to serve blind arrogance, and God lost a man. Too many young men are forced to ride over such misguided advice in order to do their duty, but no young man ever found Dr. Cuninggim in his way. On the contrary, he found in him the largest inspiration. Some men have special facilities for the destruction of men; others a genius for making men. Dr. Cuninggim belonged to the latter class. The young men of his conference will suffer the greatest loss by his death.

He was a great preacher. Not in the sense of popular ideals of preaching. There was no great imagery in his sermons. He drew no pictures of storms, quivering mountains, rushing armies, and towering thrones. If these things are essential to great preaching, then he was not a great preacher. He was much after the order of Bishop McTyiere as a preacher. Great preaching must lie in telling the meaning of a divine utterance. Much may be dragged into a sermon, and a passage of scripture buried beneath a mass of rhetoric and this in the name of preaching. Dr. Cuninggim tried to understand God's thoughts and then to tell them to men, so that they could understand and feel the meaning. In this he succeeded and deserves to be called a great preacher.

The analysis of his character might be carried on till every element of Christian character should be brought under review, and each would appear in strength. There is no side of his character that his most sensitive friend wishes to hide from view. The whole truth can be told of

him without apology. In him were found the gentler virtues of Christian character, but they did not make him soft, because the heroic virtues gave all the force of character realized through them. He was an example for all men. Great is an age that can produce his kind, and happy the man who can feel the full force of such a character. Trinity College will hold him up as one of its noblest sons, and repeat his name to the coming generations of students that they may know a noble character and honor a true man.



A MIDNIGHT VISITOR.

BY L. C. BLALOCK.

I sat, one night in early Autumn, by my window, looking out across the sky. It was a pleasant night; not a sound disturbed the silence, save now and then the mournful tuwhoo! of some wakeful night-bird, or the occasional croaking of a solitary frog in the distance. The moon had not yet risen and the stars were striving their utmost to lift the veil of darkness that enveloped the earth. My gaze wandered from one to another, but as often returned to one bright star right up overhead that seemed a dazzling diamond among so many smaller gems. So bright was its gleam and so merrily did it wink, that it seemed rather a sweet maid's eye that smiled at me from some quiet Eden close by, than an indifferent star millions of miles away.

But while my eyes were watching its merry gleam, my thoughts were on far different things.

Years before, when I was a boy in my father's house, I had known a maid whose eyes were brighter than any star; "whom to look at was to love"—and I had loved her; and, as the sun is to the tree, striking his beams to its deepest root and sending a new life to its furthest twig, so was her glance to my soul. She was slightly younger than I, and her golden hair fell in folds around a face so calm and serene and beautiful that I have never seen its equal.

Then my heart was young and joyful; my life had known but little of sorrow; my only dream was of life and pleasure with my love. But there is no joy but that has its sorrow, and so mine came when one wintry day she was taken sick—she *never* complained—and in less than a week, without seeming to be very sick, she died.

Thus came to an end my air-castles, and in their place, sorrow—deep, soul-stirring sorrow, such as I had never before known. All my past sorrow was but as the passing of a cloud across the sun, to the starless night that now came suddenly over me. To me the whole world had

changed and was now moving on with no end in view. She had left me to my sorrow, and "I had loved her better than ever wife was loved."

I need not stop to say how often I had wandered to her grave at morning, when the song of many birds would cheer my soul; or at evening, when the moon was clear and full. I need not say that the months passed slowly away, or, indeed, how much I missed her. Thus the months had grown to years, and to-night, as I sat gazing out at the stars, my thoughts were of her.

I do not know how, but in some way or other I associated her eyes with that star shining so brightly above. It seemed that she was there and was even then looking on me and drawing me to her. The idea that she might be on that star grew stronger as I gazed.

Where, I reasoned, do the souls of good men go?—and where is Heaven? Is it not everywhere?—and if everywhere, why not in that star?—and if Heaven is there, why should not my love be there? Surely if she were there, she would know that I was watching her star and possibly she would come and visit me; at least, she would smile at me, even though I could not see her.

At last, I fell asleep and, in my sleep, the years came back and I was with her; now she came back from death and we talked of times that were gone and of time and eternity that were yet to come; and now I crossed the gulf and joined her in her new home.

Thus, in my dream, we communed till I was aroused by a light touch on my arm. I looked around; the room was light and I could discern every object in it. What was it that had touched me? Was it some fair being from Fairyland, or was I mistaken and had only dreamed it? I could see nothing. I turned again to my dreams, but was almost immediately aroused by another touch. I again turned and my love was at my side. I clasped her to my throbbing heart, but could not speak for joy. Our lips touched, my

tongue was loosed and we talked as joyously as we had used to do.

How long we stood thus, I do not know, for my mind was far too happy to take notice of time.

“I must leave you now,” she said at last, “for I must return to my star-home.”

Do not, I pleaded, leave me. Why must you go and, too, so soon? Stay with me, and then how happy we shall be!

“But,” she said, “I only came to visit you; you seemed so sad and lonely that in my star-home I could not bear that you should be so, without trying to comfort you. Besides, I could not stay if I would; my companions would miss me and you will join me there some day. And then, too,” she continued, “the good King will not allow his children to stay from his presence long. So I must leave you.”

But, I cried, take me with you. If your new home is so bright and merry and your companions are so happy, I can go with you and we will enjoy it together. And if the King is so good and loving, he surely will not object to another child, one who loves him; nay, he will be joyed to admit another to his fold.

“You cannot go now. The King has a time for each of his children to come to him, and your time has not yet come. You must wait. He will call you in his own time. I must leave you now, but you shall come to me.”

But why must I wait? I am ready to go and I will be unhappy here, now that I have seen you and know what it is to be where you are.

She was obstinate. I could not go. I must wait an indefinite time.

“You are not ready to go yet. You have not seen enough of this life to enable you to enjoy ours to its fullest. Wait patiently till the King is ready for you and then you will enjoy all that he has for you. My time is

out; I must leave you. Farewell! for awhile," and with a parting kiss she was gone.

I awoke; the room was light as I had seen it in my dream. I looked out; the moon had risen and was flooding the earth with her light; away in the west one dim speck was all that could be seen of my bright friend and all his myriads of twinkling companions. The owl had ceased his mournful note; the frogs no longer disturbed the stillness; all was silence deep and still.

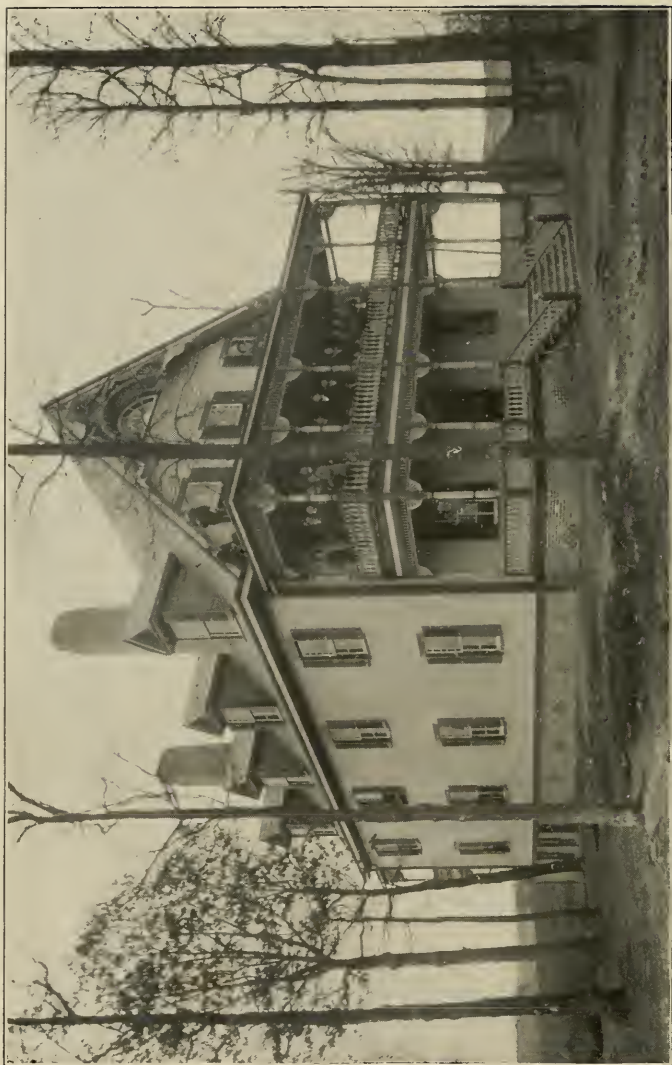
I sat thus for a long while thinking over this strange visit and what it might possibly mean for me (I felt sure there was some hidden truth back of it all). Had I been awake or only dreaming? Could it be, that I was asleep all the time and that this pleasant visitor was only an idle creation of the brain? Or was it that there was another sense, which, while I am awake, lies dormant, but in the repose of the other parts had been keenly alive to all that was going on around me, and that what I had seen in my dream had in reality been present, and was even now near me, though invisible to my natural eye? I could not tell. To me it was all true and, as for the meaning, I could only wait and see.

At last, I arose with a shiver—it was growing cold—and went to bed.

I have many times thought of this midnight visitor and though I have often since watched her star and longed for her to come, I have never been able to bring her to my side again. Though I have not heard the summons, I am waiting and watching for the second visit, when she will bear the summons that calls me to be forever with her and the King.

Since I cannot but wait, I console myself with the thought that, though I am shut off from her for a time,

“’Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.”



DORMITORY, TRINITY PARK HIGH SCHOOL

THE HARVEST PASSED.

BY H. M. NORTH.

“The harvest passed!” What means that thought?
Is it that spring-time’s goodly hour,
Has passed us by with sun and shower,
And all our plans have come to naught?

The summer’s gone, and with its end
There comes a feeling chill and dread:
For life is short, and hope is dead,
And useless prayers to heaven ascend.

The golden time, the precious day,
All unimproved did pass us by;
Nor setting sun nor evening sky,
Can send a single cheering ray.

The slighted moments ne’er return
To bless us with another chance;
But doomed to death we must advance
To meet the fires that ever burn.

No cross; no toil; no gathered gems;
Naught for which we could be blest;
Nor can we hope for future rest,
For stars, for crowns, or diadems.

But is there not some distant place
Beyond this fast approaching night,
Where ruined souls may find the light,
And yet be saved by saving grace?

Some other land, some blessed clime,
Where second sacrifice is made,
Atonement on some altar laid
For all the faults and sins of time?

The fallen tree must surely lie
Forever, where at first it fell;
So mortals all, for heaven or hell,
Decide their fate whene’er they die.

No other harvest-time there’ll be,
No other summer’s rip’ning grain;
For life is gone, all hope is vain,
And now begins eternity.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL THOMAS L. CLINGMAN.

BY MRS. JANE P. KERR.

Thomas Lanier Clingman, the subject of the following sketch, was born at Huntsville, then Surry, but now Yadkin county, North Carolina, on the 27th day of July, 1812. He was the oldest of four children, and almost from his infancy gave evidence of the remarkable mental and intellectual powers for which in after years he became so widely distinguished. (On his father's side he was of German descent. His father, Jacob Clingman, was the second son of Alexander and Elizabeth Clingman, who, with other members of their family, moved from Germantown, Pennsylvania, to the vicinity of Salisbury, Rowan county, in the latter part of the 18th century. The wife of Jacob Clingman, and mother of Thomas Lanier Clingman, was a daughter of Francis Poindexter, a captain of infantry in the Continental forces under General Greene, and Jane Pattillo, daughter of Rev. Henry Pattillo, D. D. Dr. Pattillo was a native of Glasgow, Scotland, and came to America from that city at the age of thirteen years. He was distinguished not only as an able divine of the Presbyterian church, but was also prominently associated with the early movements of the colonists in North Carolina in their resistance to the unlawful exactions and oppressions of the Mother country. He was chosen a delegate from his county, Bute—now Warren and Franklin—to the first Provincial Congress, which met in Hillsborough, N. C., August 20, 1775, and was afterwards, in connection with Rev. Charles Edward Taylor, appointed Chaplain to that body.)

When Thomas Lanier Clingman was but four years old his father died, so that his entire education and training devolved upon his mother. Fortunately she was fully qualified to discharge the duties, not only with the faithfulness and affection of a tender mother, but with the

ability and efficiency of a judicious father. This lady, who to the versatility and sprightliness derived through the French blood of her father, added the sound good sense and canny wisdom of her Scottish maternal ancestry, was the sole educator of her son until his seventh year. At that age he was confided to the care of her brother, Frances Anderson Poindexter, Esq., with whom he studied for several years. Young Clingman was then sent to a high school in Iredell county, taught at that time by a Mr. Clegg, where his preparation for college was completed. From this school, afterwards noted as the scene of the labors of that historical conundrum, Peter S. Ney, he entered the university at Chapel Hill. Wherever he went, young Clingman, through his native ability, came to the front. In his own home three cousins, sons of a deceased sister of his mother, and two younger brothers of his own were his willing subordinates, and these, with the village boys, constituted a following of such unquestioning loyalty that traditions of their exploits under the leadership of "Tommy" have come down in the neighborhood to the present day. He was a born fighter, and one of his first successes at the University was the thorough drubbing which he administered to an older student who jeered at him for the unfashionable cut and finish of his apparel. At the University, as elsewhere, he led; and in 1832, when he graduated, he carried off the highest honors of a class exceptionally well supplied with men of ability who, in after life, rose to positions of distinction and honor in the service of the State and of the Nation.

General Clingman was a strong man in every way. A strong body which bore the strain and stress of eighty-five years of active, vigorous, aggressive life, a strong mind, a strong character, and a will that was strongest of all. That will was his only master. When once it had determined upon a thing the man's whole existence strove for it. It is related in his family that after his University

always self-willed

career was finished and his profession decided upon, in a self-communing which was overheard by one of them, he said aloud: "Well, I can marry and be a happy man, or not marry and be a great man. I will be a great man." And thus, having deliberately made his choice of ambition for his mistress and fame for his reward, he loyally adhered to it. In the acquisition of his chosen profession—the law—the entire failure of his sight and the assurance of competent physicians that only darkness and absolute rest for his eyes could save him from the awful calamity of blindness, formed an obstacle which would have, at least, delayed most men. But that unbending will did not falter for a moment, and with a green silk shade bound closely over his eyes, he sat patiently, day after day, listening to the voice of his sister as she read the different books of the law course aloud to him. This continued for many months, during which time he suffered "many things of many physicians" in the way of treatment for his eyes. Eventually, however, they were cured, and he completed the legal course of study at Hillsboro, N. C., under the instruction of Hon. William A. Graham. On completing his law course and obtaining his license he returned to his birthplace, Huntsville, and served one term in the State Legislature from his native county of Surry. After that, in 1835, he decided to make his home in Asheville, Buncombe county, and that place was his home for sixty years. Here he pursued successfully the practice of law for several years; but politics was the only field which offered opportunities sufficiently wide and promising to a man of his ambitions. He represented his district once in the Senate of the State, and in 1844 offered himself as a candidate for the lower house of Congress and was elected. From this time his life, until the beginning of the War between the States, was devoted almost entirely to politics. He had been born and bred a member of the Whig party, and was its loyal and faithful adherent for many years. But as the

country developed and the issues changed, that clear prevision of coming events, which caused his great rival, Vance, to say of him that he was always ten years in advance of his time, showed him that, however grand and noble and useful that party might have been in its day, that day was over. The "old Whig party," as a factor in National politics, was a thing of the past. Therefore, being not a dreamer of dreams, but a man of affairs, with high aspirations and far-reaching ambitions, wise with all the wisdom of his generation, Mr. Clingman determined to unite his forces, and cast in his lot, with his life-long opponents and foes. The loss was a sore one to the Whigs, and they mourned for him with bitterness. The gain was a great one to the Democrats and they received him with open arms. In 1858 he was appointed to fill the unexpired term of Hon. Asa Biggs in the Senate of the United States, and elected by the Legislature at its next session for a full term. He was prevented from serving this term by the War between the States. Yet even in the little while which he spent as a member of that body, he made his powers felt, and was recognized by all as one of the ablest of the Senators.

General Clingman, though an "original secessionist and fire-eater," used every effort to prevent the war, and was one of the very last of the Southern Senators to leave Washington—striving with all his might and hoping against hope to the very last that by some honorable means it might be averted. When convinced that this was not possible he came home. His first service to the Confederacy was as a delegate to the convention in Montgomery, Ala., which made Mr. Davis provisional President. Returning from that place he went to Richmond and was there when active hostilities began, and served as a volunteer on Gen. Joseph E. Johnston's staff at the first battle of Manassas. Not quite a month after, on August 15, 1861, he was commissioned Colonel of the Twenty-fifth

Regiment North Carolina Volunteers, which regiment he commanded until May 17, 1862, when he was promoted to the rank of Brigadier-General. In military as in civil affairs General Clingman was a man of marked ability. Though entirely unfamiliar with war in its practical form, he always handled his troops with the skill and efficiency of a veteran. At Cold Harbor, one of the hardest fights of the whole war, when his men, in hastily constructed works, had been all day resisting the fierce attacks of Gen. Grant, the troops on his left were ordered elsewhere, and by some oversight no others were put in their places. The enemy discovered this and hurried a division through the opening and, under cover of some woods, formed in rear of his brigade. The situation was most trying and critical; but without a moment's hesitation General Clingman ordered his men out of their works and formed a line facing to the rear. Then in front of the enemy's advancing line, which had already opened fire upon him, General Clingman gave the order to charge, and the entire line rushed to meet the enemy. On this occasion a fragment of a shell passed so near him that the brim of his hat was shorn smoothly off in front, and the General fell, stunned and unconscious, to the ground. He recovered, however, in a few moments, and with the remnant of his hat on his head and part of a fence rail in his hand, in lieu of the sword dropped in his fall, led his men in the charge, drove back the enemy and held the position until reinforcements arrived. No braver man ever went into battle than General Clingman. His men say that when the bullets were falling like hail around him, he would sit on his horse watching the movements of the enemy, as serenely self-possessed as if indeed nothing more deadly than a summer shower were descending upon him. He was always kind and considerate of his men, who truly loved him, and with that curious mixture of appreciation and satire so characteristic of our Southern soldiers, affectionately called him "Old Dad."

While on duty in the trenches around Petersburg, when leading his brigade in an attempt to break the enemy's lines, General Clingman received a wound which, his officers always maintained, was entirely unnecessary at that time. He had been assured that near a certain point on the field a body of the enemy were concealed behind some timber; but the General had faith in seeing things for himself, and the result was that in making his personal reconnoissance he was shot in the leg. The wound was severe and painful; but before taking chloroform he notified his surgeon that if, on his return to consciousness, he found he had amputated his leg, he would "assuredly shoot him." Fortunately the wound did not require that treatment, and so both general and surgeon escaped. He was, however, never able to resume command of his brigade and suffered at times from this wound ever afterwards. As soon as he was able to make the journey, he went to "Shallow Ford," the residence of his brother-in-law, Hon. R. C. Puryear, in Yadkin county, one mile from the little village of Huntsville—his birthplace. His sister, Mrs. Puryear, had long been dead, but a warm personal friendship stronger than any differences in political views and opinions existed through life between these two true patriots and brave men. This was in December, 1874. The improvement in the General's wound was very slow, and he was still on crutches and suffering constantly from it when the news of General Lee's surrender at Appomattox reached him. He at once mounted his horse, and with only a colored servant, went to join the command of Gen. Joseph E. Johnson. It was under this commander that he had first drawn his sword for the Confederate cause—at the first great battle of the war—and it was by his side that he laid it down when the conquered banner was furled forever.

When convinced that all hope was gone, and the cause was indeed lost, General Clingman said, "General Johnson,

much has been said about dying in the last ditch. You have here 14,000 of as brave men as the sun ever shone on. Let us take our stand and fight the two armies of Grant and Sherman to the end, and thus show the world how far we can surpass the Thermopalaë of the Greeks." To this General Johnson, after some moments of silent thought, replied, "General, if all these men were like you I would; but many of them are young and many have families to provide for and I cannot sacrifice them uselessly." General Clingman surrendered with General Johnson's forces at Greensboro, and in looking over his papers after his death his parole and his commission as Colonel were found folded together. His devotion to the Confederate cause was strong and unchanging; and by his own desire he sleeps now awaiting "The last Revillee," dressed in his uniform of a Confederate General.

When told of the assassination of Mr. Lincoln he was greatly shocked, and remarked, "That is the hardest blow that has been struck at the South yet." He was never in political life after the war. His last public service to his State was rendered in the convention which framed her present Constitution, and his was a controlling influence in forming and moulding that instrument.

After the war was over he gave himself up almost exclusively to scientific pursuits and investigations. The subject of electricity had an especial interest for him, and long before Mr. Edison's inventions and discoveries were given to the world, General Clingman was accustomed to say that he confidently expected to see electricity used as one of the chief illuminating agents of the world. This idea became so firmly fixed in his mind that he determined to develop it, and after much time and labor he invented a process for electric lighting on which he secured patents in the United States and also several of the countries of Europe. But the one deficiency in General Clingman's mental equipment was a want of knowledge in the manage-

ment of financial affairs; and, though scientifically perfect, his invention failed for want of proper business direction and control. He loved his native State with an almost passionate devotion, and considered no labor too severe and no expense too great if it could aid in promoting her advancement and prosperity. He was the pioneer in investigating, and publishing descriptions of, the vast mineral wealth of Western North Carolina, and always asserted that no region on the face of the whole earth could equal it in soil, climate and scenery. The people of his district, among whom he spent sixty years of his life, loved and trusted him unquestioningly and he used to say that he believed he had had the vote of every man in it, on one side or the other.

Of the two great desires of his life, the prizes for which he strove in every act of his political career (to be United States Senator and to be President), General Clingman obtained one, and he at least, never doubted that, but for the war, he would have gained the other also. General Clingman has been criticised as possessing "overweening vanity and colossal conceit," and certain it is that his opinion of himself was not a small one, but his judgment was so sound on other points and his estimate of men usually so correct, that I have sometimes thought perchance it was he who was right in this matter, and the rest of us mistaken. Certain it is that his admiration and reverence for the three pre-eminently great men of his time, Messrs. Clay, Calhoun and Webster, all of whom he knew long and intimately, were most full and unstinted.

General Clingman was a man of strong affections and was most warmly attached to his own people, a sentiment which they fully returned. When at last the evil days came, which he had long dreaded—for like Dean Swift he had a premonition that his mind would fail in his last years—and the strong man was helpless as a little child, the home of the sister he had loved with a truth and tenderness

which neither success nor failure, time nor weakening intellect had ever changed or dimmed, was again opened to him, and there, in necessary seclusion, cared for by his nieces and nephews as kindly and willingly as he could have been by his own children, he spent more than three years. At last, however, it became apparent that he needed the care of more capable and experienced hands, and he was carried to the State Hospital at Morganton. There, on the 3d day of November, 1897, his life peacefully closed. His body was first interred with military honors at Concord, N. C., the residence of a niece and nephew; but afterwards, at the urgent request of his old soldiers and many friends in Buncombe, it was removed to Asheville and buried in the cemetery at that place.

General Clingman had always been a firm believer in the religion of Christ and for many years a member of the Episcopal church, and his friends do not doubt that he is now in the full enjoyment of that reward which is promised to those who "have fought a good fight and kept the faith."

N. B.—To the above excellent sketch I must add the statement that General Clingman, in 1877, published a volume of "Speeches and Writings" which contains the most important of his public utterances, both in Congress and out of it. The volume also contains much information in regard to his political relations, and may furnish the basis of a future paper on his public life.

J. S. BASSETT.



THREE CHAPTERS OF A ROMANCE.

BY J. R. COWAN.

A keen-eyed little old woman dropped her needle-work and peered from the window of her country home for perhaps the twentieth time. She arose and walked out on the veranda, shaded her eyes and looked longingly down the lane and across the green fields. "Well there comes the young miscreant at last," she exclaimed with a sigh. As this so-termed young miscreant drew within speaking distance, she almost shouted, "Barney, didn't I tell you to hurry back after you had done what I told you to. Here it is nigh on to one o'clock and you ought to have been back three hours ago."

"Yes'um," said Barney.

"And now," said the old lady, "I am a great mind to send you right off to your work without a bit of dinner. I am sure you don't deserve it."

"No'm," said Barney, drawing a long breath.

"Well, don't stand there and stare like a wooden Indian. Go on and eat your dinner, for I have a lot for you to do this afternoon."

Barney disappeared in the neighborhood of the culinary department without any second bidding. He had been the subject of the watch at the window and had received a similar storm of invective time and again before this particular latter May day.

Barney Slagle had lived with Mrs. Mountcastle, the old lady of our story, as far back as that youth possessed any very accurate history of himself. Mrs. Mountcastle, after the death of her husband, just as a great many widow women usually do, insisted upon having the farming carried on under her direction and refused to leave the farm and live with either of her married daughters. Barney had been added to the domain of her household before the death of her husband. She wanted a boy to do the chores and run

upon various errands. At the time our story opens she had really become almost as strongly attached to him as though he were her own son. She dared not have it appear to him in that light, however. It added to her satisfaction to have him within her range at any instant, whether she had any possible need of his services or not. This Barney could not endure. He managed to be away from the brooding wing of her protection long enough to grow up with a knowledge of outdoor sports and pleasures and develop into a strong muscular youth of fifteen, pretty much according to his own wishes, after all. Consequently, when Mrs. Mountcastle wanted Barney very badly at the farm house, Barney was away hunting, fishing or taking advantage of any considerable pleasure which the season afforded. And, it usually happened that Mrs. Mountcastle wanted Barney worst at these very times. Barney was a very useful fellow anyhow, and whatever he knew was to be done, he never left undone. He was sent to school and had the same educational advantages as the other boys of the neighborhood. He early acquired a taste for reading. I saw much of him in those days and he once remarked that if he had the amount necessary he would buy five thousand books. "Yes, you would stop work and starve to death reading them," I added. Sometimes, when his whereabouts were unknown to the old lady, he would be seated in the branches of the oaks in the barn-yard, safe from the outer-world, with some tale of adventure. In cool weather in early spring and autumn he would bask and dream on the sunny side of the barn.

On this day Barney had been sent to the home of a neighbor on some errand of no importance so far as our story is concerned. Barney had always been a general favorite with the boys of the neighborhood. They always enjoyed their sports most when he shared the fun along with them. To have Barney along meant to have the best luck fishing, hunting, and an all-round good time. As he

crossed the creek by the bridge on his return he saw three boys of his acquaintance going up the creek fishing, and decided to go along with them a few minutes, as it would be about as near to go home through the meadow. After he had been with them quite a while longer than he intended, Austin Howard, while walking on some large rocks over-hanging the creek, lost his balance, and in trying to save himself he dropped his Marlin rifle in the creek. He had carried the rifle to shoot at frogs and anything else he might wish when he wasn't fishing. His rifle was now at the bottom of one of the deepest holes in the creek, popularly said to have no bottom. He was very much hurt over the loss, of course.

"Never mind, Austin, I'll do what I can to help you," said Barney.

Barney began removing his clothes. Finally, he was undressed and surveying the scene of operations. Farmer Glade was ploughing on the opposite side of the creek and had just come to the end of his corn row. Before he turned his horse, he inquired, "What ye up to now, Barney Slagle?"

"Nothin' much," said Barney, "only Austin's rifle is in the bottom of the creek and I am goin' in after it."

"Better not try it," said the farmer. "Don't you know that's the deepest hole in the creek. They say it ain't even got no bottom."

By this time Barney's chest was puffed out with wind and he gave one spring and disappeared. Soon there was not a ripple on the surface of the water. It was still and quiet as before. They waited one, two minutes without saying a word, then the boys became a little anxious. In less than a half-minute he reappeared, panting and spitting, near the opposite bank without anything save some mud.

"What did I tell you," said the farmer.

"There's a little mud in that hand," said Barney as he

swam to the bank, "anyhow I've been to the bottom. I went a little wrong. I'll show you the gun next trip."

He then swam over and mounted the rock from which the gun had dropped, breathed three or four times, and drove himself head foremost into the stream. The spectators waited a few seconds less time than before, and the blue steel barrel of Austin Howard's rifle appeared above the surface of the water, followed by a hand and naked arm.

"I hear Barney," said Mrs. Mountcastle the next morning at the breakfast table, "I hear that you went to the bottom of the deep hole over there in the creek and saved little Austin Howard's gun. Is that so?"

"Yes'um," said Barney.

"Well, I'll declare, Barney, I think that was real nice in you to do that," said the old lady. "Everybody thinks so."

"Yes'um," quoth Barney.

It is now time to say something of Mary Glade, who shall be concerned somewhat to the end of our story. Mary Glade, daughter of Glade, the farmer already introduced in the story, was very well and favorably known to Barney, and so likewise was Barney to her. They had opportunities for seeing much of one another. Mary was some older than Barney and lisped just enough in her talk to make herself interesting. She thought Barney a remarkable fellow and was always somewhat interested in his doings.

"Well that Barney," said Mary, when Mr. Glade gave an account of the wonderful doing, "he ith juth the funnieth fellow I ever thaw."

She had displayed her admiration for him in these very words many times before.

"I am almost getting to be a good subject for a novel," said Barney to himself one day as he rested his back in the old lady's onion patch. "Chapter One, Our Hero Takes a Dive;" and the weeds disappeared faster than ever.

Some time afterwards Barney happened to be transplanting a rather unruly heifer to another pasture field. He had three or four times more rope than was necessary to drive her and carried the unnecessary amount in a roll in his hand. In the meantime he saw Preacher Roberts coming across the field by a foot-path. Now Barney did not have the greatest admiration and respect for this personage, and he now saw the chance for a little harmless revenge for remarks concerning himself, which he had overheard and considered as an insult. As the preacher drew near and was about to stop to greet him, Barney gave the heifer more rope. Then ensued the scene. By skillful manipulation in his efforts to get control of the beast, Barney managed to get the rope wound around the poor preacher's waist and he was dragged over the space of a half acre and finally thrown and dragged over the earth until the rope was free from his person.

What Preacher Roberts said to Barney and what he said to Mrs. Mountcastle when he reached her home, we deem prudent to omit for the sake of our story. And Mrs. Mountcastle, after an unusually great amount of reproachful eloquence, and after all of Barney's indifferent yes'ums and no'ns, actually carried out one of her threats, and sent him to bed that night without his supper.

Let us see how our Barney of the story fared, locked in his room on the second floor without a mouthful of supper, and the whole night before him. He plunged into a fresh volume of romance and read with all the energy which was characteristic of him until he was sure all was quiet. "Well, I guess it is time for supper," he said to himself. He hopped out of the window walked along the roof of the back porch to the room of Aunt Jane, the cook, on the second floor of the ell of the house, and had no trouble in getting through her room and descending the stairs to the kitchen. Kitchen, dining-room, pantry, were all at his disposal; there was his chance of preserves and sweet-

meats. After serving himself to several courses, he returned the way he came, satisfied with his supper and pleased with the achievement.

"That must be the second chapter, with myself still the chief person of the story," said Barney as he undressed to go to bed. "Chapter Two, 'Sent Supperless to Bed,' " he chuckled, and rolled over for pleasant dreams.

"There's something sadly lacking about my romance," said Barney some time after this. "In all romances there is a lady. Who ever saw a real romance without a lady? So, too, shall my romance have a lady."

Only a few days after this, Barney had occasion to be across the bridge in another valley. He usually walked on his trips, in fact he preferred to, unless the distance was too great. It was more suitable and conformable to the side trips and excursions which his adventurous and rambling disposition often led him into. As he came past Farmer Glade's he thought of Mary and the lady of his romance. He soon quickened his pace homeward as he saw signs of an approaching storm. By the time he was well into the forest, before he reached the bridge across the creek, the storm was upon him. He turned aside for shelter and saw an old poplar tree with a shell large enough to afford protection from the rain to three or four persons. There was not much wind and very little lightning, so there was no great risk to run from those sources. Barney entered the hollow of the tree by a large opening at the side. No sooner had he done this than he saw Mary Glade making toward home in a great hurry. He called out to her and she consented to share his shelter until the rain was over. She told him she had been visiting a neighbor and had not thought of the rain until it began to fall. The rain came for almost a whole hour. They talked for ten or fifteen minutes, then they looked at the rain and were silent for a while. Barney began to think of his romance again until Mary made some remark, and they

resumed their conversation again for quite a while. Finally they were quiet again. Barney began to think very hard about his romance now, and Mary gazed out at the water now running in rills in every direction. Barney began to gaze at Mary's eyes; she turned them absently toward him and away again. Never till that instant had he known how brown Mary's eyes were. She might have known before this how blue his were, but as for him, he was thrilled now to his very soul. For the first time, Barney was sure that he was in love. She saw his wild eyes and thought he was ill. He assured her that he was not, and insisted upon accompanying her all the way back home. Such an act of gallantry had been entirely foreign to his nature. He was so overwhelmed by the strange situation that he uttered very few words before he left her at the gate and turned homeward again. Barney would have felt like he was propelled by wings, if there had been mud caked on each shoe two inches thick.

“How is it I am become so suddenly sentimental? Chapter Three, ‘The Romantic Meeting in the Forest,’” ejaculated Barney as his head struck the pillow that night. Mrs. Mountcastle was utterly at a loss to account for Barney's unusual actions. She never saw him so fully alive to sentiment. She watched him for several days. At times he would sigh as if he had lost all he had in the world; again his eyes were shining with a strange light as if he had discovered a gold mine.

At last Barney could stand this no longer; there must be another side of it all; he wrote a letter, he wrote until far in the night, and posted it at the village post-office the next morning.

I believe it best for our story not to say anything more about this letter, but leave all for the imaginative reader to conjecture.

Two nights more and Barney's imagination had wrought him to a very high pitch of excitement. He had dreams

of leaving the old lady and going forth to seek his fortune. He left the house that night when all was quiet, a night wanderer in the balmy August air, under the white light of the stars and the watery moon, with only thoughts of love and the future. How long he wandered he knew not, but turned at length aimlessly into the heart of a wood. Here rest was demanded in behalf of the physical man and common sense, and Barney fell into a deep sleep.

When Barney awoke the sun was high into the heavens, the birds sang, and the squirrels jumped from limb to limb. He was filled with all the pleasures which his boyhood had ever realized from a knowledge of nature. He was almost back to his old self again. "Not much romance in this," said Barney as he began to feel the pangs of hunger and thirst, and he turned his steps toward Mrs. Mountcastle's. He went by the way of the village to inquire for mail at the post-office. On his way he met Farmer Glade, who informed him with a strange smile, "that there would be a letter in the office for him." Barney got the letter, but it shall not be opened so far as the interest of our story is concerned.

"Barney, I can't account for your actions of late," said Mrs. Mountcastle as Barney hastened to allay his hunger that morning, "I find that your bed was not even touched last night."

It was Barney's turn to do the talking now. He told his story in as few words as possible.

"Well, well, Barney! Surely; you didn't have any such notions, did you?" queried the old lady.

"Yes'um," said our freak of humanity, hanging his head. We shall leave the succeeding chapters of the romance to Barney and his lady "to list in love numbers sweet."

OBSERVATIONS AT THE STATE FARM.

BY R. R. GRANT.

The practice of using convicts on farms, which we now call State farming, was begun in North Carolina about 1890. This plan of employing the convict labor of our State was, perhaps, brought about by Mr. Paul Faison, an Eastern North Carolina farmer, who was, at that time, Superintendent of the State Penitentiary.

Many obstacles came up as the work began. Large farmers were unwilling to rent their lands, knowing that the usual tenant houses would have to be torn down to give place to camps and all other buildings necessary for the safe and permanent keeping of convicts. Mr. Faison met this difficulty, however, by taking one of his own farms upon which to try this new institution of the State.

Thus the work began, and the step has proven to be such a wise one, that several other farms have since been rented, and when the proper men are at the helm, they are run successfully.

As the purpose of this article is to say something about life, on a State farm, I'll take a typical one, and write briefly, some of the observations which I have made on several visits to one of these farms.

The typical farm at which I've made these observations, is the Calidonia. It is located in Halifax county, perhaps twelve miles below the historic town of Halifax.

It lies on the south side of the waters of the old Roanoke—a stream whose sand-bars have made it possible for hundreds of boys, myself among them—to store memories which will be amusing, at least, “even down to old age.”

Going from the river to the farm one passes through a “low-ground” about one-hundred and fifty yards wide and comes to a dike, some forty feet at the base, about twenty feet high, and from fifteen to twenty feet across the top. Standing on top of this dike against Mudhole Landing,

with face southward, one can see to his right a distance of three miles, and to his left, two miles. The distance from the river to the back of the farm, varies from two to three miles, so we'll make a rough estimate and say there are about seven thousand acres in the body of land.

Before leaving the top of the dike against Mudhole Landing, let the reader imagine himself standing there on the 25th of June, viewing about three thousand acres of bending corn, and about one-fifth that number of waving grain and blooming clover! I wish you could take the view. The corn is usually in one body, while the other crops are planted wherever the soil is most suited to their productions. Next comes the green fields of cotton whose grassy rows are a "holy terror" to the Southern cotton chopper, while it is a charming sight to the most fantastic Northerner. The remainder of the crops consists of patches of potatoes, rye, cabbage, onions, Irish potatoes, etc. The reader will now leave his position on top of the dike (against Mudhole), and go down to the broad drive-way which will lead him "through the rye" to the camp, where he can take a look at the supervisor, steward, hospital doctor, convicts, servants to each of the above, cooks, dog-keeper, wagoner and lot-man.

It is useless for me to say anything about the duty of each of the above mentioned, as the name suggests the duty. I will, however, say something about the wages of each, giving it as I learned it from the lot-man, January 2, 1899. The supervisor gets \$71.00 (per month); the steward and lot-man, \$20.00; the hospital doctor, \$40.00; the kennel-keeper and manager of the wagons, \$15.00 each, and all convicts one cent per day.

One of the most interesting features of a visit to this farm is to be present at sunset. Near that time one can see the field hands coming in, in gangs of about twenty-five, with a guard thirty feet in front of them, and another at the same distance behind them, each having a Winches-

ter rifle and a round of shells. There is with them (the squad, as they are usually called,) an overseer, also, who is armed with a pistol only, and is at liberty to go among them, while the guards are not. Now that they are at the camp, they hurdle at the stockade gate and wait till their overseer gets in a position to count them as they pass into the stockade. This being done, the overseer and guards of that particular squad are at liberty, the responsibility for their safe keeping having passed over to the stockade guards.

I might say right here, that the guards are held responsible only for the safe keeping of the prisoners, and have nothing whatever to do with how much or how little work they do, the overseer being held responsible for that.

The hoe and plow squads are usually about the same in number (25), but either may have more or fewer, as the circumstances may demand; the number of guards (2) and overseers (1) are the same for each, and each gets the same amount of wages—overseers \$25.00 and guards \$15.00.

The stockade mentioned above is a plank wall about fifteen feet high, inclosing the dormitory for the convicts, hospital, cook and dining rooms, provision house (larder), wash house, and a small wood and blacksmith shop. It is built in shape of a square, but is so poorly constructed that it is not impossible for a prisoner to escape either through or over the wall, and this being the case, a small guard house is built at each corner of the square—they are built as high as the top of the stockade, so the guards can look in and see what is going on. All dormitories for the employees are outside the stockade.

All servants on the place are convicts, yet some of them have more privilege than others. Those outside the stockade—house servants, milkers, wagon drivers, and lot hands, are called trusties. They have no guards over them, and are at liberty to go anywhere their duty may call. They gain this liberty by their good conduct, coupled with the fact that their sentence has nearly expired.

Everything about the camp and in the field is kept in first-class order, provided the head and subs are first-class. The roads, teams, farming utensils, the cooking and eating apartments, and the convicts themselves are all kept in as good order as it seems possible to.

The sleeping places for the convicts, the cells—usually two at each camp—are built very much on the order of a one-story wooden building of two rooms, with a ten foot hall between them. The hall is the dining room for the employees, besides being the place where the night guards sit to watch through, a hole in the wall about one foot in diameter, the wearies, to see that nothing shall enter to disturb their peaceful slumbers. Looking into the cell from the hall, one sees two rows of bunks turned foot-to-foot, but separated by a three foot aisle.

Nearly all the prisoners seem to be enjoying and getting as much (of the good) out of life as the common laborer. They get all the food and clothing they need, have a doctor when they are sick, and are kept out of as much bad weather as possible, but “as sure as you live” they have to “make hay while the sun shines.”

Some colored preacher, living near by, preaches for them nearly every Sunday, and old Uncle Amos Buckhorn, who was sentenced from Richmond county, August 15, 1892, says, “Dey enjoys it like de nigers gen’ly do.” They have no burial service whatever.

In conclusion, I may say upon good authority, that the institution of the State farm is a step forward in the management of our convicts.

COMMITTEES OF SAFETY IN NORTH CAROLINA.

BY F. T. WILLIS.

When Gov. Martin took refuge on a British man-of-war on the Cape Fear River in 1775, the people were not ready for a permanent form of government. Separation from England was looked upon only as a vague possibility and those holding sentiments in favor of independence did not openly express them. The burdens of the American colonies were attributed to the machinations of a corrupt ministry. Committees of Safety were organized, one for the province at large, one for each district, and one for each county.

In 1774, Gov. Martin refused to allow the Assembly to meet in order that delegates might not be elected to the Congress which was to be held at Philadelphia, thus imitating the precaution of the former Governor in 1765. A committee appointed by the district of Wilmington addressed a circular letter to the different counties of the province requesting them to send representatives to a convention which was called for the 21st of August, but the time was afterwards changed to August 25. This the first representative assembly which met in North Carolina without royal authority passed resolutions in which, among other things, it was recommended to the deputies of the different counties "that a committee of five persons be chosen in each county by such persons as accede to this association to take effectual care that these resolves be properly observed and to correspond occasionally with the Provincial Committee of Correspondence."

The first county on record to respond to this recommendation was Rowan. The committee of that county met September 23, 1774. The resolutions of the Provincial Congress were unanimously approved. It was resolved that twenty-five persons be appointed to correspond with the Provincial Congress and to see that the resolutions of

the Continental Congress were carried into execution by the inhabitants of that county. It was also resolved that the people of that county break off all trade and dealings with any person resident in the county who should refuse or neglect to carry into effect the resolutions passed at New Berne the previous August, and that those who offended them would be deemed enemies to the country and treated accordingly. Each company of the militia was authorized to raise £20 proc. part of which was to be paid to the North Carolina delegates to the Philadelphia congress and the remainder was to be held at the disposal of the committee. At the same meeting certain offenders of the resolve of the congress forbidding a raise in prices were called before the committee and made to answer the charges against them, and certain "advertisements" which the committee considered "false, scandalous, wicked and impertinent" were ordered tacked on the posts of the gallows to demonstrate the contempt in which the authors were held.

This meeting of the Rowan Committee of Safety illustrates the powers and duties of all others. The number of members varied with the different counties. At the next meeting at Salisbury the number constituting a quorum of the Rowan committee was reduced from thirteen to five. The freeholders of Pitt County elected a committee consisting of nine members October 4, 1774. The number of members of all committees was increased as occasion demanded. There were as many as a hundred and twenty-five elected at Martinborough at one time.

The two Safety Committees mentioned were organized on the recommendation of the Provincial Congress. Wilmington was the first town to elect a committee as recommended by the Continental Congress. In compliance with that recommendation the Pitt committee called a meeting of the freeholders for another election. The election of a committee at New Berne soon followed and a little later the freeholders of Chowan met.

One of the first duties that the Committees of Safety performed was the raising and shipping of provisions for the people of Boston who were suffering from the effect of a closed port. The first record of the New Berne committee's work is a poster sent out announcing the fact that two persons had been appointed a committee to collect subscriptions for the relief of the Boston poor. A store house had been provided for receiving peas, corn, pork, and such other articles as subscribers desired to pay in. The Pitt county committee wrote for a ship to come from the North and convey their contributions.

The committee of Chowan county first met January 28, 1775. A subscription was raised the proceeds from which were to be given as premiums for the promotion of manufacturing and the arts. To the person causing to be made in the Province within eighteen months five hundred pairs of wool cards, a premium of £40 was offered. The committee agreed to pay two shillings for such of these as usually brought two shillings, six pence in England. A premium was also offered to the one who should make the best steel suitable for edged tools; also to the one who should in twelve months make a hundred yards of well fulled woolen cloth, spun and wove in that county and fulled in the district of Edenton Superior Court. Smaller inducements were offered for the manufacture of bleached linen, etc.

Of all the Safety Committees the one at Wilmington was the most active. The freeholders of New Hanover County had elected a committee to co-operate with the one already existing in the town. At first the most important kind of work that it did was the sale of goods given over to it according to the resolutions of the Continental Congress. Questions as to what goods should be landed, what slaves reshipped, and the conduct of citizens were presented almost daily. All slaves ordered after the meeting of the Provincial Congress were ordered reshipped. Public balls,

billiard tables, and horse racing were forbidden as contrary to the expression of the congressional resolutions. One Mrs. Austin was warned by the committee not to give a public bill which had been announced. The restriction was later extended to dances of all kinds. The Continental Congress had forbidden the raising of prices of goods. The Wilmington committee decided that action could not be taken against one guilty of this, unless there was proof that he was making greater profits than he had formerly gained. The committee also agreed to support Adam Boyd in the publishing a paper to be known as the *Cape Fear Mercury* on certain conditions as to the size of the paper, the type used, and the pay of Boyd.

In March, 1775, a paper was drawn up at Wilmington to be signed by citizens, expressing their readiness to abide by the association, "as the most probable means of bringing about reconciliation with Great Britian." It was at this meeting, that notice was ordered sent to the Brunswick committee, announcing that the goods on a certain ship just arrived should be reshipped. They were very particular that none of the forbidden goods should get in. Members of the committee went on board to see that nothing was landed.

The Committees of Safety were especially valuable in the forwarding of expresses carrying the news of Bunker Hill battle. From New York, the news was passed from town to town, the Committee of Safety always forwarding it. The committee of Chowan passed it to Edenton, the committee there on to Beaufort, thence to New Berne, Onslow, Wilmington, Brunswick, and on to the boundary.

As the war came on, it was of much concern to the committees to get gun powder. Soon after organization, the Wilmington Committee of Safety had made an effort to get powder to have on hand in case of emergency. The resolution with regard to raising the prices was enforced in the sale of powder, more than of anything else. Commit-

tees often ordered powder collected from families and receipts given for it. Families were also requested to give up alms not used in arming the adults.

The seizure of the guns in front of the palace at New Berne has attracted considerable attention. Gov. Martin, in a letter to the Earl of Dartmouth, mentioned the incident. He said that he saw a crowd coming and believing it to be a "seditious" committee he refused an audience from them and agreed to see them only when they were announced as citizens desiring a conference. They wanted to know why the guns had been dismantled that morning. He explained that they were unfit for the celebration of his majesty's birthday. This appeared to satisfy them. Martin added that the real reason that he dismantled them was that he might hinder their removal. In the same letter he spoke of the Mecklenburg Declaration, as surpassing anything a committee on the continent had produced.

The committee often intercepted letters to and from Gov. Martin. It was, therefore, almost impossible for him to communicate with his friends. He was corresponding with Gage about landing some arms at New Berne, but the letters were cut off at that place and published by the Safety Committee. August 28, 1776, Martin wrote to Dartmouth that the influence of the "seditious" committees was so strong that it was impossible for him to secure the aid of the highlanders without two battallions to force communication with them. He said that the committees extended a hundred miles back from the court, but he was underestimating the distance.

There is scarcely any definite record of punishment of those who were deemed enemies to the country, except such as is contained in complaints given to the Governor under oath. All those who loved the country were requested to have no dealings with any one stigmatized by a Committee of Safety. They were sometimes ordered denounced in posters and sometimes in newspapers. Some

were sent out of the Province. Whatever the punishment, it was evidently no small thing to be deemed inimical to the liberty of America, as those who refused to sign the Association usually did so finally. In order for one to be restored to the best consideration of the committee and people it was necessary for him to recant all that he had said and sign the Association. Suspects were often sent to the Provincial Congress, there to answer charges against them.

The committee were not inclined to be burdensome to the people. They always gave time to those who decided rashly. Soon after it was organized the Rowan committee requested the chairman and two or three members to go out and talk to the people of the Spraiker's neighborhood who did not agree with them. At Wilmington two offenders were allowed two or three weeks in which to reconsider before they were advertized. The negro received little mercy. Patrolmen were sent out to arrest all found without a pass and those armed could be shot down. In taking arms from suspected persons, receipts were always given for them. The Moravians were requested to give up their arms but were not forced to do it.

The Hillsboro congress of August, 1776, ordered that the committees determine whether trials of suspected counterfeiters of bills of credit was necessary or not; that they give certificates to complete military companies; and that they collect arms from families, giving receipts for them. A census of the inhabitants was ordered taken by the town and county committees, giving the number of those capable of bearing arms. These committees were to be elected yearly and were to have control of elections to Congress. Wilmington, Edenton, and New Berne were to have committees consisting of fifteen members and other towns having right to representation could elect committees of seven. The town and county committees could co-operate if they so desired. The committees were to

carry out instructions from higher authorities and to see that the resolutions of Congress were observed. They would make such rules and regulations as they deemed necessary but were not to inflict corporal punishment, imprisonment excepted. The Congress resolved that no person could bring suit against any one without permission from the committee of the county in which the debtor resided. Several of the committees afterwards arranged it so that two or three members could give this permission. Committees of correspondence, secrecy and intelligence were ordered elected from among the Safety Committees which were to have power to correspond with three committees, to try suspected persons, and if necessary to send them up to the congress.

The congress at Hillsboro ordered elections of "Committees of Safety" in each district. The town and county committees had been designated only as "committees." These District Committees of Safety were to consist of thirteen members, to be elected by the delegates from the respective districts. They could call out the militia in cases of emergency but that power was to cease when the Provincial Council met. They were to meet every three months in the principal town of the respective districts, viz: Wilmington, New Berne, Edenton, Halifax, Salisbury, and Hillsboro. They were to have superintending power over town and county committees and they could require debtors about to leave the Province to give security to creditors.

The Provincial Council, as instituted by the Hillsboro Congress, was to consist of thirteen members, two to be elected by the delegates from each district and one to be named by the congress. This council was to certify the appointment of officers in the army during the recess of congress, and to fill vacancies. It could suspend officers and order a courtmartial after thirty days. It had the power to do anything to strengthen the colony, that did not

conflict with acts of congress. The members were to receive ten shillings a day, during the time they were serving as members. The business subsequently transacted by the council was mostly of a military nature.

Quite similar to the provincial council was the council of Safety instituted by the Halifax congress, in April 1776. The members were elected in the same manner as were those of the Provincial council. No one holding office in the army from which he expected profit was eligible to membership. Authority to do anything for the protection of the colony was invested in the Council of Safety with the proviso that it could do nothing contrary to the acts of congress, could not emit bills of credit, or draw on the Continental Treasury, or impose taxes on the people, or impose duties on exports or imports, or try any person for a criminal or civil offence, except when such a trial was permitted by an express resolve of congress. The council was authorized to establish courts of admiralty at the principal towns and to appoint commissioners for the smaller ports, viz: Bath, Brunswick, Currituck, Beaufort, and Roanoke. It would also restrain any suspected person from departing by sea. The Provincial Council and district committees were dissolved.

The Council of Safety at its first meeting ordered the town and county committees to proclaim in the most public manner the Declaration of Independance. The test oath provided by the Hillsboro Congress was no longer proper. So, the Council of Safety provided one in its stead. Like the transactions of the Provincial Council the duties of the Council of Safety were mostly military. Besides appointing the military officers and providing funds for the army it sent out vessels to cruize at sea and capture all British merchantmen passible. It also stationed vessels at Ocracoke for the protection of the trade.

The town and county committees as well as the Council of Safety were much the same from April until November,

when the congress again met at Halifax and formed a constitution. Then the Committees of Safety were no longer needed. It had been attempted to draw up a Constitution at the April Congress but the great difficulty was the prevention of too much power getting into the hands of representatives. The matter was put off until November and the Council of Safety was a temporary executive and legislative body combined.





D. W. NEWSOM,
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CHIEF EDITOR.
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As a rule the College student spends very little time in outside reading, or that which does not bear directly upon his college work. This is probably due more to the stringent demands placed upon him by his class-room work, than to any indisposition on the part of the student. Few men have better opportunities, however, to keep themselves abreast with the onrush of events than the College student. Besides having access to library volumes, the reading rooms furnish him with the best information to be secured from dailies, weeklies and monthlies. There are few moments more thoroughly enjoyed by the student than those which he spends at will amid the pages of some good book, magazine or newspaper. In our age centuries are compressed within the compass of a single life. History finds volumes of events to record. Great problems are constantly calling for men of large capacities. The student can do no better for himself and his country than to make a close and thoughtful study of the problems that await the touch of some strong mind. This is all the more imperative when one considers the fact that to-day the world moves before the electric vim and iron blood of young manhood. In both Church and State, young men of quick brain, of rugged nerve, and of indomitable purpose are the moving power. If the world has a right to expect anything from the College man, it is the right to look to him for a high type of leadership,—strong, wise, practical leadership. It demands

that the student take hold and help solve the problems which his own genius and training have discovered and thrown out for solution, for of all men, the college man is supposed to have breadth and adequacy of judgment, capable of embracing within the sweep of his vision the true relations of men and things. Based upon a wide knowledge of these relations, he should have strength of purpose,—a purpose strong in its unity, unbiased by self-profit, and bold in the consciousness that it draws its credentials from truth and right. Furthermore, the world has a right to expect the college man to be a man of action. The fact that he has had the benefits of theoretical culture and idealistic training by no means invests him with the sole prerogative to stand aloof and formulate plans by which the social, political and religious world shall be regulated. A high degree of theoretical knowledge brings with it the obligation to give it an intense and practical application. It matters not to what extent the world may have blessed a young man with its wealth, it matters not how talented he may be, nor how richly endowed with knowledge and culture, it matters not how high fortune may have placed him in social life,—whoever he is or wherever he be, there is no power that can bestow upon him the right to live a life of idleness.

“In a world so full as this of incitements to exertion, and of rewards for achievement, idleness is the most absurd of absurdities and the most shameful of shames.”

In his college career, the student seldom realizes fully the inspiration and growth to which he may attain in his college associations and friendships. Nothing is more beautiful than the crystalized friendship of class-mates, which has grown and strengthened with the turn of the years. To be associated with college men, where one has the privilege of placing himself in close touch with life at its highest, purest and best, is in itself a power which the student at college cannot value

too highly. The diversity of characters gathered about him, allows the student sufficient range to see life exhibited in many phases, and holds out to him the opportunity to shape and fix for himself a destiny of weal or woe. There are bits of service, encouraging words, and silent influences, which can be thrown out here and there, that will soften and quicken hearts, and lend a fuller and more hallowed worth to life.

Whatever stimulation our life may undergo, from each one must come an impression that shall build it up towards the beauty of integrity, or else blight and degrade it. Thought can only have for its material that which has been our experience. If the mind would have its home in those realms where clarity of atmosphere gives hope and buoyancy, then we must watch the forces that daily play upon and mingle with our life.

The study of the natural world will forever remain a subject full of healthful interest. From earliest times when men watched its courses with worshipful adoration, the varied and pleasing forms of nature have been a spectacle for silent admiration. The more they are studied the more marvellous they become. The soul that truly loves the companionship of trees, stones, flowers, birds, the winds and the sunshine, the great heaven rolling silent overhead, the blue-glancing stars, and the ever-changing clouds born in the bosom of immensity, finds in the natural world a real joy and comfort that nothing else can give.

Mr. John Burroughs has made some wholesome suggestions regarding the true and the false relation to nature: "In our time, it seems to me, too much stress is laid upon the letter. We approach nature in an exact, calculating, tabulating, mercantile spirit. We seek to make an inventory of her storehouse. Our relations to her take on the air of business, not of love and friendship. The clerk of the woods and fields goes forth with his block of printed tablets upon which, and under various heads, he puts down what he sees, and I

suppose foots it all up and gets at the exact sum of his knowledge when he gets back home. He is so intent upon the bare fact that he does not see the spirit or the meaning of the whole. He does not see the bird, he sees an ornithological specimen; he does not see the wild flower, he sees a new acquisition to his herbarium; in the bird's nest he sees only another prize for his collection. Of that sympathetic and emotional intercourse with nature which soothes and enriches the soul, he experiences little or none . . . The knowledge of nature that comes easy, that comes through familiarity with her, as through fishing, nutting, hunting, walking, farming—that is the kind that reaches and affects the character and becomes a grown part of us. We absorb this as we absorb the air, and it gets into the blood. Fresh, vital knowledge is one thing, the desiccated fact is another . . . My boy is a passionate lover of woods and waters, but mainly as a sportsman; now he is in college, and I see by his letters that he too has discovered that he has another love for nature, and has a fund of impressions to draw upon when he writes his themes. I have never tried to instill into him a love for the birds or woods, but only to give him free range among them, and to let him grow up in their atmosphere. If nature is to be a resource in a man's life, one's relation to her must not be too exact and formal, but more that of a lover and friend. I should not try directly to teach young people to love nature so much as I should aim to bring nature and them together, and let an understanding and intimacy spring up between them.”

If any reader of *THE ARCHIVE* knows where two copies of Edwin Fuller's "The Angel in the Cloud" and one copy of "Sea Gift," by the same author, can be secured, the editor will be very grateful for the information.



Wayside Wares

E. S. BOWLING,

MANAGER.

THE PATCHED PANTS PERIOD.

“Madam, cud yer give a poor old ungary man sumpen to eat?” said the bare-foot tramp. He was s'tanding in front of a small farm-house, speaking in anxious tones to a benevolent looking old woman standing in the door. The setting sun cast the long shadow of the ragged villain across the woodpile as he stood with his faithful pipe in his toil-worn hand. “I'm ungary an' I'd like to hev a leetle pie or cake ef you hev any.”

“I've nothing for you,” sharply answered the ancient dame (who was an old maid).

“I wuz not allers thus, but in your kind face an' purty brown eyes I see one glint of pity,” said the bloated-nosed man with corns on his feet.

“Ah! I see, sorrow has blighted your life. Poor man, sit down until I get you something to eat.” Then the old maid went to bring the viands and left the tourist to enjoy his leisure.

When left alone the seedy-looking individual grinned, and winking his right eye, he softly whispered to himself, “I knowed I cud bring the old maid around with ‘purty brown eyes;’ they can't resist compliments from the masculine tribe.”

He was a fat tramp of doubtful age. The age of the pitying maid dated back to the “time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary,” for who knows the age of a crooked-nosed old maid!

The tramp had just begun to nod and then to snore, when the fair maid of many summers brought out a plate of pie and preserves and other viands tempting to a tired tramp. The traveller pulled off his hat, which was more ancient even than the old maid, laid his dirty pipe on the ground and then "fell to."

Said the old maid, who had on number six shoes and a home-spun apron with a large pocket in it, "Your life must be a sad one, and you seem to have injured your health by over-work."

"Ah!" said the biscuit-devouring tramp, "I wuz not allers thus; I wuz happy wunst. I lived in a nice house an' my neighbor had a daughter who practiced on her pianner five hours ever day. Besides this blessin', I hed a wife an' fourteen children an' a mother-in-law." While thinking of his past happiness and of the piano and of his mother-in-law, diplomatic tears were visible in the soft depths of his sleepy-looking grey eyes.

"Oh! I pity you; tell me your story."

"Madam, it ain't much to tell. My life wuz gided by fate an' I wuz allers afflicted with a red nose, an' of course I luv to eat. My life cud be devided into four parts. I wuz wunst a chile, an' then I became a boy, an' then a youth, an' last, but not least, I became a man. Almost ever since I quit bein' a youth an' come to be a man, I've hed to work for my livin'. My chilehood ain't much interestin' and I don't remember much about it, but I got reezons to believe I wuz a chile. I know about the time I wuz two months ole I wuz at preechin' an' I tuk a noshun to cry. I cried. I dun my best an' I cud see the deekons stickin' their fingers in their ears, an' I saw the parson frown. They didn't appreciate my efforts, an' ever since then I've been opposed to preechin'—thet's the reezon I ain't been inside a church since. Gentlemen of my magnamity can't go to preechin'.

"But the next period of my life wuz the appy period. It wuz the time when I wore patched knee-pants an' romed over

the green hills with strings, nails, fish-hooks an' coffee-pot leds in my pockets an' a glad heart in my bosom. Ole men may laff at the follies of the patched pants period, but for the joys of the millionaire I wud not give the joys of the boy with a bean-shooter an' a paper-cap pistol. In them times I uster sop molases with a big hunk of cornbread an' get the molases on the sides of my mouth, an' when I wuzn't a-eaten I wuz thinkin' about the next meanness I cud get into. I uster go to schule, an' at schule I wud git into fites, swap knives an' draw pictures on my slate. Thet's the way I got my educa-shun. People don't git educated now like they uster. Then I wuz as appy as the days wuz long in my knee-pants with two leetle patches in the caboose.

"Only two things bothered me then. They wuz whippins an' Simmons Regulator. Ma an' pa didn't seem to want me to enjoy myself a bit, an' when I indulged in a little fite or tide a tomater can to a cat's tail, or put a tack in pa's chair, or put muscilage in his shoes, or hid ma's false hair, they didn't like it, an' they allers whipped me.

"If I talked in my sleep, or if I coughed or stumped my toe (I allers stumped my sore toe), they got unezy bout me and give me Simmons' Rugulator. 'Tain't no joke about thet not bein' good. I allers wuz by thet like I wuz by okra; the further away from it I wuz, the better I enjoyed it.

"But like most other boys, I hed a bruther. I wuz bruther to seven boys an' five girls, an' it ain't nothin' but natural thet sum of them wuz my bruthers. But, as I wuz a-goin' on to say, I hed a bruther named Jake an' he an' I wuz about the same size. Me and him cudn't agree on nothin', and we fite ever time we disagreed on anything. I reckon most boys fite their bruthers, for I fite mine ever day an' sometimes oftener. It wuz a foolish thing to do, for pa almost allers cum up jest when things wuz a-gettin' interestin', an' then the same thing allers appened. He wud bend me face down across his left knee, an' if a shingle wuz handy he wud beat a tatoos on the patched part of my pants, an' if a shingle wuzn't handy he'd use his paternal hand. While I wuz

yellin' an' rubbin', he wud be puttin' Jake through the same process. When he hed finished with Jake, who hed kep his feet goin' like a wind-mill, he wud let him up an' say, 'Now kiss.' 'Thet wuz the most unkindest cut of all,' an' while the echoes of the yells from the punished pugilists were dyin' away over the hills, there wud be a low smack an' two bruthers wud scowl at each other."

Here the "one-gallused" road inspector paused to set aside the emptied plate and to pick up his pipe and relight it. Then, shaking some hay-seed and straw from his tangled beard, he resumed:

"After those appy days of the patched pants period, when I smoked cigarettes on the sly, cum the days of my youth, when I smoked 'em openly an' thought I hed as much sense as my pa. It wuz then thet I saw an' luv'd the woman I afterwards married, an' who wuz the ma of my fourteen cryin' children.

"After I hed lived through the days of my youth, I arriv at the stage of *manhood*. Madam, look at me as I stan' now in the full bloom of my manhood. But, I wuzn't allers thus—I wuz a boy wunst. I am an ole man now, but years ago my wife quit supportin' the family an' died, an' then my fourteen children scattered over the world to bless mankind, an' when I got outen jail I tuk to the road. I mus jog on now, as it is gettin' late, an' I'll hev to sleep in a hay-stack down the road there. I see my pal out youder an' he's waitin' fur me. I thank you for er kindness to a unfortunate, hard-worked man."

Here the tramp wiped his eyes with his beard, and the listening old maid, with the lower corner of her home-spun apron, brushed away a sympathetic tear and gave the poor man twenty-five cents.

Then the tramp arose and moved down the road toward his partner in laziness. This partner was seated on a stump at the roadside slowly and sleepily munching a biscuit. Seeing his fat friend advancing, he arose and scratched his head and addressed him, "Hullo, Pal, hev you used Pyle's Pearline?"



Literary Notes

W. N. PARKER,

MANAGER.

It is quite unlikely that the many readers of Dr. George McDonald will ever be favored with another production from that pen, owing to his failing health. He has been removed to his home in Bordighera and is at present in a very critical condition.

It must be gratifying to Mr. Watts-Dunton to know of the reception with which his novel, *Aylwin*, is meeting both in England and in this country. He is now preparing for publication another novel which it is most likely will appear in serial form.

That the South has had a literature of which any people should be proud cannot be denied, but that the South has not appreciated her literature is a deplorable fact. With only a few exceptions has it been possible for our writers to remain in the South and meet with recognition by our people, and it is time that we were coming to a realization of the fact that if we are to continue to have a literature we must support it, not only because of its literary value but because it is *ours*. One of the most successful novels of the season is *Prisoners of Hope*, by Miss Mary Johnston, a Virginian, who is still under the age of thirty. This book which was published a few months ago is now in the fifth thousand, and this sale is due entirely to its own merits. The qualities of this book are so rare that one wishes to urge the writer on to still further efforts.

It has been the prerogative of Mr. Rudyard Kipling to express in verse the sentiments of the English-speaking people, and in his latest poem he makes the strongest appeal for expansion we have yet seen. Not expansion for our own good but expansion for Christianity's sake, because it is "the white man's burden." Like Cain, many of us are asking, "Are we our brother's keeper?" and it is this question that Mr. Kipling is trying to explain to the American Cains. The wisdom which the world most needs just now is expressed in the following lines of this poem :

"Take up the white man's burden—
 Ye dare not stoop to less—
Nor call too loud on freedom
To cloak your weariness.
 By all ye will or whisper,
 By all ye love or do,
 The silent, sullen peoples
 Shall weigh your God and you.

Take up the white man's burden !
 Have done with childish days—
 The highly-proffered laurel,
 The easy ungrudged praise:
 Comes now, to search your manhood
 Through all the weary years,
 Cold, edged with dear-bought wisdom,
 The judgment of your peers."

"Aurora Leigh," perhaps the most wonderful poem ever written by a woman, makes a new appearance accompanied by a characteristic preface by Mr. Swinburne. Whatever may be said against it (and it has many faults) it has behind it a force and power of intense conviction and passion. Until recently English poetry has suffered from the absence of any burning faith without which poetry is lifeless, but in "Aurora Leigh" Mrs. Browning has breathed into poetry this faith which makes it a living poem.

GOLDENRODS.

A hillside flaming with golden fires,
Torches that wave when the sun is still,
A splendour of spheres with fretted spires—
The goldenrods holding the slope of the hill.

A gruesome whisper of withered stalks,
Spectral and dim on the moon's pale way,
A rustle of leaves in the lonely walks,
And the ghosts of the goldenrods stoled in grey.

—*Benjamin F. Leggett, in the Bookman.*





Editors Table

F. T. WILLIS,

MANAGER.

That the college magazine editors often imitate what some have chosen to call the "professional" magazine is evident. So different are the resources of the college student, however, from the material which the professional editor depends upon that two distinct classes of literature have been formed. Were it the inclination of the first named to publish elaborate "write ups" of current events which are agitating the press, financial difficulties would have to be surmounted. Then there is a righteous prejudice existing in college circles against the tendency of popular editors to produce something interesting at the expense of the beneficial. The distinctly literary element is lacking in the ten cent monthly, consequently of two sources from which editors draw, the field of fiction alone is a ground cultivated in common with the younger writers. The grades of professional magazines are not nearly so varied as the wide divergence in merit of college work demands of its publications. It would be impossible for some of our exchanges to exist were it not for the interested support of students. While this is true, that the professional magazine is far above the poorest college magazines, I do not think that the fiction found in them is up to the standard existent among the best institutional organs.

An article in the *William and Mary College Monthly* on "Black Beard" is especially interesting to North Carolinians, as it was in their waters that the notorious pirate carried on many of his daring exploits and finally met the gallant Maynard.

“A Plea for Popular Education in North Carolina” is well written and on a subject of vital importance. The great need of North Carolinians to-day is the knowledge of what they are as compared with what they might be. The writer points out that twenty three per cent. of the people of North Carolina over ten years of age are illiterates, and that in seventeen states less than two per cent. of the population are illiterate.

“Mohammed and His Religion,” in the *Central Collegian*, is a good sketch, but the writer shows a proneness to jump at conclusions without due consideration. The *Collegian* is not what one knowing the reputation of the college from which it comes would expect. There is a deficiency somewhere in the editorial management. I am not up on the controversy existing between the exchange editor and the other magazine, but whatever the subject, the criticism in the January number is uncalled for. Nothing could be gained by it and considerable loss must necessarily follow it. Then the *Collegian* is too much given to those funny sayings. Fourteen out of thirty pages are taken up with “Ludwig’s Local Levity” and jokes taken from exchanges.

A WINTER’S SUNSET.

The nipping wind blows wild and cold,
 As slowly now the daylight dies;
 Behold, through rifts of changing gold,
 Our eyes gaze into paradise.

Through yonder woods, across the snow
 A misty road winds like a scar;
 Below the shadows deeper grow,
 Afar gleams evening’s first-born star.

—Ralf Powell Swofford, in *Nassau Lit.*

GOLF.

Love and a maiden played at golf,
 All on a summer’s day;
 The balls they used were maidens’ hearts,
 The clubs were Cupid’s fearsome darts;
 And merrily went the play.

Sweet, sweet was the song the robins sang,
 And blue was the sky above,
 The breeze swept over the daisied lea
 And turned it into a rippling sea,
 While the maiden played with Love.

"Ah, Love!" the maiden cried in fear,
 As Cupid raised his dart;
 She watched the ball soar far away,
 And all that weary, livelong day
 She hunted for her heart.

—*W. A. D., in Amherst Lit.*

THE MESSAGE OF THE BREEZE.

'Tis afternoon. Across the pond
 The sunlight glints and gleams,
 The breeze's touch faint ripples stirs;
 The ripples whisper dreams.

Beneath the shade of bending boughs
 A boat floats close to shore;
 While pillowed in the broad, low stern,
 A dreamer rests her oar.

Down to her drifts the low, sweet sound
 Which comes through field and wood,
 When bursting bud and wakening life
 Declare that God is good.

And on the soft, pine-laden breeze,
 As slip the swift hours by,
 Come peace and hope and strength of heart
 And inspiration high.

—*Margaret Pinckney Jackson, 1901, in Vassar Miscellany.*



Y.M.C.A. Department

J. H. BARNHARDT,

MANAGER.

Just about the time of going to press, the Association is beginning a ten days evangelistic meeting. We congratulate ourselves on having secured the services of Rev. Frank Siler, of Charlotte, who will do the preaching. Mr. Siler is an earnest, faithful, and zealous preacher and we hope his stay among us may be alike pleasant to him and profitable to us. Results of the meeting will be given in the next issue of THE ARCHIVE.

* * *

Prof. Pegram favored us with a splendid talk on January 22d. His subject was "Christian Fidelity." We have no truer friend than Prof. Pegram, and his frequent attendance at our meetings is appreciated by every member of the Association. On Sunday January 29, Profs. Bivins, Aldridge, and Anderson spoke to us on the subject, "What Should the College Y. M. C. A. Be?" Each of these speakers had been prominently connected with the Y. M. C. A. during their college days, and hence were qualified to give sound advice on this important subject.

* * *

The Association recently organized at the High School is in a prosperous condition and is doing good work. Mr. Z. V. Judd was elected president. There is no doubt but that this organization will soon make itself felt among the students. Each one should lend his best efforts in making it a success. At one of the recent meetings, Prof. Mims gave a very interesting and instructive address. It was full of genuine spiritual

truth, and was delivered in the speaker's usual earnest and pleasant manner. At the meeting on February 5, Mr. W. R. Vaughan, of Vanderbilt University was present and spoke. He is a pleasant speaker and made a favorable impression on those who heard him. We hope he may come this way again.

* * *

Sunday, February 12, was the universal day of prayer. It was observed by Christian students the world over. Fifty-five thousand students spent the day in prayer for each other. No one at this time can even begin to comprehend the results wrought out by that season of prayer. Students of America, England, Germany, France, Spain, Italy, India, China, Japan, Africa, Mexico, South America and other countries met around a common altar, and notwithstanding their petitions were offered in fourteen different languages which were in turn broken up into numerous dialects, they were interpreted by a common Father who is able to discover even the very thoughts of the heart. "The Students of the World United" is a term of momentous import. It is their peculiar province to touch the life of the world at so many points that they may be said practically to mould the public mind and determine largely the nature and character of reform. If such be the case, *everything* depends upon the stability and integrity of their own lives. If they become thoroughly Christian, their influence for good in church and State must be simply unbounded. In view of these facts, there exists no more hopeful sign of a world-wide spiritual awakening than that presented by the students of every land as they join heart and hand in an honest, manly, and zealous effort to establish the kingdom of our God in every nook and corner of the earth.

* * *

It is seldom we have the opportunity of hearing so interesting an address as was delivered before our Association on Sunday, February 19, by Rev. R. Hibberd. Mr. Hibberd is a native Englishman, having been born and reared in London.

Some years ago, he came to America and has spent considerable time in some of our larger cities. During his travels he has come in touch with Y. M. C. A. influences, and has been in a position to observe the details of its national and international work. His address was largely a statement of his personal experiences in connection with the different Associations he has visited. He called the spirit of the Y. M. C. A. the "Spirit of Helpfulness." Beautiful were the tributes paid to the young men all over the world who were willing to make any sacrifice for the comfort and well-being of a fellow-christian, although a perfect stranger. Such addresses cannot help broadening our conceptions of the Y. M. C. A. work.

* * *

The next Y. M. C. A. State Convention will be held in Trinity Church, Durham, March 9 to 12. Our thanks are due Col. Carr for his timely and cordial invitation to Mr. Lewis, our State secretary, to bring the Convention to Durham. It will be a blessing not only to the town, but also to the college community. Arrangements are being made for the entertainment of delegates and visitors, and soon everything will be in order for the boys. Hon. J. H. Southgate who is a member of the State Executive Committee, together with others who are interested, are doing everything within their power to make this one of the best conventions we have yet had. Mr. Lewis has arranged a strong program, giving ample time to the discussion of leading problems. It is to be hoped that all the Associations in the State will send full delegates to this Convention. Those who have attended similar gatherings heretofore can testify to the value of the work done. No Y. M. C. A. present can afford to stay away, and almost any Association can send from two to six delegates besides the president. Let us come together and spend a few days planning for a larger work than we have been able to do in the past.

Mr. Miins, Chairman of the Missionary Committee, has recently purchased some valuable missionary books for the use of the Association. These books together with those in the college library pertaining to the same subject, make a valuable collection. At least a part of these books should be read by every student. The reason why so many people are not interested in this line of church work is because they know nothing about it. They have never taken the time and trouble to investigate in an intelligent way the history of missions in our own day. It is self-imposed ignorance, and that too, in the light of truth. Many people who wilfully oppose the spirit of modern missions, are loudest in their praise of the apostle Paul whose sole claim to distinction and greatness lies in the fact that he was not ashamed to carry the Gospel of Christ to the Gentile world. The missionary spirit is identical with itself whether it be manifested in the life of Paul or carried about in the heart of the humblest Christian who gives his life to be used for the conversion of the heathen to-day. Many people have an idea that the time spent in reading a book on missions is equivalent to so much time thrown away. Such is not the case, however, in a single instance where the book is read in the proper spirit; whenever it does occur, it is usually the fault of the reader, not the book. Apart from their religious worth, these books are valuable from an educational standpoint. By what process of argument shall that man be able to justify himself who has passed through a four year's college course and goes out into the world as a Christian and a scholar as ignorant of the history of Christianity as though it existed nowhere else in the world than in the limited sphere of his own State? A narrow view of Christianity is no more consistent with the spirit of Christ, than a narrow Christianity is adequate to the needs of the world. An educated *Christian* devoid of the main facts connected with the various mission fields of the world, is a palpable contradiction. A man who knows nothing about Yorktown or Appomattox would hardly be called an intelligent student of American

history. Neither is that man an intelligent follower of Christ, who is ignorant of China's surrender to the church of God, or who knows nothing about the great victories of truth over falsehood in India, Africa and Japan. As a rule, we are satisfied with small things when at the same time, larger ones are easily within our reach. The time for inaction and passivity is past, and duty calls loudly for the sacrifice of prejudice and narrowness which are first, last, and all the time antagonistic to the attainment of Christian perfection, and woefully beneath the dignity of a follower of the Lord Jesus. We commend the missionary library to the use of every student. The books should not lie idle in the shelves. Read *one* and you will be sure to apply for another.





At Home and Abroad

E. R. WELCH,

MANAGER.

Prof. Edwin Mims is making some interesting contributions to the *Chicago Record*. A series of literary studies is coming from the pages of the *Record*, made by leading men of our colleges and universities.

At the civic celebration, held on Washington's birthday, under the direction of the Trinity College Historical Association, Hon. H. G. Connor, Speaker of the House of Representatives, delivered a strong address on the subject of "A Saner and Better Citizenship." The college community is to be congratulated upon having a man like Judge Connor to speak in their midst. His address was full of sound wisdom, and was enjoyed by a large and appreciative audience.

Hon. Kope Elias, a member of the Board of Trustees, was at the Park a few days since, on a visit to his son and daughter, who are students in the college. We are always glad to see our friends among us; it gives us both pleasure and inspiration.

The Historical Society has just gotten out the third annual Historical Publication. It continues to grow both as to the quantity and the value of its material. The papers of which it consists are interesting, well written and are valuable contributions to the field of history.

The Gymnasium directors have secured the services of Mr. Albert Whitehouse as gymnasium instructor. Mr. Whitehouse has had many years' experience in this kind of work.

He received his training at Harvard University, where for four years he was assistant in the gymnasium; for two years he was instructor in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, at Boston; and for three years was trainer of the Athletic team at Dartmouth College. He took a course in Medicine at Tuft's College, Mass. Mr. Whitehouse is prepared to do the best type of work in the gymnasium, and will begin his work March 1.

We were glad to welcome to our midst a few days since, Mr. O. S. Newlin, Class of '96, who is now practising law in Greensboro, also Mr. R. T. Poole, Class of '98. Mr. Poole has been taking law at the University and at the recent examination at Raleigh received license to practise. We wish you boys a great work in this your chosen sphere.

At the recent meeting of the Scientific Club, Mr. W. H. Adams presented a note, with drawings, concerning the retrogression of Mars. Mr. L. C. Nicholson gave an interesting discussion of sources of Electrification, and Mr. C. L. Hornaday read a paper by Mr. Richard Webb, on Optical Illusions. The Society appointed a committee to forward the interests of the college museum.

Dr. Kilgo will deliver the Literary Address at the Commencement of Wofford College this year.



THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

TRINITY PARK, DURHAM, APRIL, 1899.

MANAGER'S NOTICE.

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PRESENT DAY SUPERSTITION.

BY J. I. HAMAKER.

Probably the time has never been when the son did not think himself wiser than his father. Likewise each generation is, in its own conceit, superior to those which preceded it. We think the nineteenth century the flower of all the ages in enlightenment and would think Job justified in saying of us "No doubt but ye are the people, and wisdom shall die with you." We look back upon the intellectual darkness and superstition of times past with compassion and wonder how, no more than two hundred years ago, intelligent Anglo-Saxon judges could inflict the penalty of death upon a prisoner accused of witchcraft.

Perhaps if we could step aside and view ourselves in true perspective we might be disappointed at the sight. It is true, we no longer believe in the terrible old woman who rode the broom, but we have instead, what our forefathers did not have, countless millions of minute witches, called microbes, literally omnipresent; polluting our wells, poisoning the milk of our cows, lurking in every corner of our houses and rendering constant incantations necessary to exercise the microscopic demons. We smile at the terror our fathers had of a glance of the evil eye; we have a better and equally mysterious substitute in animal magnetism. Amulets, charms, talismans and philtres have an interest for us only in history or fiction; in real life we cure a host of ills with an "electric belt." The story of the alchemists and their pursuit of the philosopher's stone seems to us no more real than the exploits of Merlin and Aladdin and yet men to-day are seeking the transmutation of the metals. That other great problem of our benighted ancestors the elixir of life still engages the attention of serious men. Astrology shows little evidence of its great age but with marvelous vitality after swaying the minds of men for thousands of years still governs human destiny by the movement of the stars. We are always ready to be humbugged by palmistry but never know quite how much of it we really think humbug. In phrenology our ancestors can score one against us for it is a modern achievement and sillier if possible than the rest. A complete list of our eccentricities would be a long and humiliating document but let us add just four counts more; telepathy, clairvoyance, spiritism and Christian science. Behold what a glorious thing is nineteenth century intelligence with all these excrescences upon it!

Superstition is due to unscientific thinking and ignorance of nature and its laws. Science is to superstition what light is to darkness. With every advance of science superstition must retreat. But the question arises, why is superstition so prevalent in this century which is peculiarly and pre-emi-

nently the century of science? The reason is simply this, that very few have as yet acquired scientific habits of thought. Superstitions are never cut from the whole cloth. There is always a foundation of fact which gives it its hold upon the mind. No one is wilfully superstitious. When the intelligent man holds a certain belief, no matter how he obtained it, whether it was a part of his early training or acquired later, he justifies himself by reasons which he regards as sufficient. But this is where the difficulty lies; he draws conclusions from insufficient data and by illogical methods. A favorite method of reasoning is by analogy, which of all methods is least safe except in skilful hands. For example; if the moon causes the tides, and authorities say it does, why may it not also affect the weather and with the various changes in its phases also produce corresponding changes in the weather? Or, again; since the sun causes the winds is it not reasonable that such an event as the sun's crossing the equator should be accompanied by an "equinoctial storm." Such reasoning accompanied by equally careless observation is accountable for most of our superstitions.

Superstition is the greatest obstacle to advancement and, being such a common possession,—for not one person in a thousand is without it—we may well study its causes and the means for its removal. First, we must form a better acquaintance with nature. We go about in dense ignorance of the common things about us. We ride on the railway train without understanding either the steam engine that pulls it or the air brake that stops it. The structure of the Trojan horse is more familiar than that of the human body. Many of our colleges are sending out each year whole classes well versed in Greek mythology but with the most astonishing ideas about everything they actually see and come in contact with daily.

There was a time, and that not so long since, when Natural History was taught simply as a catalogue of phenomena with superficial descriptions. Even such mere knowledge of facts would be of some value. The critical reader seldom obtains

any real scientific information from the newspapers upon which so many depend for instruction. The natural world viewed through the newspaper medium is as grotesque as Quixote in the character of a cavalier. For this reason science is in a measure responsible for many of our modern superstitions. The small glimmerings of light which have reached some places seem but to intensify the surrounding darkness. The non-scientific mind yields devoted allegiance and follows blindly wherever science is supposed to lead. When the quack explains the efficacy of his nostrum in a scientific lingo the victim immediately succumbs. If a belt is said to be electric and is provided with a series of zinc and copper plates it is sure to find a ready sale. Frauds of this kind perpetrated in the name of science are without number and their dupes include often our most intelligent citizens. Such gigantic humbugs as were the company formed for the extraction of gold from sea water and the celebrated Keeley motor swindle professed to be new applications of scientific principles and they found many who were ready to invest their money and take for granted what they did not clearly understand.

Mere knowledge of facts is, however, not sufficient. Special training in observation, and inference by the logical method of induction is necessary. In our systems of education we pay too little attention to the art of thinking. The student is well drilled in deduction; but one cannot supply himself with a set of formulæ with which to solve the numerous problems of life; one is not fully equipped when he has mastered a few general principles and has become infallible in logical deduction. In actual life one is constantly confronted with new conditions,—problems for which no formulæ have been prepared—to which no known principles apply. The business of living successfully requires the art of reasoning by induction, of putting together disjointed facts and reaching through them the proper conclusions. This is the method of the experimental sciences. Biology, chemistry, physics and the related subjects lend themselves in a peculiar

way to investigation by induction, hence the progress these sciences have made since Bacon and Descartes first gave us the "new instrument" and showed us how to use it. The new vigor thus infused into scientific study showed itself in a revivifying of all lines of intellectual activity and will ultimately show itself in every day life if it is not already doing so. J. S. Mill says, "The logic of science is also that of business and life." This logic is usually learned by the slow and costly process of experience and if college work is a preparation for life that student is most fortunate who has become most proficient in this life logic before he leaves the college walls.

To reach the truth two processes are usually necessary. The first is careful observation. Excepting those who have had special exercise in observation, few persons see things as they really are. The ability to do so may be acquired, however, and if a student after a course of study in the natural sciences is not conscious of a marked gain in ability to see and think all round and through a phenomenon or fact he has made poor use of his opportunities. After clearly perceiving all the facts we are ready to form a conclusion and to do this properly is also an art which may be in large measure acquired by exercise but which is seldom an innate gift. To teach this art should be the chief object of laboratory instruction.

When once we have learned to read nature correctly, superstition will be no longer possible. Wherever the page is illegible we suspend judgment, for it is not necessary to always reach a positive conclusion. There are many things in nature we do not know and many we never can know, but ignorance of itself does not necessitate superstition.

I have said that no one is wilfully superstitious but there is a class of persons who may perhaps be an exception to this rule. They are a sort of intellectual vagabonds who are too lazy to add anything to the worlds store but go about in dilittante fashion sipping sweets here and there and professing to despise the honest toiler who takes pleasure in his work

which, when finished, he presents to the world. These idlers sneer at the student who studies his subject with scalpel and lens, who probes minutely into the phenomena of nature. They love to swing in a hammock under a shady tree in mellow summer time and dream away the days to the buzzing of bees amid the fragrance of flowers. Their pleasure they attribute to love of nature. This attitude of mind may fitly be compared to that of a bibliomaniac when he finds himself in a library of books with richest and costly bindings. He devotes his attention to the exterior of the books and admires the bindings and fails to comprehend one who finds the contents of a volume more attractive than its exterior. An example of these superfluous members of society is quoted in the editorial pages of the last number of the ARCHIVE. It is perhaps a waste of ammunition, but as a parting shot I would suggest that because one may think it worth while to learn all he can about a subject and finds hidden beauties even more wonderful than those which appear on the surface, he does not, therefore, appreciate the less what he obtains without effort.



EXPERIENCES OF A REVENUE OFFICER.

BY RICHARD WEBB.

William Stone had done some hard work to pass a civil service examination, and had labored even harder to get a position, for a long time in vain. At last, with the help of influential friends, he had been successful in getting an appointment as a revenue officer in one of the mountainous districts of Western North Carolina, and was to begin his duties on the first of July.

Will had graduated from one of the colleges of his State the previous June. There he had led the school in athletics and had made a fairly good record in the less important lines of work. He had a good opinion of his athletic prowess and felt that he could handle single-handed most any "moonshiner" that he might happen to meet in his official capacity. He was no coward, and longed for the first of July to come.

On the first day he took charge and waited results. He thought that he would surely be raiding "moonshine" establishments in less than a week. In this he was not disappointed. Three weeks passed and only routine work about the office had claimed his attention. On the twenty-second one of his deputies reported that there were unmistakable signs of illicit distilling going on in the roughest and most mountainous part of the county. Work was before him now. He must use discretion, however, and keep the distillers blind as to his knowledge of their business, else his purpose would be easily thwarted.

With the greatest care he selected the three deputies of his staff on whom he could best rely because of their experience, good sense, and courage. These three men were Harry Dodd, a small, wiry, young man, with a good knowledge of the mountains and courage unlimited; Jim Sawyer, a somewhat older man, of dark complexion, red whiskers and a slouchy appearance, which would give a casual observer the idea that he was minus any manly qualities whatever—which

opinion the observer were best to keep to himself in Jim's presence unless he wanted material proof to the contrary; John Clay, a short, stumpy, little man, with a vigorous mustache but no beard. John was recognized in the community as a terror to the evil doer in general and to "moonshiners" in particular. John had a fiery temper and his left eye had a way of shutting and opening in quick succession when he was angry—his friends knew the sign and acted accordingly.

With these men at his back Stone thought he could safely undertake his task. He decided it was best, however, for him to go alone to the suspected neighborhood and reconnoitre awhile and send for his men later. This policy was adopted for the sake of secrecy.

In the mountains of the section in question live some of the State's best people, strong, ruddy—nature's freemen—and like all mountain people they are as hospitable and as open with their homes as they are free in their thoughts and lives. Locks on their houses are unknown. To use a lock would argue the dishonesty of their neighbor and such a thing is considered an insult. But besides this better class of people, there is another class whose code of ethics may perhaps not allow them to disturb their neighbor's property, but which, without being stretched, permits them to cheat the Government—to run illicit stills. In fact they consider that a successful business when successfully carried on—that term meaning, of course, without the knowledge of revenue officers. This latter class is a dangerous class to deal with, especially when it comes to disturbing their business. Stone had this point in mind when he selected his deputies.

The first day's ride brought Stone in a few miles of the suspected neighborhood. Late in the afternoon he was riding along slowly, taking in the general aspects of the country, when, on turning a bend in the road, he saw a middle-aged man, with an old style muzzle-loading musket on his shoulder, plodding on ahead of him. The man was dressed in the characteristic garb of a backwoods huntsman—a red flannel

shirt, blue jeans trousers, a pair of heavy boots into the tops of which the trousers were thrust, and a broad-brimmed, felt hat, the brim hanging about his head in an umbrella-shape. At his belt hung three squirrels and a tail of one of these animals decorated his above-mentioned head-gear.

Stone had scarcely seen the man when the latter heard the horse behind him and turned to see who its rider could be. A look of surprise and wonder came into his face, and he looked as if he would like to take to the woods, but he knew he had been seen, and so held his ground. As soon as Stone caught up with him, they started a conversation.

"Good evening, sir," said Stone.

"How are you, stranger," replied the huntsman.

"You are right, I am a stranger in this part of the country and I would like to find a place to spend the night. Can you tell me where I can do so?"

"Wal, yaas. I kin if anybody kin. I've bin living in these parts quite a spell, nigh onto forty year, and know every man in thirty miles of here. I'm a-thinking Scott Thompson might take care of you to-night. He lives in the next valley, just over that ridge thar. He's well fixed, got a white house and plenty to eat and never bin known to turn off a stranger. Mighty kind man, Scott is."

While he was imparting this information the mountaineer was scrutinizing the revenue officer with his keen eyes, which took in every detail. By his actions Stone thought he was suspicious of him and kept his eyes open. After he had finished his inspection, the man resumed the conversation:

"Ever bin in this part of the country before?"

"No," replied Stone, "this is my first visit."

"Thought I hadn't seen you before. My name's Daniels, Jack Daniels. What might yourn be?"

"Sniffles," quickly replied the officer, fearing that this man might have heard of his right name and not caring to disclose it, and glad that the form of question had let him out with such an "easy" lie.

"Sniffles? I ain't heard that name round here. You ain't no revenue officer, are you?"

"Oh, no," blurted out Stone, forgetting his Sunday School lessons about lying, "I am thinking of buying a piece of land up above here and am going to look after it. You seem to be opposed to revenue officers?"

"Wal, I wouldn't be surprised if I am. The d——d scoundrels killed my son Bob in a raid three years ago and I have wanted to get a pull at one of 'em with 'Patsy' here (patting his musket affectionately) ever since."

This speech made our young friend a little nervous, and he began to wonder if he had done the wise thing when he left his comrades and came on alone. He was at least certain that he had better find his place to spend the night at once, and so, after a few more words of direction as to the way, he spurred his horse up the road which had now narrowed into a mere path. The other man took the left and went up the mountain, while he kept the right, crossed the ridge and soon came in sight of the house to which he had been directed. After a hard day's ride he was glad to find such an inviting spot at which to stop. He tied his horse to the fence, opened the gate, and walked in. As he followed the path he noticed on both sides a bright array of flowers. Here were all kinds of rare roses in bloom, evergreens tastefully arranged, and a great variety of small flowers. Ivy on a neighboring tree showed careful training. The house was a large, brick structure of good appearance. In fact, all the surroundings gave token of refinement and culture, and young Stone wondered at this, for he had expected to find only barbarians—mountain hoosiers.

He was still more surprised and delighted a moment later when he saw a vision of brightness and beauty cross his path from behind a rose bush. At first he supposed it must be a mountain nymph (he had never heard of one but didn't know why one shouldn't exist), but at a second look was highly pleased to find it a flesh-and-blood reality.

With a bundle of many colored roses in one hand and her clipping scissors in her other, she made a pleasing picture as she tripped from bush to bush. Young Stone thought so, at least, and thought to himself that she was the prettiest of all her roses. As he passed he tipped his hat, and she gave him a dignified bow and a quizzical look. On the porch he saw Mr. Thompson leaning back in a large rocking chair, his hands clasped above his head, and his paper, which he had just dropped because it was getting too dark to read, lying at his feet. His footfall on the steps called Mr. Thompson from his nap, and the gentleman quickly arose, came forward, shook his hand cordially as if he had known him always, and invited him to have a seat. After a few general remarks and introductions, Stone asked if he might spend the night. The other laughed at the question and said of course he could, he expected him to do that, and was so pleasant and open that Stone soon felt at ease and at home. While he told the news of the outside world, he was keeping his eye on the bright vision still flitting about among the flowers—it was too dark for the older man to notice the direction of his glances, he thought.

At last supper time came and he was ushered into a well furnished room and seated at a well laden table. The eatables were just what were to be relished by a tired man and Jones set to work to do his full duty by it, only waiting long enough to be introduced to Mrs. Thompson, a portly woman with a benevolent, beaming countenance, and to Joe Thompson, the pride of the family, a great, muscular fellow, with broad shoulders, who showed the good results of arduous training behind the plough-handles. He noticed the vacant seat at the table was opposite him and wondered with a thumping heart if it were to have an occupant. A few minutes later his nymph came tripping in and after she was introduced by Mrs. Thompson as "My daughter Nellie," took the vacant chair. Somehow Stone's appetite immediately dropped several points. He now remembered for the first

time that it was very probable that a linen collar could not be worn the whole of a summer's day and still preserve its standing in the community; the thought that his hair undoubtedly presented the appearance of a last year's bird nest turned topsy-turvy, did not help to calm him. Suddenly it came into his mind that he had left his cuffs at home that morning because he was going into the mountains and this further disconcerted him. He made several mild breaks in his excitement, and feared he had ruined himself for life in the eyes of the young lady. That young lady, however, appeared to pay very slight attention to him and took no perceptible notice of his mistakes. She chatted and joked with her parents and brother about the petty affairs of the day and merely addressed the visitor occasionally in her remarks.

When the meal was over the family adjourned to the parlor and there our friend found still other surprises. On the table were standard books and recent publications of magazines and newspapers. On the walls of the room were pictures of various kinds, to say nothing of the little articles of bric-a-brac, fanciful and dainty, suspended with pleasing effect, which Stone knew in his soul were the handiwork of Miss Thompson. He requested her to play and sing. After the amount of persuasion usually demanded by her sex for such things, the young lady proceeded to take her seat at the piano, an up-to-date instrument, and to dispense sweet music. While this was going on and he was supposedly held in rapt attention, his eyes wandered about the room until they lighted upon an especially striking picture done in oil colors. He was much interested in the picture and when occasion permitted, he examined it more closely. Yes, there it was down in the corner, plain enough—"Nellie Thompson." "And she did that!" thought he. "Gee! I knew she was the prettiest girl I ever saw as soon as I saw her, and now I find she is highly accomplished; I hope and pray my trip in search of moonshiners may not be in vain!"

Next morning early, Stone, with a fresh collar on and his hair combed with the utmost nicety, breakfasted with the family. After breakfast he talked over his business with Mr. Thompson. That gentleman informed him that he was on the right trail, but would have to use the greatest sagacity and caution. "Four miles above here," he went on to say, there is a neighborhood with a bad reputation. In a radius of three miles live six men who make whiskey by the wholesale and who never pay revenue tax on more than one barrel out of ten, and one or two of them never pay any revenue at all, for nobody accuses them of making it. You understand that you are never to hint that you had your information from me, for if the rascals found out that I had put you on their track, my life and my family's safety would be at stake. Don't understand that I have lived here all this time, knowing that this illegitimate business was going on so near me, and have up to this time done nothing to put a stop to it. Several years ago I voluntarily went to the officers and told them what I knew. Oh, they immediately went into ecstatic fits over the way they would rout the whole crew and have a bonfire out of their stills. They swore that what would be left of them could not make enough whiskey to drown a flea, and many other such promising oaths. Well, I came back home feeling that I had done my country a service and confident that those men would put a stop to the 'wild-cattin' business in our section. You see I hadn't had any experience with revenue officers then and thought they meant business. But bless your life, the whole crew of 'em went up in the section I told you about and let those distillers pull the wool over their eyes the worst kind. Their leader got hold of the leader of the revenue officers, told him yes, he made some whiskey and was ready to pay tax on it, showed where he had stored two or three barrels, paid the tax on that, gave him and his crew a jug full of his best and sent 'em on their way rejoicing. Fact of the business, those officers had no idea of raiding those stills when they went up there, and

that's the way it has always been. I hope you mean business, however, and if you do I am with you. You look too young to have learned the tricks of trade and too strong to be afraid to do your duty with these fellows."

"Thank you," said Stone, and blushed (he was still young). "You have certainly given me some good information and I appreciate it. Yes, I mean business. I was appointed to stop this business and I'm going to stop it. I am glad you are willing to help me."

Young Thompson was to go to the postoffice, six miles down the river, that afternoon, and so Stone wrote a letter to his deputies telling them to join him at Mr. Thompson's next afternoon, hinting that there was stern business before them and warning them to have their guns in good repair, and gave it to Thompson to mail. This done, he turned his attention to Miss Nellie. She was out among her flowers again and he joined her there. He was as thankful for this opportunity to talk to her alone as he had been to hear Mr. Thompson's disclosures about the stills. They chatted for some time quite agreeably. Stone learned that Miss Nellie had graduated the June preceding at a well-known female college and after her vacation, was to go North to pursue her studies in music and art. He told her something of himself. She seemed interested. His present business was mentioned, and a serious look chased the smiles from her face. He noticed it. He wished by all that was good that he might wait there till his men came before going on; in fact, as he glanced again into the rosy-hued face before him and caught the light of those dancing brown eyes, he wished he might stay there always!

When finally he did force himself to leave, and say good-bye, his hand shake was prolonged slightly more than conventionalities allow for such slight acquaintance. What did he care for conventionalities? Miss Thompson did care, however, and gave him the latest, the hand shake uplifted instead of the shake prolonged, and as Mr. Thompson was on the

porch, he deemed it wise not to continue the process in the keen light of publicity. After a few more directions from Mr. Thompson and a kind invitation from him to return that night, seconded warmly by Miss Nellie on the grounds that it would be dangerous to stay in the mountains, and a parting glance at that young lady, Stone mounted his horse and cantered off up the mountain road.

For some time his mind ran on what he now called his nymph. "She was sorry to see me leave, I believe," thought he, "and that look which came over her face when I told her my business was one which gave tokens of interest. I really believe she cares whether I get killed or not. If I make a failure in catching moonshiners, I must make a failure in what I care more to do, to capture my nymph, for she has the blood of free mountaineers in her veins and has disdain for a coward, I know. Therefore I'll be no coward. I'll win my spurs in the hopes of winning my lady. Here goes!" And he gave his horse a cut with his whip, which sent him spinning up the mountain side, as if he were going to carry out his resolves in a moment of time.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



CHILDHOOD'S DAY.

BY P. M. PADGETT.

The happy hours of childhood's day,
As the years now come and go,
Leaving the show of finger marks
In lines of driven snow,
Come back to us more visibly
With each succeeding year,
While time himself reminds us,
The end is drawing near.

It seems as tho' but yesterday
We roamed the meadows sweet,
Painted by God's own loving hand,
A carpet for our feet.
Those days have gone and naught is here,
Save memories of the time,
When life was young and vision clear,
And nature all sublime.

The years with stern, unfeeling hand,
Some records sweep from sight,
But those sweet days of innocence,
They can but make more bright.
How oft at the close of a weary day,
When softly spreads the dew,
From memory's canvass looks the face,
In other years I knew.

The mother lost when we were small
When scarce we knew her worth,
Is with us once again to night
Sweet visitant on earth.
And father from the picture looks
With the same sweet smile of old;
I would not this dear vision give
For all earth's treasured gold.

And so life's waters ever ebb,
No floodtide rolls from sea ;
But mem'ry from her treasure house
These fancies brings to me :
Again I feel a mother near,
Again like a broken dream,
I hear her dear, sweet lullaby,
And see her dark eyes gleam.

These thoughts and fancies, coming fast,
Are ministers of love,
Sent by the gracious hand divine
To draw the heart above,
To that sweet spirit-land on high,
From where our loved ones bend ;
Who watch us struggling here on earth
And oftentimes descend.

How oft to the future do we gaze
Through the misty vale of sorrow
And shrink in fear as we view the gloom
Of a dark unknown to-morrow ;
Forgetful that behind the clouds
Hangs a veil with silver lining,
Painted by smiles from a Saviour's face
Through human tear-drops shining.

I've watched the glorious summer day,
As out of the east 'twas fann'd ;
I've seen the brightest hues of earth
At the sun's warm kiss expand ;
I've seen the same sweet promised flower,
Ere the day has half been spent
Broken from off its graceful stem,
With petals torn and rent.

I stand to-day in the noontide glare,
But half the journey done,
And wonder if in calm or storm
Will be the setting sun.
The past in all its brightness shines
With a tenderness its own,
While childhood's day with all its joys
By memory's brush is shown.



THE INFLUENCE OF THE GOSPEL WORLD ON THE LIFE
AND CHARACTER OF ST. PAUL.

BY JNO. C. KILGO.

“There are,” say Canon Liddon, “as a rule, three elements, I might say three periods, to be distinguished in the preparatory life of every man who achieves much or anything considerable in life. There is the raw material of personal character, developed, moulded, invigorated by education—in short, the man’s original outfit for life. There is, secondly, some new influence or influences, which give or may give a decisive turn to hopes and aims,—which raises, or may raise, the whole level of life to a higher atmosphere. Lastly, there is, as a rule, a period in which these two earlier elements are fused and consolidated.” Let us study the first of these elements in the life and character of St. Paul, and determine the “raw material” out of which was made the great Apostle. Whatever new influences or forces may enter into a man’s life to give it new direction, they must find their limitations in the original elements of character into which they enter. “The raw material” will decide the fabric to be made from it. History is incomplete till it goes into the groves where childhood had its play-grounds and breathes the atmosphere of the cradle, and from these learns the original truths of the men it seeks to record. The “raw material” of St. Paul is the gift of the Gentile world to Christianity.

Paul was born and reared in Tarsus, and was, therefore, a man of the city. His native city was the metropolis of Cilicia, located near the great sea with which it was connected by the rapid flowing river, Cydnus. Tarsus was a great commercial centre, being the distributing point of the commerce between Syria and Egypt, and, like all great commercial centres, foreign customs and influences were poured into its social life and character, and it is not surprising that its inhabitants cultivated the love of luxury. Among its one hundred thousand inhabitants there were many heterogeneous elements

which created classes bound by sensitive bonds, and these produced sufficient friction to keep up activity in social life. Whatever injury may come to many of the social virtues through the influences of large commercial movements, they, nevertheless, make an active type of character. Everything in motion quickens the blood movement, not a blind commotion, but well-ordered action, with a definite aim. It was among these scenes of intense activity that Saul spent his early years. In his young mind were stirred the terrible feelings of this industrial emporium, and nothing could free him from the spirit and ideals of these first impressions. Children dream, but they dream themselves into the world that lies about them, and these dreams create ambitions and fix ideals that some day will be dominating impulses. Young Saul felt the throbs of this life in him, and never could be an inactive man. His nature was not deadened by monotony. It was excited by the aggressive activity of everything about him, and from the time he enters bible history at the execution of St. Stephen's to his own death in Rome, he is a restless, aggressive, and indomitable spirit. The persistency with which he prosecuted his ministry was a Gentile, not a Jewish element. The easy-going life of a fisherman on Tiberias, or of a merchant in Jerusalem, was very different from the rush of crowded Tarsus. Peter, John and Matthew were conservative and less active, following the type of the Jew, but Paul was full of the Gentile spirit and could not restrain his energies.

While city life did much for Paul, it is also true that he lost much by being trained in the city. The city is lacking in nature. It is full of art. Too much is friction. There is something mechanical in everything about it. Not only is this true of buildings and streets, but of manners and spirit. Tedious exactness makes city life tiresome. No nature with its rough freedom and ease, is found in the city, and Paul shows the great lack of those sentiments which are born through a fellowship with nature. He did not know how to

love nature, and in his writings we find no mountains, brooks, flowers, birds, grasses and waving fields. Nature furnishes him none of his metaphors and similes, they come from the city. Theatres, temples, armies and conflicts furnish his illustrations. The contrast between him and Christ in this respect is most striking. Christ grew up in a mountain village where nature at its best, sang to Him its songs, repeated its poems, and poured through His young soul its eternal spirit. He climbed hills, sat on rocks, gazed on landscapes, listened to the songs of birds, gathered flowers from the banks of the brook, watched the reapers in the grain fields, saw the day born in the east, and watched the sun go down amid the gorgeous splendor of burning clouds, in whose mists the last rays kindled all forms and hues of divine painting. God came to him out of all these, and the "kingdom of God" was like all of them. He was a high priest entering the "holy of holies" everywhere in nature, and always His thoughts were drawn out of His own mind toward those things that lay beyond Him. Whoever is much with nature, must be much with God. The early life of Paul drove his thoughts back on himself and made him self-conscious and critical. He knew nothing of that grace of mental movement and simplicity of thought that must come from nature. Lacking in these things, there was an explosive impulsiveness of mind which makes his utterances quiver, halt, and ascend as if drawn by irregular blasts of impetuous powder. Compare one of his prayers for the Church at Ephesus, in which he ascends in thought by the explosion of spiritual impulses, until he is thrown in thought and feeling beyond the compass of language, with the ease and simplicity of the "Lord's Prayer," in which profoundest truths and rapture of spirit move with the grace of the universe. Paul's thoughts ascended to God in the whirl of the tempest, while Christ's ascended as noiselessly as the stars that came out in the skies over the hills of Galilee.

Paul was not a poet, not because he did not have the deep

spiritual sympathies that belong to the poet, but because he did not know how to commune with nature so as to feel its poetic spirit. Poetry reverses the laws of psychology, and instead of stirring sentiments with thoughts, it stirs thoughts with sentiments. The poet feels before he thinks, and when he thinks it is the expression of feelings. David felt the overwhelming immensity of the burning universe above him when he said, "O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth! *Who has set thy glory above the heavens.* Aeschylus was telling more than a story when he wrote "Prometheus Chained." The heroic spirit of Prometheus had stirred his soul, and he told what he felt, not what he thought. Euripides had the bleeding heart of Andromache in his own bosom when he wrote the story of her boy torn from her arms by the conquering Greeks. Nature alone can bring a poem to life. Had David been shut within the limits of busy Tarsus, he would not have become Israel's great lyrist. Out on the hill about Bethlehem, forced by his solitude to commune with nature, he felt all its ideals, and put into verse anything that touched him. He took the poetic view of nature! Paul took the philosophical view of it. David said, "The heavens declare the glory of God," Paul said, "We look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen, for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal." The Jew was naturally poetic. His deep and sensitive nature, developed on the serious side, combined with the scenery of his country, made it easy to produce poetry. Nowhere is this poetic trait more fully displayed than in Mary's family. She was a poet, while Christ, James and Jude were poets. There is also a family mark in the movement of their thought, and all show a similar acquaintance with Nature. But Paul lost this trait of his people. The Gentile city put out all the poetic possessions of his soul, and made him a thinker after the type of Plato.

City life develops a love for crowds. Take a man who has

been brought up in a city and carry him to the country, and the lonely feelings that he suffers incapacitates him for work. He needs the enthusiasm that comes to him from the multitude. It is also true that the rush of the city confuses and intimidates the man who has been trained in the quiet country home. There is a wide gulf between the spirit of the city and the country, and a false emphasis of this difference has given rise to all the agrarianism of the past and present. The two spirits seem to have no point of common feeling, and unless men can meet somewhere in nature, they will not come together in spirit. Paul was in every sense a man from the city. His feelings and ideas belonged to it, and it is not strange that his ministry was spent in the cities. John, the Baptist, was no truer to his country training than was Paul to his city spirit. It would be insanity to charge Paul with indifference to the rural classes. Men cannot be unmade in a day, and an apostle is no exception to the rule. Paul knew nothing about the country, and he knew everything about the city. He was fitted for the work of planting the church in these great centres, and this seemed to be by special providence. No ordinary man could take hold of the problems of the city, and influence the thought of the leaders of men. Think of Peter preaching on Mar's Hill to the philosophers of Athens. Or think of Canon Farar preaching in the log meeting houses of the mountains. The metropolitan preacher is not made every day, and only fanatics would force a man into a work for which he had no fitness. With such wild notions Christianity has no sympathy. It is not an unnatural, though it is a supernatural religion, and all its methods are in accordance with the fitness of things. If a great and responsible work must be undertaken, a great man must be provided, and the preparation of this man must be of a kind that will meet the demands of the work. Such an idea seems to have superintended the preparation of Paul. Paganism, resting on old traditions and defended by old philosophers, was to be overthrown, and neither the spirit nor the customs

of Judaism could produce a man for this work. It was the fate of history that Gentilism was to produce the man who would destroy it. Tarsus had been the centre of great political movements. Through it Alexander had marched his armies; Cicero had governed in it; its schools had furnished the instructor of Augustus; while Grecian art and philosophy were known to its people. Boats and fish and the sea of Galilee made a different man from these things. Paul was fitted to become the Apostle to the Gentiles. He knew them, and was himself largely a product of them.

Tarsus was "no mean city," as Paul said to the chief captain when he charged that Paul was an Egyptian. It was "no unknown city," for in scholarship and literary dignity it took rank with Athens and Alexandria. The spirit of learning permeated its life, and Paul felt a special pride for his native city. Jerusalem was the pride of the Jew, but Tarsus had more prominence in the mind of Paul. This pride may be taken as an evidence of the superior influence of the spirit of the Cilician metropolis over the thought of the great Apostle. Such cultural surroundings would not only give an impetus, but direction, to the thoughts of a boy so highly endowed as was Paul. His thoughts would naturally express themselves in the terms of the city, and, as language reacts on mind to give it character, so the type of his mind was fashioned by the scenes of his early life. If he was no lover of nature, he was a lover of art, especially architecture. Great buildings fill a holy mission in the life of a people. Solomon's temple raised the life of Israel to a higher atmosphere; the Parthenon wrought greatly in the character of the Athenians; while St. Peter's gave immeasurable strength to Romanism. Nothing is harder to conquer than great buildings. They not only inspire patriotism, but they impart courage and strength. They inspire massive feelings. They are the mountain ranges in the world of art. Mountains, with their massive forms, rugged heights, and awful silence, arouse the sense of eternal security. Says Schiller: "Look

at these ramparts and these buttresses, that seem as they were built to last forever." Paul had the massive elements of his mind and spirit awakened in the shadow of great buildings. No man admired a great building more than he. It was natural for him to have drawn his illustrations from architecture. His writings are full of architectural figures. The church is "the temple of God," Christ is "the chief corner stone," heaven is "a house not made with hands;" while such terms as "a foundation," "building," "edify," "edification," and their kind are much on his lips.

But these words and ideas reacted on his mind, and made it act after the type of a master builder. He went deep for foundations, and on them constructed massive temples of truth. Into them he put huge blocks of stone; built large arches, locked with massive key-stones; raised immense columns, and up to the topmost piece the genius of this master-builder made his work speak the words of eternity. His mind could not act otherwise. Take his short letter to the church at Colosse and note the mental processes. After his usual salutations and expressions of confidence and love, he begins the construction of a temple. The foundation stone rests on Christ as "the image of the invisible God, the first born of every creature;" on this foundation he piles world on world, for in Him do "all things consist;" of the death and resurrection of Christ he builds the porch columns and the arched entrance; and completes the whole with such exhortations as, "Let the peace of God rule in your hearts," "walk in wisdom toward them that are without," and "Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly." When you read these short letters you feel like one who has stood for a moment in the shadow of a great temple, one in which God might dwell, and after you have finished it, you feel like one who has entered through the great arched door, passed along halls, stood by immense columns, and breathed the air of eternity. The whole being is uplifted, and a scene of grandeur abides in the mind.

From Gentilism, Paul derived his military spirit. He was no more of a builder than he was a fighter. This did not come from his Jewish blood. Heredity is not the only source of character. Education develops a spirit or type of character even contradictory to the spirit of ancestry. It was true in this instance. The Jewish civilization rested upon a God-consciousness, and not on a military spirit. Such men as Joshua, Joah, and Jehu were products of early Jewish history, and were rather incidents of their times, than outgrowths of a national character. Whatever fame these men gave to the armies of Israel, had long since been forgotten, and in the great upheavals, Israel had been overcome, and at the time of Paul's birth there was no disposition among them to fight. It was impossible to develop among them such military men as Alexander, Cæsar and Napoleon. Too many other influences entered into their character to make such aggressive military men. But in spirit, Paul took rank with the greatest military spirits, and while he never led an army, yet the daring courage, aggressive movements, and organizing abilities manifested in his ministry, prove that had he been at the head of Cæsar's army he would have won as much success and military glory. Paul loved military ideas, and thought his faith out in terms of the army. "Fight a good fight," "contend for the faith," "buckle on the whole armor of God," "I have fought a good fight," are instances in which his faith finds expression in military terms. The games that involved great contests had special fascinations for him. Anything that resembled warfare and called for heroic efforts, appealed to the mind of Paul. The explanation of all this is easy. Tarsus was in the track of the great military movements of Greece and Rome, and its people were full of their spirit. Young Saul had listened to these stories of war, till his young blood ran hot, and his soul swelled with the victory of many imaginary battle fields. He lived with heroes, till he became heroic. His apostolic mission gave him the opportunity to exercise these traits of character. It was necessary

to introduce such a spirit among the Apostles to carry the Christian religion into pagan nations. Not only was an aggressive spirit necessary, but whoever undertook to extend the gospel must be a great organizer. There was no such a man among the eleven Apostles left in Jerusalem. Peter could preach, but he could not organize, and it is a fact worthy of note, that less remains of the church in Jerusalem than any other church of the Apostolic period. Paul knew how to give permanency to his work. Imagine, if you can, the history of Christianity with Paul left out. It is no difficult task to agitate the minds of a people; it is quite another thing to conserve the products of one's work. The Jewish-Gentile Paul was the man who was specially ordained for this work.

There was a catholicity of spirit in Paul that could not have been Jewish. The Jew was narrow. He was extremely national. The religious influences that controlled him made him narrow. Peter could not be brought to appreciate the world-wide spirit of Christianity, and all of his efforts in foreign nations proved to be of little value. All of this narrowness in Paul had been overcome in his early life. If he was a Jew, his life had been spent in a Gentile atmosphere, and he was not impeded by a national intolerance. But this spirit of Catholicity did not extend to a spirit of democracy. Paul was more of an Aristocrat than he was a Democrat. Tarsus was an aristocrat among ancient cities, and the civil prerogatives conferred on it by Augustus, gave to its people a feeling of superiority over other cities. In all that Paul said and did the high tone of his aristocratic spirit is apparent. It was this spirit more than anything else that brought him in such sharp antagonism to the church at Jerusalem when he joined the efforts to exterminate it. It is not surprising that he should have organized the church upon the principles of Christian Aristocracy, rather than upon the basis of a democracy. He placed authority in a leader, and demanded obedience to him, while he opposed the spirit of a general distribution of power.

The methods of Paul's mind were Gentile, not Jewish. There are national types of mind as well as peculiar physical features, and it is as easy to recognize one as it is the other. No greater difference can be found between the physical features of the Germans and English, than there is between the methods and spirit of their minds. The German mind is patient, and has an insane love for useless details; the English mind is restless and active, and looks after leading and vital questions. So long as scholarship shall mean criticism and tedious research, the German will be in the lead. "Knowledge for knowledge sake" will never find much sympathy among Englishmen; it will always be at home in Germany. Such distinctions are easily discovered in the mental movements of all nations. So it is not difficult to see that Paul was a Greek rather than a Jew in his mental characteristics. The Jewish mind had its training through its religious doctrines, and these were dogmas, not philosophies. No room was allowed for the exertion of thought, for they received these doctrines as revelations that were not to be changed in any manner. What gave rise to Grecian philosophy, and called out the latent mental powers, as well as created new methods of thought, was settled for the Jew by Moses when he said, "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." The Jew became intellectually conservative, and believed where the Greek was aggressive and doubtful. Without the necessity of a laborious study and thought, it is not expected that the Jews should have developed a great class of philosophers, and much less that the philosophical type of mind should have been a national characteristic. Their style was epigrammatic, the most forcible style for teaching ethics. Solomon was master of the epigram, and is, therefore, the best product of the Jewish intellect. He is a dogmatist, not a dialectician. Socrates groped his way from thought to thought, always depending upon the logical relation of ideas; but Solomon went straight to the truth as by intuition, and threw it out independent of any

relation to what had been last said. Besides these peculiarities, there was something mystical in the mind of the Jew. Daniel is the most mystical of the old writers, while St. John is the most striking representative of this type of mind among the later writers. When one reads the prophecy of Daniel, and the visions of St. John, he is made to feel that these writers belonged to a remote world. These were not the characteristics of Paul's mind. In his "man of sin," alluded to in his first letter to the Thesalonians, he shows the mystical trait of the Jew, but besides this instance, he is free from the peculiarity of his people. He was a philosopher after the type of Plato. His mind searched with minute and logical care for the basis of truth. He depended upon the syllogism, and no Grecian philosopher ever constructed it with more accuracy. He could think only as he reasoned, and every step in his thoughts was verified to his own mind. Laws to him were rational processes, and spiritual truth was truth under law. The history of Israel had philosophical relations to Christianity, and he sought to know these relations. He came to the ethical parts of his epistles, not as a dogmatist, but as a logician. They are introduced with "therefore," "wherefore," or "let us then," showing that his great mind had worked its way from truth to truth, till it reached duties well fortified behind the final "therefore." He thus drove duty into the conscience with eternal rights which every sane mind was forced to recognize. Such a mind could not be intolerant. It was master of truth, and knew its invulnerable strongholds. Intolerance is the spirit of the skeptic, and is a jealousy born of fear as to the truthfulness of truth. The sword and axe are its surest defence. Truth makes an eternal challenge to all intellects, visible and invisible, and defies angels, men or devils to overthrow it. It was in the spirit of this challenge that Paul said, "Prove all things." That is not the spirit of a Jew.

There is a class of men, who would credit all of these characteristics of Paul's mind to inspiration, and, therefore,

have no sympathy with a study of his characteristics like this. That is a cheap indolence, most fascinating to ignorance. Inspiration is inspiration, not transformation—a kind of mechanical oblivion for the time. If there is inspiration, then what is inspired is second in importance only to who inspires. An inspired poet will write poetry, an inspired historian will write history, and an inspired philosopher will write philosophy. Inspired authorship is no contradiction. It will not injure a man's faith to think that every word which Paul wrote had the stamp of Paul's mind on it, and the divinity lies in the truth, not the literary style. If this offends a weak brother, then he should lay aside his offensive weakness, for in his efforts to dignify the truth, he magnifies falsehood.

It has been claimed that Paul's mind was Grecian, not Jewish. It will be interesting to note the peculiar type of Grecian mind and character that influenced him. At Tarsus he came in contact with all lines of philosophical thought and methods, but the most potent school of philosophy was Platonian. The historical importance of Paul and Plato would suggest a similarity, but their likeness is more real and vital than this. Paul was under the influence of Plato before he was under the power of Christ. What made Paul the great psychologist of Bible authors? Introspection was not peculiar to the Jews, except as it was enforced by some personal experience. But Paul turned his thoughts in on consciousness, and not only noted its states, but analyzed them, and then applied Christian truth for the solution of every moral condition. He philosophized the "Sermon on the Mount," and showed its inner application. There is no finer analysis of moral states and impotency than that found in the seventh chapter of his letters to the Romans. "I am crucified with Christ, nevertheless I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me, for the life that I now live, I live by the faith of Christ." Such a psychological paradox has nothing like it as a method of thought outside of the paradoxes of Socrates.

Viewed as a philosophical analysis, it is not only complete, but constructs the idea of the human personality under the domination of the divine personality, and idea which Plato groped after, but failed to find. In the distinction, the philosophical distinction, that Paul made between flesh and spirit, the Platonic influence became apparent. He analyzes them, and shows how the spirit is hindered by the flesh, and works the gospel out in relation to both.

But Platonic philosophy had emphasized a leading moral trait which finds its Christian expression in the character of Paul. If he was under the influence of the psychology of Grecian Philosophy, it is evident that he would be influenced by the ethics growing out of the philosophy. The noblest school of moral philosophy among the Greeks at the time of Paul's birth was the Stoics, and this school was prominent in Tarsus. Stoicism was a revolt against the looseness and softness of Epicureanism, and an effort to revive the Platonic spirit which was the moral basis of the loftiest character of Grecian life. Personal character had greatly declined, and Zeno, the father of Stoicism, rose, as a prophet, to save Greece from the shame of a hopeless decay. Such a mission demands the admiration of truth lovers in all ages, and the fact that it was the struggle of a pagan philosopher against the ruin of the noblest spirit of paganism, does not lessen our admiration. Zeno stood for a heroic spirit of self-denial, and placed virtue above all other human considerations. The false position of Stoicism is its extreme interpretation of heroism. It produced a callousness which destroyed the natural safeguards of life, and made suicide, not only possible, but probable; and to this extreme it wrought in its noble founder. Paul had breathed this atmosphere, which was a congenial atmosphere to one of his temperament. It produced in him a ruggedness of character, and fixed in his mind ideals of lofty heroism. When he came in contact with Christian truth, and felt the empire of this new power rise up in him, he realized that all of these original elements of character were inspired with holy

impulses, and ordained for the right ends. Unlike John and James, he took hold of the spirit of sacrifice that lay beneath the life of Christ, and never asked for honors. He was a Christian Stoic, or rather, his stoicism had been conducted by Christian truth into its true bounds. None of the other Apostles ever thought so profoundly on the vicarious sufferings of Christ, and no other thought in the doctrines of Christ had such fascination for Paul. "I glory in the cross," I bear about in my body the marks of the Lord," "If so be we suffer with him," and "I am ready to be offered up," are expressions of regenerated Stoicism, the only right form of it.

Christianity rests its cause upon truth, and truth is as true in Athens as it ever could be in Jerusalem, and in reviewing the Greek elements in the character and life of Paul, nothing is detracted from the divinity of Christ and His doctrines. It is as divine to eliminate the false from the true, and give holy direction to noble impulses, as it is to create. There is no greater miracle in human history than St. Paul. A Jew, born and trained in a pagan atmosphere, gathering into himself all that was noblest in it, he is transformed into the greatest mind of the Christian world, and interprets from the standpoint of his double nature, the doctrine of Christ into the terms and forms of the loftiest thought. In him Christianity found an outlet from a narrow nationalism, and became cosmopolitan by passing through his mind and lofty character.



A SERIOUS JOKE.

BY D. D. PEELE.

On a clear April night a few years ago, two young men were returning home from an entertainment given to the young people of that part of the country in which they lived. The weather was fine. No cloud lent motion to the heavens. The moon hanging low in the west sent her pale rays through the trees and checkered the road over which the two companions were walking. The young leaves hung unshaken by the slightest breath, and the air had in it that life-giving freshness which is so invigorating in spring time. Such an atmosphere there was as has a tendency towards strengthening confidence, as it were, between friends and causing them to exchange secrets which, under other circumstances, would never be thought of.

Edgar More was well under this influence and moved along quietly thinking over the pleasing incidents of the evening. But the piercing glances which Harold Chapel occasionally cast at his unsuspecting companion showed but too plainly that he had resisted all ennobling impulses and that his mind was occupied in something he wished kept secret from Edgar as it meant him no good.

"Not breaking the silence at all," said More smiling good humoredly, "but did it ever occur to you that Miss Anna Davis is a very pretty girl?"

"Certainly it has; no one can see her once without being completely captivated by her beauty," responded Harold, noting the effect his words had on his companion.

"Why, you're not going to be my rival?" said Edgar, laughing in an attempt to joke off a matter which really he regarded with great seriousness.

"I only wish I could entertain the faintest hope of winning her affections, but you have a stronger rival than I could possibly become, and one who will spare no means necessary in winning the hand of Miss Davis. I warn you, beware of him."

"What do you mean?" asked Edgar, in amazement.

"I mean that Charles Nichols loves Miss Anna Davis." More shuddered; and well he might, for Nichols was a man of one of the highest families of the country, and no one dared oppose him in anything, especially in his love affairs. Harold noticed the effect made on his companion with a triumphant smile.

Finally, recovering himself to some degree at least, Edgar said, though doubting his own words, "You are mistaken. Charles and I are friends."

By the uneasiness with which this was spoken, Harold rightly judged the fears of his associate and fitted his response to the occasion. "I hope you are, but I have my fears that he has determined to rid himself of you at the first opportunity. Of course he will suppress his anger until he gets you at his mercy. And, by the way, under the present circumstances, I expect it would be wise for us to walk lightly and hurriedly through these woods. This is an excellent place for an ambush."

"In heaven's name, man, what do you mean?" cried More.

"Hush!" whispered Harold, "why did your driver not return for you to-night as you ordered? Charles came off ahead of us—he was walking with such an expression on his face as I never saw a man wear before. O, I know you didn't see it; you could see nothing then but Miss Davis' face, and I fear you'll shed tears over that face yet. Nichols May be lurking—"

The sentence was not finished; for even while he spoke the report of a revolver was heard and Harold fell heavily on the ground, crying out "O, he's killed me!"

In an instant More was down by his side offering any assistance he could render him.

"Run, run," cried Harold, "it's you he's after." Another report was heard in the underbrush near by. "Run for your life; he'll take care of me."

More started away undecided whether he was doing the

proper thing or not. He soon turned to go back to his friend, but the sight of two pursuers and the sound of a ball whistling by his ear dispelled all his nobler impulses and sent him on at a swifter pace even than before.

More thought no more of returning alone, but hastened on, thinking of the situation and the best means of getting help for Harold. His pursuers, although not gaining, were holding their distance well. The nearest farm house was two miles away and he must arrive there before any help can be hoped for; but, if the firing from behind continues to increase his pace, the distance will soon be covered.

But fortune favored him. When he had run a mile and a half, the shooting had ceased and his pursuers were not in sight. A wagon was seen ahead dimly outlined in the darkness. More's heart swelled with hope at the sight. When he had overtaken it he found that there was in it a company of six men all of whom were strangers.

"Men, help me," he cried.

"What could you want of us? What's up?" The first was said in half scorn and the latter was added as the speaker noticed the expression of terror in the face of the poor fugitive.

"We have been ambushed," said he hastily. "My friend has been killed and I am pursued. Help me recover the dead body. There are only two pursuers."

"You go for some one to care for the body," said the one who seemed to be leader of the crowd, "we'll take care of them men coming yonder," for there could be seen two men just coming in sight in the direction from which Edgar had come. At a glimpse of them More could not wait to argue the matter but obeyed orders and hurried off. The driver was commanded to move on a short distance while the party hurriedly put themselves in ambush. During the conversation, More had smelt the odor of intoxicants and left, not doubting in the least that his enemies would meet with as warm a reception as he could possibly provide.

No sooner had More left his fallen companion than Nichols

sprang from his hiding place and, throwing himself by Harold, whispered, "Get up; the fun's not half over yet. We'll give him a chase. O my! just look at that coward running down the road yonder."

"Let me laugh," cried Harold who was rolling there in the dirt and laughing so loudly that Nichols feared that he would be heard by More. They ran off in pursuit as fast as they could in their mirth. More turned as if to come back, and as if actuated by the same impulse, both the pursuers fired and sent the fugitive even faster than before. When they had run about three quarters of a mile, now firing their revolvers, now enjoying the increase in More's pace, they stopped, all out of breath, and began to walk.

"We needn't run any more," said Nichols, "we have given him a running start that will take him home in good order."

"Can't he run though!" said Harold. "You ought to have seen how easy it was to persuade him that you were his rival. He just took it right in."

"And on account of that sweetheart of his! He must surely think I'm a man of poor taste. I don't know but that we ought to chase him a while longer. But ain't he a brave fellow! As soon as I shot, he forgot you and ran like a cowardly cur. How much more comfortable he would have ridden home if I had not turned his driver back. But—. What's that?"

It was indeed time for Nichols to become frightened for they had walked unsuspectingly into the trap set for them and were instantly seized by a half dozen strong men.

"You cowardly rascals! two after one! we'll fix you," cried a gruff voice.

"O, mister, mister, it was only a joke," shouted Harold in a voice which had in it a tone of despair.

"O yes, mighty funny joke to shoot a man down and drive away his only friends. You've played your part of it, now we'll play ours. Men gag the wretches, they'll have everybody in the country here directly." The order was obeyed

and the young men were soon laid helpless on the ground to await their fate. The smell of intoxicants was strong and the prisoners could expect no mercy. Their case was almost a hopeless one. Lying there, supposed murderers in the hands of a drunken crowd of strangers, they had time for reflection. True they had only been engaged in a little innocent fun but had they treated More courteously? Had not Nichols come on ahead of Harold and More to turn the driver back so that they would be two to one? But, they thought, all such jokes are unfair. If they could only see Edgar now, all would be well; or, if they were only allowed to explain, surely at least their lives would be safe. But neither of these were possible. Edgar had gone on and in this time must be a mile away. They could not speak and their hands were tied so that there was no means of communication, and any motion to attract the attention of their captors only caused a shower of brutal blows. The hopeless prisoners gave up in despair.

By this time the captors had formed themselves into a circle about Harold and Charles to pass sentence on their already convicted criminals. Various penalties were proposed, none of which did not have immediate death as its object. The point under discussion was the best manner of inflicting it. After many suggestions had been made and none accepted, one of the company, hardly as drunk as the others and possibly less cruel, arose and said, "Men, I think the best plan to rid the world of these wretches is to carry them to the river about three miles further on and drown them. This method not only saves us the trouble of burying them but also renders detection less probable; and besides we can carry them in our wagon and no one will ever know it." There was much wrangling on the part of those who "feared no detection" for they were engaged in a "Christian deed," but in spite of these the majority accepted the suggestion and the prisoners were carried to the wagon. Thence the company moved off toward the scene of execution.

Harold and Charles, lying bound upon their backs in the wagon, could only see through their tears the stars dancing in the firmament above. But that could not occupy their minds; they were thinking of home and the many friends there who would give their lives if necessary to rescue their loved ones, but knew nothing of their danger. The captors on the other hand seemed to be treating the affair very lightly. They were constantly paying their respects to a great demi-john which sat in the rear of the wagon, or loading their revolvers so as to be prepared to shoot at their victims struggling in the river. As the poor boys noticed this a cloud of despair settled upon their features.

Soon their hearts swelled with hope at the sound of horse's feet ringing out on the air. Perhaps they would be seen and rescued.

"Did you get them?" It was the sad but welcome voice of More which greeted their ears.

"Oh, yes," was the response.

More drew near as if to get a view of the murderers.

"Stand back!" shouted a gruff voice, "we have these men and intend to deal with them in our own way. Come nearer and you die." More, giving them a wide berth, passed and rode on in search of the body of Harold.

Chapel, not content to see this last possible opportunity of saving his life pass unimproved, struggled as if to rise. He only succeeded, however, in calling down a shower of blows upon him from the driver's whip and a stern command to silence. All hope was now gone and it only remained for the victims to endure death as heroically as possible.

Finally the river was reached. The company stopped, quietly took the criminals from the wagon, and prepared for the execution of their plans. Only the feet of the young men were unbound so that they might walk upon the bridge which separated the stream.

"Now," said the leader, when they stood over the main current, "We'll see how they can swim with their hands tied.

I hope they will conduct themselves more bravely in the last part of their joke than in the first." In his voice was a slight tone of sympathy, but the speaker was evidently determined to suppress his feelings. "Pnsh off only one at a time," continued he, "so we can watch their capers and have a shot at each, if they can swim at all. Come, men, which one shall we take first?"

"This one," said the driver, striking Harold with his whip, "he gave me more trouble coming on than a dozen ought, and it is lucky for him that he is not dead before now."

"Very well," said the leader.

Harold was driven to the end of the bridge from which he was to be pushed. The poor fellow stood there trembling and looked down into the angry water roaring as if impatient to envelop its prey. He glanced about him to take a farewell look at the world. The moon now half gone beyond the horizon seemed typical of his life which was soon to depart. But why was he not already struggling in the river? He turned to learn the cause of the delay, and was surprised to see the whole crowd standing still as if each one, not daring to kill a stranger who had done him no harm, was waiting for some one else.

"Come, men, what's the matter with you?" exclaimed the leader, rapidly making his way toward Harold; but the sound of horses' feet rapidly approaching arrested his movement. He cursed himself for failing to place guards to stop any traveler. "Say, you wretch" said he to Harold, "don't you move until the rider has passed, unless you want to go to the next world headless." Scarcely had he ceased speaking when the horse ran up at full speed.

"Say," shouted the rider, "don't drown them until they tell where the body of poor Chapel is. It can't be found." As the voice came to the captive it brought boundless hope, for it was none other than More's which greeted them. He sprang from the horse and, in spite of the remonstrances of the company, tore the bandages from Harold.

"How's this?" he cried, springing back in amazement.

"It's alright. We've been too mean," cried Harold, throwing himself on his friend's shoulders. "Can you forgive us? We were playing a joke on you and were caught. If you hadn't come, I would have been dead by this time."

"And who is this?" asked More, removing the bandages from Nichols, who had thrown himself at his feet.

"That's Nichols of course. He took part in it. It was a joke through and through."

"And you don't love Miss Amanda Davis then, Nichols? I am so glad it turned out as it has!" cried More in ecstasy.

"I think I could wish it had turned out differently;" said the other two in concert. The drunken crowd, who by this time had taken in the situation, drove quietly away, not at all sorry that they had been so easily relieved of the alternative of drowning two unoffending strangers or being counted cowards.



PLUGS AND PIPES.

BY G. T. ROWE.

When a discussion as to the benefit or injury derived from the use of tobacco arises, one who has experimented largely with the weed, like the old war-horse, scents the battle from afar, and longs to be in the engagement. At the mention of the word, each man feels that he has an enemy to fight or a comrade to defend, and forthwith hurls the dart or spreads the protecting wing. As I have read the various opinions both pro and con, expressed in our religious papers and by our preachers from time to time, I have been eager for a say-so, and have been prevented only by the fact that conflicting emotions have neutralized each other. To condemn it would seem like raising the dagger to stab a tried and faithful friend, while, on the other hand, to favor it would seem to be upholding a murderer, for tobacco is

"To good and equal bent,
And both a devil and a saint."

But since I rejoiced in its consolations and luxurious intoxications and also underwent its concomitant aches and hindrances for several years, and finally endured the agony of a permanent separation, I think experience at least gives me an excuse to have something to say. I quit. That is a short sentence, but it means a volume. Sleepless nights, incessant longings, continued sighings for "that which yields but bitter fruit." Sore throat, sore head, dry tongue, damp feet, slow heart, fast heart, sad heart, all these and many more made the quitter wish that he had never been born or never touched tobacco or never quit it, one or the other. I have read of Alexander at Issus, Tyre, Arbela, and I thought that was fighting; I had followed Napoleon from Austerlitz to Waterloo, and had learned to admire his genius for campaigning; I had stood by Cæsar, when he sent back the message, *veni, vidi, vici*, and thought his generalship as powerful as his brevity, but when I began to break the shack-

les of giant nicotine, the fights of history dwindled into little skirmishes. Then the Book was plain when it said, "He that ruleth his own spirit is greater than he that taketh a city."

A certain poet not noted for piety, after thorough experimental knowledge of the subject said :

" Vice is a monster of so frightful mien
That to be hated needs but to be seen "

He goes on to say in equally attractive verse that vice often gazed on, is tolerated, pitied, fondled, nursed and loved. How well do I remember the attempted mastication of the first quid ! How perfectly do I forget everything that followed the attempt ! One bright June day, soon after the sun had crossed the meridian, my chum and I were lying in the corner of a fence, enjoying a luxurious sun bath, when he extracted from his pocket a neat block and began to munch a corner of it deliciously. My mouth began to water and my chum too willingly showed his plug. If quinine, pepper, rough on rats, and Hood's Sarsaparilla, had been compounded for chewing purposes they could have made no nastier conglomeration than that tobacco quid. The trees went round and round, my feet went up, my head went down, my stomach parted with its contents, leaving me to feel as to the inside like a bass drum, and when I came to myself the sun was sinking in the west, and I arose to go to my father's louse, pale, limp, almost lifeless. Perseverance conquered, however, and the time came when all delicious viands were as nothing compared to the after-dinner quid, and when I neither lived to eat, nor ate to live, but both lived and ate to chew the weed.

Therefore I am prepared to say that my erstwhile friend, the weed, has been slandered at times and has also received far less of blame than he deserved, occasionally. It is to be defended from the charge of filthiness. Some filthy persons use tobacco, but that does not mean that all tobacco and its users are filthy. The process of preparing for market is no

dirtier than the process which many foods go through. Indeed, tobacco is one of the best disinfectants and preventives of disease known. It has been said by physicians that tobacco is a destroyer of fever bacilli and other germs, and that it is almost impossible for some men to keep a clean mouth without the use of tobacco.

Tobacco has been falsely accused from a financial standpoint also. If a man be allowed to indulge in anything that is not absolutely necessary to sustain life, and if he be permitted to wear any article of clothing not essential to protection against heat or cold, then he is also permitted to spend a few nickels for his favorite luxury, the weed. If any luxury is permissible, surely tobacco is, for it is by far the cheapest luxury in the world. The same argument, from a financial standpoint, that would deprive a man of his tobacco, and also take away his collar and his tie, and a certain peculiar brother is perfectly consistent when he discards all three for a financial reason.

The real argument against the use of tobacco is this: The machinery of the human body is arranged to run a certain length of time and at a certain pace. Nicotine is a stimulating poison, and hence tobacco increases the pace, deranges the motion, causes the machine to run down sooner than it would otherwise, accelerates the brain and causes the mind to slip cog when the influence of the stimulant ceases. Finally the goaded physical man refuses to be stimulated further, and both body and mind cease to act at all. Nothing short of a Herculean effort can prevent a constant tobacco user from falling into a lethargic state. The question then is, can a man afford to dissipate his powers, and will not God hold him responsible for wasted energy?



D. W. NEWSOM,
R. B. ETHERIDGE,

CHIEF EDITOR.
ASSISTANT EDITOR.

As a student body we are very grateful to the authorities for placing at our use so well-equipped and so well-managed a gymnasium, and by faithful attendance to its requirements we hope soon to verify the wisdom of its establishment, in an increased vitality along all lines of College life. The opening of the gymnasium should mark the beginning of an era of new zeal, of greater industry, and of quickened enthusiasm. Along with the physical benefits which the proper use of it confers, we may rightly expect a saner and more vigorous mind-life, susceptible to purer, higher and more crystal thought; a readier apprehension, a livelier imagination, and a deeper, healthier and more delicate current of feeling. The pressure of modern Collegiate life puts a great mental strain upon the student, which often lacks much of being counterbalanced by corresponding physical recreation. The student must tax every energy and ability if he expects to maintain his class standing, and this often causes him to satisfy himself with a half allowance of physical exercise, until, by cumulative transgression of immutable laws, he finds his constitution disastrously shattered.

We are glad that in looking to the physical welfare of the students, the Faculty has not lost sight of the fact that the need for physical exercise among the young women is just as imperative as it is with young men, and have

therefore arranged special gymnasium hours for them. Of course their exercise can be suited to their needs, but certainly a young woman, doing all the regular class work that falls to the hands of the young men, must have more than a few steps in the open air if she expects to do the highest grade of work and at the same time preserve the tone and vigor of her constitution. We have little respect for that advanced and pseudo-sympathetic conception of woman's rights, that now and then goes the rounds of these latter days; yet still less can we tolerate that notion that would consign woman to the shade, and yet expect her to do the work of a man who drinks in the fresh air and feels the sunshine. We cannot endorse that notion that regards ruddy health and abundant vigor among women as plebeian,—that makes a delicate fastidiousness of appetite and a feeble timidity the insignia of womanhood. These may make the lady, but never the woman. Men are coming more and more to feel that constitutional vigor is by no means inconsistent with a true conception of womanhood. The young men can secure recreation by long walks in the country, which is impracticable in the case of the young women; the young men can trot the race-track, they can make the pulse bound and ensure the healthful activity of every organ amid the shouts and laughter of the ball-ground, while in addition to this it is thought necessary to give them the use of a gymnasium. The young women, however, must usually content themselves with a short arm-in-arm stroll, or saunter alone along the paths with lesson books in hand. Ruskin says: "Not only in the material and in the course, but yet more earnestly in the spirit of it, let a girl's education be as serious as a boy's. You bring up your girls as if they were meant for sideboard ornaments, and then complain of their frivolity. Give them the same advantages that you give their brothers—appeal to the same grand instincts of virtue in them; teach them also that courage and truth are the pillars of their

being; do you think that they would not answer that appeal, brave and true as they are even now, when you know that there is hardly a girl's school in this kingdom where the children's courage or sincerity would be thought of half so much importance as their way of coming in at a door; and when the whole system of society, as respects the mode of establishing them in life, is one rotten plague of cowardice and imposture."

There is scarcely anything more important in the career of the College student than the training which he gets from his literary society, and yet the great majority of College students spend their four years in College before they come to realize this fact. How often have we heard from the lips of graduates the statement that if they had their four years of college work before them again, they would make a specialty of society work, even at the expense of their class work; and it is always the mournful but unanimous verdict of out-going seniors that they have realized too late the real and full value of society work. The society offers the student an excellent opportunity of giving expression to the growth and development of the passing weeks. Conducted as the society is, in strict adherence to parliamentary regulations, with a thorough transaction of business duties, a careful interworking of committees and officers, it cannot fail to be impressive, instructive and pleasant, imparting an inspiration to the student, and giving him training which could be secured from no other source. Surely no moments should be more delightful than those which one spends in the familiar seat of his society hall, listening to the lively, spirited, and pointed debate, to a well-studied, impressive and inspiring oration, or to a well-chosen declamation, delivered with feeling and expression. The state will never know how much it owes to the society halls of its colleges. To them it must look

for its most effective leaders in the pulpit, at the bar, on the political platform and in legislative halls. From them go men whose training will give them a hearing. The day will never come when sound, logical argument will lose its power, or when true oratory will cease to move the hearts of men. To-day there is a great deal of argument that is loose, fallacious, and ineffective, and a great deal of oratory for oratory's sake. The college student has the supreme opportunity to develop a close, penetrative and comprehensive style of argument, and a strong, healthy, powerful type of oratory.

We regret that so few of the students seem to be gifted in the line of verse. This field of composition is being sadly neglected, and yet there is no feature of College journalism that ought to be given more honest effort. Only one poem is presented in the contents of this issue, where we ought to have at least three. We feel that this is due more to indifference, or possibly to physical conservatism than to any lack of native ability; for surely in a college having two full chairs in English, a student has abundant opportunity to store his mind with poetic thought, and to cultivate for himself an easy style of poetic expression. THE ARCHIVE is not run for the purpose of financial speculation, though it requires money, time and effort to get it out. Neither is it an organ manipulated for the amusement of the Senior class. Its sole purpose is to give you, as a student, the benefit of its columns, as a means of encouraging literary activity. To make the magazine fulfill its mission successfully, this encouragement must be mutual.

We trust that the students will give all diligence to this suggestion, and see that the next issue is well-rounded on the poetic side.

We are glad to welcome the organization of a Trinity College Library Association, which has for its object to bring the Trinity College Library and the people of North Carolina into closer relations of mutual help through the collection of funds, books and documents, and to secure a wider popular knowledge of good literature. The Association will be under the management of a Board of Directors, and all funds accruing from the membership of the Association will be used for the purchase of new books. The Board may organize local library centers which shall provide for lectures or other means of instruction as may be desired. Any member of the Association has the privilege of drawing books from the College Library for use at the Park. Biblical, Historical, English, and Sociological courses of study have been prepared and will be given to the members of the Association. At the beginning of each year the Association will prepare and send to each member, a list of the new addition of books of the preceding year, such as may be of help in the literary work of the members. We doubt not but that this new enterprise will be of immense good in the state in stimulating literary study and research. We wish for it the success which it deserves.





Wayside Wares

E. S. BOWLING,

MANAGER.

TO OUR SWEETGUM TREE.

Full many times when summer days were bright,
 And o'er the fields stood trembling, summer air,
 We found our hats and wandered forth to where
 The sweetgum tree stands bare to summer light;
 And when at once its cool shades came in sight,
 With ever quickening steps we hastened there,
 And with unsparing hand its bark laid bare.
 With searching eyes oft have I claimed the right
 Of this side or of that. Though years have gone
 And things have changed, I see you, noble Tree,
 And oft a sigh of sad regret have drawn
 That I have gashed your form so recklessly;
 And now you stand, in stretching field, forlorn,
 In ragged age, our dear old Sweetgum Tree.

—D. W. Newsom.

MY SWEETHEART'S FATHER.

It was the third day of my Christmas holidays which I had spent around home with mother and father, when there came a longing in my heart for the sight of sweet Kate, whom I had not seen, but I had dreamed of her many times since the past summer vacation. She was a new comer to the neighborhood of Pine Knot, but from her first appearance, her pretty face and innocent smile had completely paralyzed the young men of the whole section. By reason of her exceeding beauty she had been known as "Pretty Kate," the ugly man's daughter. Her home was

three miles away, and I had no better way of getting there than riding an old mouse colored mule, which my father had plowed and hauled wood with long before I could remember. But I mounted the humble beast with spurs on both heels and started off down the lane in a slow gig of a trot, singing "Sweet Rosa O'Grady," and beating time to my song in the sides of the old mule. But he very soon became hardened to spurs and fist, and no persuasion whatever would cause him to trot longer. But at last I reached my destination. As I came in sight of the house the first thing that met my eye was Kate, standing out in front of the house feeding the chickens. I rode up in the old orchard, swung up my mule to a limb of a tree—for that was the only way I hoped to keep him there. By this time Kate had gone flying into the house. I stepped over the low fence and approached the door, and Mrs. Norwood invited me in. I saw no sign of Kate. I talked away with the old lady, telling her my college experience, and especially how important it is now-a-days for a young man to attend college. In the meantime the old man put in his appearance, coming from the kitchen with a cold potato in his hand and eating it very fast. He walked in; the old lady introduced us. I was all eyes. I couldn't say a word. I looked—I wondered—I staggered to my chair. In this state of confusion, in walked "Pretty Kate." She saluted me, and took her seat near the ugly old man. Were there ever two people so much unlike? Kate, in her moist, blue eye, was a blended expression of mirthfulness, and something more tender, that went into your heart without ever asking leave. Clad in a home-spun frock, coarse, but tasteful in its colors and adjustment, and oh! how brilliantly spotless—her fingers tipped with the blue of the indigo tub, her little feet in buckskin moccasin. Plague take the girl! She has made me forget her ugly father. Nothing on the earth can match him! His face generally had the appearance of a recently healed blister

spot. His prominent eyes seemed ready to stop off from his face and were almost guiltless of lids. Red, red, red was the all prevailing color of his countenance—even his eyes partook of it. His mouth, ruby red, looked as if it had been very lately kicked by a roughly shod mule, after having been originally made by gouging a hole in his face with a nail grab.

“So you have come to see the ugly old man, have you, ’Squire? Well, you are mighty welcome. Old ’oman, fly around, get us something to eat. Kate, ain’t you got no fresh aiggs?”

Kate went out at his suggestion, and her father went on: “They called me ugly, ’Squire, and I am. My father was before me the ugliest man that ever lived in Halifax county. But I’ll give you my ixperience after supper. Old ’oman, for stomach’s sake, do fly around thar!”

We had a most excellent supper, the purity of the tablecloth, the excellence of the coffee, and the freshness of the eggs, not to mention Kate’s good looks, were more than a set off against the ugliness of the old man.

Supper over, the old man drew out his large cob-pipe, and filling and lighting it, placed it in his mouth. After a whiff or two, he began:

“It’s no use argyfyin’ the matter. I am the ugliest man now on top of dirt. Thar’s narry nuther like me! I’m a crowd by myself; I alles was. The fust I know’d of it, though, was when I was ’bout ten years old. I went down to spring branch one mornin’ to wash my face, and as I looked in the water I seen the shadder of my face. Great Gosh! how I run back, hollerin’ for mammy every jump. That’s the last time I have seen my face. I darsen’t but shet my eyes when I go about water.”

“Don’t you use a glass when you shave?” I inquired.

“Glass! Thunder! ’Twould burst if it was an inch thick. Glass—pshaw!”

Kate told her father he was “too bad” and that he **knew** it was no such thing.

And the old man told her she was "for'ed" and to "hold her tongue."

"Yes," he continued, "it's so; I haven't seen my face in forty years, but I know just how it looks. Well, when I growed up, I thort it would be hard to find a woman that'd be willin' to take for better or for wust, ugly as I was."

"Oh! you was not so oncommon hard favored when you was a young man," said old Mrs. Norwood.

"Oncommon! I tell you when I was ten years old de flies would always pass me by in unmentionable amazement, and it can't be much worse now!"

* * * * * * *

"Shet up and let me tell my ixperance."

"It's no use," put in Kate, "to be running one's self down that way, daddy! It ain't right."

"Runnin' down! Thunder and lightin', Kate! You'll have me as good lookin' directly as Jim Black, your sweetheart."

As he said this, the old man looked at me and succeeded in half covering the ball of his left eye by way of wink. Kate said no more. The old man continued:

"Well, hard as I thort it 'ud be to get a wife, fust thing I knowed I had Sally; here she is, or was, as pretty as any of them."

As the old man said this I heard my mule give a very loud bray. I moved a little restlessly in my seat, for I feared he was gone. But the old man said:

"Well, 'Squire, if you have time I will give you a bit of my ixperance at Key West last April. I arrived there late in the afternoon from Norfolk. As I walked up the street from the landing, I was bothered and pestered by the people stoppin' in the street to look at me—all dirty and lightwood smoked, as I was, from bein' on the boat."

"I think I'd a cleaned up a little," interposed tidy Kate.

"Well, they'd looked at me the hardest you ever seen. So at last, I went into a grocery and a squad of people

followed me in, and one 'lowed, ses he, 'It's one of the unfortunate sufferers by 'splosion of the Maine,' and upon that he axed me to drink with him, and as I had my tumbler half way to my mouth, he stopped me of a sudden—

“‘Beg your pardon, stranger, but’—ses he.

“‘But what?’” ses I.

“‘Just fix your mouth that way again!’” ses he.

“‘I done it, just like I was gwine to drink, and I’ll be blessed if I didn’t think the whole of ’em would go into fits! They yelled and whooped like a gang of wolves. Finally, one of ’em ses: ‘Don’t make fun of the unfortunate; he’s hardly got over bein’ blowed up yet. Let’s make up a purs for him?’ Then they all throwed in and made five dollars. As the spokesman handed me the change, he axed me: ‘Whar did you find yourself after the ’splosin?’”

“‘In a flat boat,’” ses I.

“‘How far from the Maine?’” ses he.

“‘Why,’” ses I, “‘I never seen her, but as nigh as I can guess, it must have been, from what they tell me, nigh on to six hundred miles! You oughter see that gang scatter. As they left, ses one: ‘It’s him. It’s the ugly man of all.’”

I heard my old mule give another loud bray, followed by a terrible noise. I rushed to the door with hat in hand just in time to see my mule go over the fence with about half a peach tree hung to the bridle. I didn’t have time to say “‘good-night.’”

E. S. B.

THE OPENING OF THE GYMNASIUM.

On the evening of March 16, 1899, the new gymnasium building was brilliantly illuminated by many electric jets of light. Among the assembled crowd I stood with my little freckled-faced Margaret Ann. In the crowd gathered to be present at the formal opening of the gymnasium, I could not tell her what I was thinking when I gazed down into the pretty blue eyes, as she gazed upon the dresses of

other girls. She was admiring their garments and I was admiring her pretty face and blue eyes.

I am a gentleman of flesh. I mean by this that after the manner of Falstaff I am rather corpulent. I have taken obesity pills by the gross, but I still wear trousers thirty-eight in the waist. I merely mention this to let you know that I am no little chip. My face is as red as the setting sun and my hair is redder than that—it is as red as the coquettish blush of a forty-year-old girl when you say she looks to be sweet sixteen.

But, although I weigh two hundred pounds and am red-headed, I am active. At the age of six I could slide down stairs on the banisters and I could skin a cat, dog or rabbit before I was as old as army beef. Not only this, but I went to picnics years ago, when they were fashionable, and I learned to swing at these picnics. I remember very well that I would join the Sunday school just before the picnic and after that great dinner I would cease to be a regular attendant. Now, as I stood by my little Margaret Ann, thinking spoony thoughts and building air castles for the future, I determined to make myself famous as an athlete. I resolved that upon dumb-bells I would erect a monument to my memory that should out-last the short-lived fancies of men.

The swinging rings, the trapeze bars and the Indian clubs were temptingly close to me. I decided to leave my unnoticed place beside the freckled-face little girl and swing out into prominence and glory. So when every one was looking toward a trapeze bar I walked boldly out and took my stand beneath the bar. I then reached up and took a tight hold on the swinging bar and raised myself up to it. Then throwing my number eight brogans between my arms, I skun the cat. The audience stood in silent wonder at such a great deed. When they recovered from their astonishment they began to cheer me. This was what I had expected and I became reckless in my corpulent agility. Getting up into the swing, I stood with my feet

on the bar and my hands tightly holding the ropes at my side. This brought the spectators to the point of unbounded admiration. They cheered almost as frantically as the kissing maids cheered Hobson. I noticed that some were laughing and some were hissing. I knew that the derisive ones were laughing at the gymnasium director, because he could not equal the red-headed fat boy in athletics, and I knew that some were hissing those who would not cheer me. Then I began to "bounce" in the swing, just as I had done at the picnic. Every one was astonished. They began to tear their hair and throw dumb-bells at me to show their appreciation of my almost super-human activity. But I remained calm. I knew that Margaret Ann must be proud of me.

But I come to the sad and humiliating part of my story. I undertook to do one thing and it was one thing too many. I attempted to sit down upon the bar and then turn loose the ropes. Just when my hands left the ropes I began to feel myself gently going backwards. I tried to catch, but I tried in vain. In my struggles I could hear the spectators cheering and laughing at my misfortune. I fell somewhat like Lucifer fell, never to rise again, unless some kind friend picked me up. But before I struck the floor I realized that I had been making a mule of myself. I landed on my head—my empty head—my red head—and I didn't know anything for half an hour after my fall.

When I did regain consciousness—and when I opened my eyes I saw three empty vasaline bottles by my side on the floor. While I was unconscious they had moved me to my room, and now my head was uneasily pillowed upon an Analytical Geometry. Just above me stood the Professor of Mathematics, and vasaline was the remedy for my evils—vasaline taken internally. He made me drink a pint of the abominable stuff before he gave me time to yell and then he looked sternly at me and said: "That's what you get for being an idiot."

RUBRICAPUT.



Literary Notes

W. N. PARKER,

MANAGER.

To the admirers of "The Honorable Peter Stirling," it will no doubt be of interest to learn that another production of the author of that book is now appearing in serial form in *The Bookman* under the title of *Janice Meredith*. It is a story of the Revolution, and judging from the high praise which it has received from several eminent critics, who were so fortunate as to be permitted to read it in the manuscript, it bids fair to equal if not to excel the popularity of "The Honorable Peter Sterling."

The story which suggested "Marse Chan" to Mr. Page has been told before but we think it worth repeating. In the autumn of 1880, a friend of Mr. Page showed him a letter taken from the pocket of a dead Confederate soldier, who belonged to a Georgia regiment. It was from his sweetheart. She told him of her love, and of her sorrow for her bad treatment of him. She said that from the time they had gone to school together, when he was so kind to her she had loved him, and that if he could get a furlough and come home she would marry him. A postscript written in the bad hand across the Confederate paper stated that he must be sure to get a furlough, for if he didn't "come honorable" she would not marry him. The poor fellow did get his furlough at Malverne Hill, but it was from a bullet. This story so touched Mr. Page that he went immediately to his office, and as the result, "Marse Chan" was sent to *Scribner's Monthly*, a few days later.

It hardly seemed possible that the Jungle Books could have a parallel for many a day, but it seems that in Mr. Ernest Seton Thompson a genius has arisen who is the equal of Mr. Kipling in this field of literature. His recent book, *Wild Animals I Have Known*, has been met with great enthusiasm by both young and old. This is not Mr. Thompson's first appearance in the world of letters, but there are many who were unacquainted with him before the publication of this book, and to whom it will come with the force of a new discovery in literature. Other books of this author are, *The Birds of Manitoba*, *The Mammals of Manitoba* and *The Art Anatomy of Animals*.

As a field for fiction the North of Ireland, until comparatively recently has been almost wholly unexploited since the days of Carleton. Probably inspired by the success of Mr. Barrie, quite a school of northern idyllists has sprung up. Among the foremost of these editors may be ranked Mrs. Hobhouse, who in her recent novel, *Warp and Weft*, depicts with an admirable fidelity the homely aspects of rural life in Northern Ireland.

Another Irish writer whose books of rollicking Irish stories and idyllic character sketches have attracted considerable attention is Mr. Seumas MacManus. For some months past he has been in this country, partly on a visit, but chiefly to become acquainted with the literary world. While Mr. MacManus has a keen eye for the comic, yet his stronger though perhaps not his most popular literary work are his studies of Irish life and character. His latest work is *The Bend of the Road*, which consists of a series of character sketches drawn from life in Donegal, his native county.

The memoirs of Alphonse Daudet by Leon & Ernest Daudet which have been in process of translation, have

recently been published. It is to Mr. Charles DeKay that we are indebted for this translation. The memoirs present the famous Frenchman not as a mere man of letters, but as a kind, loving, tender and sympathetic father enshrined in the affections of his family. We see him during the suffering of the last months of his life as a noble and beautiful figure.

SNOW-BOUND.

And snow-flakes din the misty air—the petals of the cold:
The day gropes blindly in the gloom above the hill and wold,
The wind takes up his stormy march in music wild and grand
While winter lays his grim blockade across the frozen land.

—*Benjamin F. Legett, in The Bookman.*





F. T. WILLIS,

MANAGER.

An exchange editor recently remarked that some articles are not intended to be read. While the statement at first thought is viewed as a hasty judgment, it sets one to thinking and in the end seems pertinent. There are different reasons to be assigned for this, in some respects, deplorable fact. Many editors have a number of pages to devote to contributions, and of a scanty supply the best are to be selected and published though these may not be readable. At times the editor publishes articles mostly for the encouragement of the young writer. Then again certain historical facts and papers that need presentation are published for the benefit of posterity. Whatever reason may be given in explanation of the fact, it cannot make it plausible. Whatever appears on the pages of a magazine should be of immediate interest. Though it should ever be a point to make it something more than this, the easiness with which it can be read should always be considered.

The young writer always gets his style from other men. Howell's farces are attracting the college student as is evident from a fiction that is finding its way into the magazines. Though not written in the form of a comedy there is that touch of time and place humor in "Accidents will Happen" in the *Stanford Sequoia* which reminds one of Howell's "Elevator Car" and other farces. Parts of "The New Co-Ed," in the *Tennessee University Magazine* partake of the same farsical character, though it is not followed up through the serial.

The best story of the month is "Lisette," in the *Yale Courant*. It is short but the writer shows that he knows the elements that make up a good story. Unlike so many of the attempts at fiction writing, "Lizette" is really interesting on second reading.

With the exception of three very short articles all the contributions in the literary department of the State Normal Magazine, are by persons out of the college. There are certainly enough students at the Normal to give the student body a fair showing at least in their magazine. As is often said a college magazine is supposed to represent the work of the college community and when it fails to do this falls short of its pretension.

SUGGESTION.

How oft love shines through our commom-places,
 Too rare a thing for any man to know;
 How oft in a sigh we feel the traces
 Of some poor heart's favored hidden woe.

How oft genius shows in half-done sketches
 Where labored work has drawn a curtain down:
 And strange that beauty half her wonder etches
 In distant tints of purple, gray, and brown.

There are these shadow glimpses in our being
 Of something higher than the common soul:
 Swift flashes never made for human seeing,
 The God within us shows us in the whole.

—*Thomas Maitland Marshall, in Inlander.*

MENTAL TELEGRAPHY.

There is a secret telegraph,
 Whose wires are thin and fine,
 And I am sure you would laugh
 If you could see the line.

Its medium is empty air;
 Its stations, points that gleam,
 And swift the messages, and fair,
 That travel on its beam.

The Messages are of a sort
 It is not wise to tell;
 At times they're long, at times they're short,
 And often sweet, as well.

The charge is less than none at all—
 In fact there is a prize—
 To those who understand the call
 Of two coquettish eyes.

—*B. P. Anspacher, in Stanford Sequia.*

TO A ROSE.

You nestled in your hair to-night,
 Half smothered in the misty light
 That crowned her head, and like a queen
 On golden dais, through the sheen
 You nodded to me from your height
 With reverence I set aright
 One straying bit of crumpled white,
 For half my sins you may redeem,
 You nestled there.

You saw the mingled dark and bright
 Of half-drooped eyes, the feign flight—
 Such blushes gentle maids become—
 And then she gave me you; I deem
 I knew my answer—well I might,
 You nestled there.

—*W. C. B., in Hampden-Sydney Magazine.*

TRIOLETS.

A dainty little triolet,
 I would write for thee to-night,
 As frequent as a violet—
 A dainty little triolet,
 To tell thee true that I—O let
 Me whisper what I cannot write.
 A dainty little triolet
 I would write for thee to-night.

'Tis strange to-night it seems to me
That I should hear from thee.
My muse brings radiant dreams to me,
'Tis strange to-night it seems to me
That every starlight beams to me
A love-glance tenderly.
'Tis strange to-night it seems to me
That I should hear from thee.

Can any fay or fairy tell
Why come these dreams to me?
Can whispering breezes airy tell?
Can any fay or fairy tell?
And if he can, why dare he tell?
And I, dare I tell thee?
Can any fay or fairy tell
Why come these dreams to me?

—*Edward B. Kenna, in Georgetown Journal.*





J. H. BARNHARDT,

MANAGER.

At a business meeting of the Association held February 20, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, S. A. Stewart; Vice-President, Richard Webb; Treasurer, J. M. Ormand; Recording Secretary, J. C. Blanchard; Corresponding Secretary, E. S. Yarbrough. These gentlemen were installed into office March 5. They are all strong christian men and no mistake has been made in their selection. Mr. Stewart has appointed the following committees:

Devotional—R. R. Grant, J. M. Ormand, and B. G. Allen.

Bible Study—J. M. Culbreth, O. J. Jones, Richard Webb, and J. M. Flowers.

Finance—J. M. Ormand, J. A. Best, R. N. Littlejohn, M. B. Clegg, and W. A. Sessoms.

Missionary—Richard Webb, E. S. Yarbrough, J. E. Holden, J. C. Blanchard, and Stewart Mims.

Other committees may be appointed from time to time as it becomes necessary to carry on the work. We bid the new officers and committees God-speed, and hope they may see the work prosper greatly in their hands.

* * *

The revival meeting held during the latter part of February resulted in great good to the entire college community. The christian men threw themselves into the work with commendable earnestness. For several weeks before

the meeting began, they had been planning and praying for large results, and during the meeting almost their entire time was given to religious duties. As announced in the last issue of THE ARCHIVE, Rev. Frank Siler, Pastor of Trinity church, Charlotte, did the preaching. The Lord used him to do a great work here. He is one of our best preachers. The following is taken from a letter written by Dr. Kilgo to the *Raleigh Christian Advocate*. Speaking of the meeting, he said: "From the beginning the spirit of God was present. Convictions seized the backslidden and unconverted, and they prayed for salvation. The preaching was earnest, eloquent, and without compromise. More than thirty young men were converted and reclaimed, while all were strengthened in faith. Mr. Siler came to Trinity a stranger, but soon he had the love and confidence of faculty and students. He is a type of preacher and man with whom young men should come in touch. His ideals, methods, and character inspire the noblest thoughts and feelings. He was an object lesson in many respects, but in none more so than that a successful pastor can also be a successful evangelist. . . . Trinity College, in the nature of things, has in its hands the future of our church in North Carolina. What this means no man can estimate. It should, therefore, rest on the conscience of our people. Certainly it should have a large place in the prayers of the church. A revival of religion among its students will carry joy to our Methodism, and everywhere earnest prayer should be made for the spiritual growth of these young men."

* * *

The State Y. M. C. A. Convention which was held in Durham, March 9-12, was a success in every sense of the word. The attendance was good. Between eighty and ninety delegates and visitors were here from this and other states. It was a body of young, representative, christian men. At the first session of the convention, short addresses

of welcome were given by Hon. J. H. Southgate for the city, and Mr. S. A. Stewart in behalf of the Trinity College Association. Among the prominent speakers present were: Messrs. H. O. Williams, of New York City; A. G. Knebel, of Charleston, S. C.; W. K. Matthews, College Secretary of the International Committee; Rev. Alfred T. Graham, of Davidson, N. C.; Rev. W. A. Wynne and Frank Mahan, of Charlotte. State Secretary Lewis was present and gave valuable direction to the work. On Saturday afternoon between the hours of two and four, it was our pleasure to entertain the members of the Convention at the Park. Our thanks are due the pastors of the town for their hearty co-operation in helping to make the Convention a success, and to the good people of the town who so generously threw open their homes for the entertainment of the delegates.

* * *

The following is taken from the annual report of the Y. M. C. A., which was read at the meeting on March 5: "It is true that the Association has come to be recognized as a potent and firmly-established factor in the life of the college. An organization of this kind must always derive its life and character from the individual members who compose it. If *they* are true and faithful, its usefulness is assured; but if they are careless and indifferent in meeting known obligations, success is impossible. We have watched with considerable satisfaction the interest which has been manifested in the Y. M. C. A. during the past year. Unquestionably the general interest is growing. Now, we do not attempt to do the work of the church, but merely to supplement it. Whatever may be said of associations in general, a College association is an absolute necessity. Peculiar conditions attach themselves to student life—conditions which are found nowhere else in the world. Coming from various parts of our state and other states, we are thrown together under new environments, and thus

come into contact with new influences. An individual approaches a crisis when he enters college, and the student movement was born out of the necessities of this crisis. Generally speaking the Y. M. C. A. has in view a two-fold purpose: 1. The deepening of the spiritual life of its members. 2. The salvation of the unsaved. All other departments are subordinate to these two main purposes. . . . A devotional meeting is held every Sunday afternoon at two o'clock. The attendance at these meetings is reasonably good—ranging from sixty to seventy-five men. . . . There are four Bible classes under the supervision of the Y. M. C. A. The text-books used are 'Harmony of the Gospels,' by Stevens and Burton, and 'Studies in the Life of Christ,' by H. B. Sharman, of New York City. Daily study of the Bible is stressed and some have entered into the agreement to devote the first half hour of the day to prayer and Bible study. Fifty men have entered these classes since September. The classes meet weekly. We hope to see the day when every student in college shall be engaged in the systematic study of God's word. . . . The Mission study class is now considering 'Social Evils in the Non-Christian World.' The Association has pledged \$60.00 for the support of Rev. Fang Yoeh Foo, a native missionary in China. Part of the amount has already been raised by weekly payments and otherwise. It is proposed to make the payment in two installments of \$30.00 each. . . . The expenditures of the past year amounted approximately to \$250.00, besides private subscriptions to state and international work. At the beginning of the present session, the finance committee prepared and submitted a budget of this year's expenses. All funds are raised by dues and private donations. . . . From February 15, 1898, to February 15, 1899, there were eighteen conversions. These were largely reached through special effort during the evangelistic meeting in March, 1898, combined with personal work throughout the year. At

present the spiritual condition of the student body is very good—nearly all are professing christians. . . . Group prayer-meetings are held every night a few minutes before eleven. These have been a source of great good to all who have engaged in them. . . . Looking back over the year's work, we see where some mistakes have been made, yet after all, have we not done some good? Is it not true that the religious sentiment of the student body is stronger than it was a year ago? Have we not touched at some time and in *some* way, every heart in college? Have we not thrown influences around many men, which could not be overcome? Have not several scores of homes been gladdened because of the work which, under God, we have been able to do for their sons? May the coming year be filled with greater results than have yet been known! It has begun very auspiciously. How it shall continue and close depends upon our fidelity to the great trust now in our hands. As the new officers assume their responsible places, they feel that they need and must have the undivided support of *every* man. It would be unmanly to shirk a duty so sacred."





At Home and Abroad

E. R. WELCH,

MANAGER.

Dr. Kilgo went over to LaGrange not long since and lectured before the LaGrange High School. He also lectured at Horner School, Oxford, recently.

Prof. Mims and his brother Stuart, of the present junior class, were recently called to their home, in Arkansas, on account of the severe illness of their father, who died on the 10th inst. They have the sympathy of every student in this hour of sorrow.

Prof. Pegram attended the recent convention of the Sunday Schools for the State, held at Salisbury.

At the next meeting of the Ministers' Conference, which will convene at Charlotte, June 20 to 29, Dr. Kilgo will deliver an address.

In the early part of this month the college community was highly favored by having Dr. Kilgo lecture to us on "The Gentilisms of St. Paul."

In the chapel on the evening of the 18th inst., Dr. Few gave us a lecture on "Shakspeare's Place Among the English Speaking People."

Prof. Whitehouse lectured to the students and friends of the community on the evening of the 16th inst. Subject, Physical Training. It was the occasion of the formal opening of the gymnasium.

We were glad to see Prof. Separk, of Gastonia, class '96, among the delegates to the recent Y. M. C. A. Convention.

A. J. Rosser, class '98, is teaching at Dunn. He has a good school.

J. R. Pool, class '98, has charge of a school at Hamlet.

R. T. Pool, class '98, wields the birch in the town of Leesburg.

We are very glad to note the convalescence of Willie Greene, who has been very low for the past two months. Mr. Greene was a member of the present Soph. class.

Dr. Kilgo preached at Greenville, N. C., on the 19th inst. The Doctor is on the go a large part of the time, and we are always glad when he returns to us.

We were glad to welcome our old friend of whilom days, Mr. Albert Shipp Webb, to the Park some days since. Shipp was en route to Statesville, from which place he returned with the pride of his ambitions, Miss Meta Stinson, and resumed his duties as Principal of the Rich Square High School. His brother Richard, of the present Junior class, attended the marriage.

Mr. C. B. Williams, of Raleigh, made a short visit to the Park recently.

Mrs. D. E. Osborne, author of "Under Golden Skies," was on the Park a few days ago, in the interest of her publication.

Mr. Jas. Craven, nephew of Dr. Craven, spent several days with us recently, and was the guest of his aunt, Mrs. W. H. Pegram.

Mr. W. H. Brown, of Soph. class, has been assisting the pastor at Stem in his work.

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BYRON AND SHELLEY ON THE CONTINENT.

BY MISS MARY L. HENDREN.

In studying the development of the lives of our literary men, one is struck with the influence which Italy has exerted over them. When we consider Italy's contribution to art and literature and keep in mind the romantic nature of her history and mythology, together with her natural scenery, it is not so remarkable that so many of our men of genius have received inspiration there, and in many instances have found a second home. There seems to be a romantic fascination in Italy felt by all who travel there, and especially those who live there for any length of time.

Not to mention many others, we especially note how Milton, when he visited Italy, in 1637, traveled all through this fair land for two years, lingered for quite a while in the art galleries of Florence and only returned home because of war in his native country; and Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, two of the rarest spirits of our own century, were so charmed with Italy that during fifteen years of their married life, with occasional visits to Paris and England, they made their home at Casa Guidi in Florence; in Nathaniel Hawthorne, we again find this influence, for it was through Italian art and the general surroundings that Hawthorne's spiritual nature became thoroughly aroused and he came to a knowledge of faith which hitherto he had dreamed not of.

So it was when society turned its back upon Byron and Shelley and they were exiles from home, that they sought in Italy a refuge from the criticism of their fellowmen and found a new home amid these congenial surroundings.

The attitude of disapproval which society assumed when Lord Byron and his wife so mysteriously separated, was more than one of his high strung, proud nature could endure, and especially as he had so recently been the most popular man in London. So in April 1816, no longer disposed to endure the criticism and contempt expressed so universally throughout England, Lord Byron left to travel on the continent, and, as subsequent events proved, never to see his native land again. Shelley's continued travels abroad may be accounted for chiefly because of his health, but upon him also had society stamped its disapproval on account of his treatment of Harriet Westbrook, his first wife, and his relations with Mary Godwin, the daughter of the famous author of *Political Justice*. And so we find these two highly gifted men, wanderers on the earth because they disregarded the sacred laws and customs of a high civilization.

When Byron and Shelley first met in Switzerland, both

were in the very prime of their poetic careers, but Byron had already wrecked the prospects of his life and Shelley had set himself at variance with every authority and broken one primary law of society. Byron, wonderfully gifted in many ways, was a different sort of a law-breaker from Shelley. He represented the destructive side of the sympathizers with the French Revolution. He wanted to root up and tear down everything, but he had no remedy for the disjointed times. His policy was "Whatever is, is wrong" but he neither suggested nor dreamed of righting those wrongs. He could never get far enough away from self and his own personal grievances against the world to dream as Shelley did of a great future in which love and liberty were to be supreme. Shelley, on the other hand, was full of love for humanity and his constant theme was its woes, and his fanciful brain conjured up many plans for the relief and uplifting of his brother. Shelley clung to the principles of the French Revolution as a great basis upon which mankind might yet be freed from all sorts of intolerance, religious and civil. Shelley was possessed with a sincerity of purpose that Byron never could have comprehended much less have acted upon. If Shelley sinned he did it in the firm belief that his own views were right and others' wrong. Byron not having this sincere conviction, sinned and was degraded by it, while Shelley seemed never to have been affected so far as his own personal character was concerned. In spite of their differences of character, these two men were attracted to each other and most naturally so, as they were both Englishmen of gentle birth, poets of the same school having many ideas of life alike, and then, both were exiles from home, wandering about in search of peace and happiness. We shall notice, especially, their companionship at four places on the continent.

At Secheron, a suburb of Geneva, the two poets met for the first time, though each was known to the other by rep-

utation and through the poems each had published at this time. Shelley occupied the villa Mont Allegra and Byron was at Diodati near by and here begins one of the most interesting companionships in literary history. It is not interesting because of any sacred relation of friendship existing between these two men, but rather in tracing the similarity in the attitude of each towards society and in observing the marked difference in which each accepted life and its disappointments. Here at Geneva, Byron and Shelley were constantly together for four months; a great part of this time was spent in sailing on the lake, a pleasure which was always enjoyed by each, and the long evenings were devoted to conversation, the topics of which were chiefly politics, poets and literature in general.

In June the poets made the circumnavigation of the lake made famous in part of third Canto of *Childe Harold* and the *Prisoner of Chillon*. In Byron's descriptions of the scenery about Lake Lemman he appears at his best as he is under the softening, mellowing influences of nature. In Shelley's *Mont Blanc*, written when he visited it in company with Mary, we find many of his impressions felt on viewing this famous mountain. In the noble *Hymn to Intellectual Beauty* we find the key note to Shelley's poetry in the account of his consecration to the ideal. Every day was not inviting, even in this balmy land of beauty and sunshine, but the poets and their friends were not at all daunted by gloomy weather. We are told of one notably wet week, when for amusement, as they sat around in the friendly circle, they discussed ghost stories; some one suggested that each one should write something bearing on this subject. As a result of this conversation, doubtless rare and interesting, Mary Shelley gave to the world "*Frankenstein*," and we have a fragment, "*Vampire*," written by Byron. Even amid the beauty of Switzerland and the congenial society at Geneva

Shelley constantly longed for home and so in September, the Shelleys left for England.

Byron, with his friend Hobhouse, wandered through Switzerland for a while and in November went to Venice, where "Manfred" was finished. From here he visited Rome for a month then returned to Lamira near Venice, where he remained until 1819. This was quite a fruitful time of Byron's life, for he gave to the world some of his best productions during this period; among them we note especially the fourth Canto of "Childe Harold," and part of "Don Juan." Shelley met only misfortune and trouble when he arrived home. Soon after he landed, Harriet, his first wife, committed suicide, and when he asked for his children there began a suit in Chancery which resulted in their separation from him because of his avowed opinions concerning so many of the vital points of society. During the time of this suit, Shelley, though suffering greatly from ill-health, was at Marlowe writing "Prince Athanase," "Rosalind and Helen," and "Laon and Cyntha," or "Revolt of Islam," as it was afterwards called. On account of his health Shelley was advised to again go abroad, and he was not sorry to do this for he was greatly interested in Lord Byron's child, Allegra, and wished her to be with her father. And then the slurs cast upon Mary and the slights constantly felt on account of their peculiar views on the sacred laws of marriage, this together with the reasons mentioned above caused Shelley to again exile himself and family from home and seek happiness elsewhere. Shelley's unselfish devotion to Allegra and Claire Clairmont, her mother, in this instance is only one of the many incidents of his kindness to this unfortunate girl and her more unfortunate mother. So on the 12th of March, 1818, Shelley left England, whose people he had loved so well and whose true interest he sincerely had at heart in spite of his rather wild and impracticable schemes for their advancement.

In August, the poet left his wife at Lucca, and in behalf of Claire Clairmont, visited Byron at Venice. In his "Julian and Maddalo," Shelley gives us more insight into their intercourse during this visit. During a drive along the banks of the Adriatic which he describes finely as he does other scenes in this poem, he branches off and says :

"Our talk grew somewhat serious as may be,
Talk interrupted with much raillery,
As mocks itself because it cannot scorn
The thoughts it would extinguish; 'twas forlorn,
Yet pleasing, much as *one*, so poets tell
The devils held within the dales of Hell,
Cursing God, free will and destiny;
Of all that earth has been or yet may be,
All that vain men imagine or believe
No hope can paint or suffering may achieve
We descanted and I, (forever still,
Is it not wise to make the best of all ?)
Argued against despondency, but pride
Made my companion take the darker side."

Shelley's letters from here reveal what was known to an extent, the extreme intemperance and irregularity of Lord Byron's life. He saw the bad effects this life was having on his companion and also on his writings. Byron proposed at this time to let Shelley have his villa of the Cappuccini at Este and that Allegra, Claire and the Shelley's should occupy it. This generous offer, Shelley accepted and immediately wrote Mary to come to Este. Here it was that "Prometheus Unbound" was begun in the summer-house. Indeed Mary Shelley tells us he nearly always wrote out of doors. The mountains were to him as to Byron, "a feeling" and so we get some of his rarest productions from impressions received amid the Eugenic Hills or Mont Blanc.

In August, 1821, Byron invited Shelley to visit him at Ravenna. He was received joyously and the night was spent in earnest conversation on politics, poetry and personal affairs. Shelley always had the most unselfish

interest in Byron's child Allegra and never allowed an opportunity pass to remind Byron of his duty towards his child and her mother. Here the contrast between the two men is plainly seen. Byron always grew impatient and angry at the mention of her and seemed to have no feeling at all for her mother, while Shelley under all circumstances guarded and shielded both mother and child. Shelley spent some of his time in visiting the places of interest in Ravenna and especially he notes the tomb of Dante. "I have seen," he writes, in a letter to his wife, "the tomb of Dante and worshipped the sacred spot." The old pastime of pistol shooting was engaged in at this time and Shelley writes of his and Lord Byron's manner of living as follows, "Lord Byron gets up at two, I at twelve, we sit and talk until six—from six to eight we ride through the forest which divides Ravenna from the sea—after this, come home and dine, sit up gossiping until six in the morning." Shelley disliked this mode of life extremely and said he could not stand it over a week or two. In another interesting letter he tells of the curious inmates of Byron's home, the monkeys, peacocks, parrots, bears and all sorts of beasts and birds that Byron in his eccentric liking for these things could collect. Byron had finished his third and fourth cantos of *Don Juan* and he read to Shelley the fifth canto then in preparation. Shelley was delighted with it and said it was just what he had longed to see in the literary world. "Every word," he said, "is pregnant with immortality." Byron spoke favorably of "*Prometheus Unbound*," but disliked "*The Cenci*," and did not even mention "*Adonais*."

Byron's influence over Shelley was of a depressing nature. Shelly entertained the highest opinion of Byron's genius and by comparison with the greater fame of his friend, and his characteristic undervaluation of himself, he was led to inactivity in his own literary work. Yet Shelley was not altogether blinded to the personal defects in

Lord Byron, or by the dazzling effect the older man's poetry had on him. He was painfully aware of the coarseness in Byron's nature soon after their meeting, and his naturally refined, sensitive nature shrunk from him on this account. Shelley's influence over Byron was just the opposite; contact with the finer elements in his character, his more perceptive and philosophic mind acted as a restraint to the coarser nature of Byron.

While Shelley was at Ravenna, Byron decided to go to Pisa to live. So in October 1821, we find them once more together. One fact worthy to be noted here is the increasing popularity of Shelley; instead of only one or two friends as formerly we find him, in spite of his aversion to crowds and people, surrounded by an admiring, sympathetic circle of friends. He attended the weekly receptions of Lord Byron, went horseback riding with him and practiced pistol shooting with his devoted admirers, Medwin, Trelawney and Williams. All of this out-door exercise and increasing sympathetic appreciation had the long desired effect upon Shelley's health; he began now to improve rapidly. Mary Shelley went driving with Madame Guiccioli and found her a most charming and amiable young woman. The first plan for all this party to go to spend the Summer of 1822, on the Bay of Spezzia was temporarily abandoned and chiefly by Shelley, because of his increasing dislike to Byron's company. Ever since his first acquaintance with him in Geneva, then at Venice where Byron associated with the most wretched beings, and finally at Ravenna, Shelley had felt that they could never agree on subjects necessary for a close friendship. Byron's disgraceful conduct at Ravenna concerning Allegra and Claire Clairmont, evidently had disgusted Shelley and we find him writing that he dislikes society, but most of all the society of Lord Byron.

So in April 1822, Mary, Claire and Trelawney leave for Spezzia where Shelley and Williams had secured a

house for the Summer, while Shelley is on his way there by another route with the furniture. On the 26th of the month they arrived and there began one of the happiest periods in Shelley's life, for here he was free to indulge in what he said was his chief pleasure in life, "the contemplation of nature." He spent his days in sailing with Williams in their boat which had been named "Don Juan," by Byron, and his nights in conversation with his friends, Trelawney and Williams, or sometimes in reading aloud to this appreciative, audience from his favorite authors. One of his chief pleasures was in listening to the music of Jane Williams' guitar; in his, "With a guitar to Jane," he has left us some memorable passages on the subtler aspects of music. Shelley was away now from the world, surrounded by the most beautiful scenery and free to indulge his fanciful moods as he chose. He writes at this time, "I am content if the heavens above me is calm for the passing moment." In this delightful spot with congenial friends, together with the inspiration of his loved nature, Shelley wrote his last poem and in view of his rapidly approaching fate strange enough is its title, "The Triumph of Life."

It was while Shelley was visiting Byron at Ravenna that Byron had proposed that Leigh Hunt should come to Italy and edit a paper to be called, "The Liberal," through the columns of which he and Shelley could give their productions to the world and thus spread their views generally on life and literature. In accordance with this plan Shelley had written immediately to Hunt, whom he loved very dearly, about the plan, and Hunt had accepted, but there was some delay in getting away from England as he had quite a large family, and his business to wind up before he could leave. But at last the news came that Hunt had arrived at Geneva and sailed for Leghorn; so on July 1st, Shelley and Williams set out in the ill-starred, "Don Juan" to meet Hunt and help arrange for his comfort.

Noble indeed is this the last unselfish act of Shelley's, and in comparison with the manner in which Byron received the unfortunate Hunts, it stands out in bold relief. But it was an act eminently characteristic of Shelley, and the last of his series of self-sacrificing acts of interest in the affairs of his friends. After a day or two, spent pleasantly in going the rounds of the city with his friends, he and Williams set sail for the return voyage. A terrific storm arose soon after they left port; after it had subsided the friends at Leghorn searched in vain with spy glass for any signs of the little vessel; finally they communicated their fears to the friends at Spezzia. After days and nights of anxious watching and waiting by friends, and almost unbearable agony or suspense endured by Mary and Jane, their worst fears were realized when on the 18th two bodies were found washed ashore, by some fishermen. The tall, slim person with a copy of Aeschylus in one pocket and Keats in the other was identified as Shelley, and the other as his friend Williams.

Once again, Byron and Shelley were to meet, but this time under the most solemn circumstances. On the 16th of August, Lord Byron, in company with Hunt and Trelawney, was present at the cremation of Shelley's body, during which awful ceremony the impetuous Trelawney when he saw the flames, begin to surround the heart of his beloved friend, he snatched it from the burning pyre. "Thus," Byron writes, "there is another man gone about whom the world was ill-naturedly and ignorantly and brutally mistaken. It will perhaps do him justice now when he can be no better for it." Strange indeed seems the Providence that stopped the career of one so highly endowed, just at the time, too, when the cares which previously had so hampered him were behind him, and now, full of new life and diviner aspirations, he was doubtless under these favorable surroundings "pluming his wings for a lofty flight."

Byron was destined to survive his friend only for a short time. Soon after returning to Pisa, after the tragedy of Shelley's death, he became interested in the cause of Grecian liberty and finally undertook an expedition in its behalf. In this episode he displayed more sincerity, generosity and bravery than in any other in his life. As a military leader, he was beginning to show ability of no ordinary character when he was stricken down with fever from the effects of which he died April 19, 1824. Thus we come to the early end of the lives of two men, each wonderfully endowed by nature, the one having given to the world in glowing verses the sad recital of his tempest-tossed life, and the other, profound thoughts on the condition of humanity and lofty poetic conceptions of the remedy for all these evils.



COURT SYSTEM OF NORTH CAROLINA BEFORE THE
REVOLUTION.

BY S. A. STEWART.

In studying the development of a people nothing is more helpful than a correct understanding of their system of judicature, for here we not only learn their methods of administering justice, but, at the same time, we get an insight into their conception of *justice* itself. There is no question of government more vital to the individual than the mode in which the authority of that government is to be administered. There is hardly another function of government that touches the citizen at a point quite so delicate as the institution which passes judgment upon his deeds and intentions. Hence we find that all peoples at all times have demanded a satisfactory and, to their minds, a fair system of meting out justice to both offender and offended. "Equality before the law" is not alone a plea for an equal voice in selecting the rulers and legislators who are to make the laws, but it is also a plea for an indiscriminating law, applying indiscriminately to rich and poor, bond and free, to be administered by an impartial hand, not without a certain "fear and trembling," yet with a boldness and fidelity becoming a man robed with authority. I say the people not only demand that the laws be impartial, but that the courts in which those laws are to be interpreted and applied be such as will insure fair play to all those bringing suits therein. Thus it is that a knowledge of the court system of a people comes to have such wide significance and suggestiveness.

To treat adequately and explicitly a subject like the one in hand is quite a difficult task on account of general confusion, and in some cases actual lack of certain important records, and on account, also, of a direful want of co-ordination in the system. Different things were tried at different places and times as the exigencies of the case

might demand. The reader should also bear in mind two other points: first, that the amount of territory occupied in early colonial days was very small, and a system of judicature adapted to the narrow limits of a small province would, of necessity, have to be remodeled and enlarged to meet the demands of an expanding settlement; and secondly, that all our institutions were merely attempted adaptations of English institutions to our conditions, consequently many were superfluous and many were unsuited and *unsuitable* to a widely dispersed population occupying an undeveloped country.

With these introductory remarks I am prepared to enter upon my task which is, not to trace all the changes, giving the minute details and dates, but rather, to give a summary, of the Court Systems of North Carolina prior to the Revolutionary war. And it will greatly aid the mind in getting hold of the facts if we divide it into two periods, the first extending up to the close of the proprietary regime in 1729, and the other continuing it to the breaking out of the war.

THE GENERAL COURT.

For more than a quarter of a century, embracing the early history of North Carolina, the judicial functions of government, as well as the legislative and executive, were exercised by the Governor and his Council. This we know from the fact that to the "Governor and Council in time of court" were granted thirty pounds of tobacco in each action. It seems that they combined the powers of both law and chancery courts of England. In 1665 authority was granted the Governor and Council to establish what courts might be found necessary. About the same time the province was divided into precincts for the purpose of electing representatives to the Assembly. The same process made the precinct the territorial basis of a new court—the precinct court. Certain functions were taken from

the one previous tribunal and given to the precinct courts. The older tribunal became an appellate court, known as the General Court. It was the forerunner of our present Supreme Court. The Governor and Council continued to hold this court till near the close of the century, when they appointed Justices for the purpose. Just when the change took effect is hard to say, but we know that in the year 1695 Samuel Swann, William Glover, and John Hawkins held the General Court. Another step was taken in 1713, when Christopher Gale received a commission direct from the Lords Proprietors, making him Chief Justice. The number of Associates varied, there being but two in 1713, while in 1716 there were ten. These Associate Justices were equal in authority with the Chief Justice, but in 1718 it was ordered that no court should be held without the latter dignitary being present. These changes mark the chief steps of the development of this court under the proprietary regime.

The authority of this court seems to have been commensurate, on the one hand, with the courts of King's Bench, Common Pleas, and Exchequer; and on the other, with the courts of General Session of the Peace, Oyer and Terminer, and General Gaol Delivery. Its jurisdiction extended territorially over the entire province; but its legal authority was limited chiefly to cases appealed to it from inferior courts, and to cases whose participants were citizens of different districts, and also to civil cases involving more than a certain legally fixed sum, usually fifty pounds. This court also exercised certain non-judicial functions, such as the general supervision of the roads of the province, the regulation of fare and the appointment of ferrymen; and sometimes, when so directed by the Assembly, it apportioned the taxes and ordered the payment of the public indebtedness.

An appeal might be taken from the decision of this court to the King. But before going to the King the

evidence had to be sent from the General Court to the Governor and Council. A day was set for a rehearing, and this body either approved or reversed the decision of the General Court. But it might be carried to the King if either party was still dissatisfied; provided, however, that the party continuing the suit incur the expense of the same, and provided further, that the case so appealed be one involving no less than five hundred pounds. These restrictions practically did away with appeals to the Crown.

The executive officer of this court was the Provost Marshal of the Province. He was appointed by the Governor and Council. It was his duty not only to execute the orders of the General Court, but to summon jurymen and preserve order during the convening of court. He also appointed his deputies to serve the Precinct Courts as he served the General Court. This formed a network of individuals who were in close communication with each other, and through them notice could be given the people of the convening of the assembly, or of an election to be held for members of the Assembly, and of other things of like importance. Another officer of this court was the Clerk, appointed by the Chief Justice, whose duty it was to act as scribe for the court. In 1679 appeared the first Attorney-General in the person of George Durant. He received his commission, as it appears, from the Governor and Council.

THE PRECINCT COURT.

This court, as we have already noted, came into existence about 1665 or 1670. It was held by several justices of the peace in joint session, one of whom was usually denominated Judge. Frequent sessions of this court were held, although the number in different precincts varies. Probably, like most other things, its sittings were influenced somewhat by the law of supply and demand, especially by the latter. Likewise the number of justices

in different precincts varied, and no doubt for the same reason. As there were no court-houses to be found prior to 1722, these courts were held at private residences that happened to be convenient and suitable for the purpose.

The territory of jurisdiction of this court was the precinct. Its scope of authority underwent many changes from time to time, but only the more important points are here desired and these may be briefly summarized. In criminal causes its authority extended to all offences not punishable with life, limb or estate; and in civil causes to suits involving more than forty shillings and less than fifty pounds. This court might punish by "fines, amercements, forfeitures, or otherwise."

Like a Board of Commissioners at the present day, this court had charge of many matters of public concern. It might take the probate of wills, and receive entries of land. It also fulfilled the functions of the English Orphan's Court, appointing guardians and binding orphans as apprentices. It looked after the general management, (opening and repairing roads, building bridges and appointing overseers) of the public highways of the precinct. Furthermore, it supervised the administration on estates, appointed constables, and granted franchises for building mills. etc. The fact is, it formed the chief centre of local government in North Carolina during this early period.

The decrees of this court were executed by an officer called in early times provost-marshal, but later he came to be called *sheriff*. He was a deputy of the Provost-Marshal of the General Court and in general sustained the same relation to the Precinct Court as the latter did to the General Court. It was a part of his duty to summon jurymen, which was done in much the same way as at present. There was also a Clerk whose business it was to keep and transcribe the minutes of the meetings of the court. Attorneys, of course, took part in the trial of cases, and in early Proprietary times there was a practice of allowing

advocates, men not bred to the law, to use this court as a kind of practice ground. But an end was put to this kind of thing by an order of the General Court forbidding any person to act as attorney-at-law in the province save such as had been licenced by the Chief Justice and Judges of that court.

On the last day of any session of this court the clerk was required to read in open court the minutes of all the proceedings. After all errors had been duly corrected, and the document had been signed by the justices, it was declared *the record of the court*.

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE COURTS.

The first record we have of this court was in Perquimans County in 1679. These officers were given quite an extended range in which to display other magisterial powers, being authorized to inquire by the oaths of good and lawful men of the precinct aforesaid, by whom the truth may be known of all and all manner of felonies, witchcraft, enchantments, sorceries, magic arts, trespasses, forestallings, regratings, and extortions whatsoever." Usually their jurisdiction in civil cases did not extend to cases involving more than forty shillings.

These magistrates must have been appointed by the Governor and Council, for we find an enactment which boldly affirms that "it has always been the custom, time out of mind, for the Governor and Commander-in-chief to appoint all officers in this government, by and with the consent of the major part of the council."

The executive officer of this court was the constable, appointed annually by the justices of the precinct court, and invested with like powers and authorities as were the constables in England.

CHANCERY, ADMIRALTY AND SLAVERY COURTS.

The three courts above mentioned constituted the chief agencies for the administration of justice, but there were three

other courts of secondary importance. These courts, it would seem, were instituted not so much because of any actual need of them, as because similar courts existed in the mother country, but because of the additional fact that they furnished more offices to be filled by the friends and kinsfolk of the Lords Proprietors.

The first of these to be mentioned is the Court of Chancery. This was, as in England, a Court of equity. Its duties do not seem to be either numerous or difficult. "The Governor and the members of his Majesty's Council are the judges of this court," and the presence of the Governor and at least five members of the Council are essential to its sittings. "The Governor may hold court when and where he pleases although it is seldom held oftener than twice a year."

When the General Court was created, the chancery jurisdiction still remained in the hands of the Governor and Council. But other functions were added to these. Wills were proved before it, executor's accounts were received by it, and lands were divided by it, and occasionally we find it hearing charges against citizens, or against officers for misconduct in office.

The second is the Admiralty Court, which consisted of a Judge, a Register, a Marshal and an Advocate. The purpose of the court was to enforce the acts of trade. Previous to 1698, the duties of this court devolved upon the common law courts. In this year, however, North Carolina was attached to Virginia and the one tribunal served both states. But this arrangement did not last, and early in the next century the colony had its own Admiralty Court. This court was not only similar to the Admiralty Court of England, but was an actual offspring of it. Its officers were appointed by it, and to it reports must be made.

The third of this group of courts was the court for the trial of slaves. For slaves to be required to lie in prison for months at a time would entail too much loss of time

and labor on their owners, and so a special court was established for the speedy trial of these slave criminals. It was rather a commission and was composed of three justices of the of the Precinct Court and three slave-owning free-holders. The magistrate whose commission was oldest, determined the time and place of meeting. After hearing the facts in the case the court had power to pass sentence extending to life or members; or it might inflict any corporal punishment short of this. It might also command the proper officer of the law to execute its sentence.

COURTS IN THE ROYAL PERIOD.

Such in general were the courts in North Carolina at the end of the proprietary government, and such they continued for several years thereafter. The change of the Colonial government from proprietary to royal had very little effect upon the courts. Only such changes were made from time to time as circumstances demanded. It now remains for us to note a few of the more important of these changes that were made prior to the beginning of the Revolution.

The first one of importance occurred in 1738. An act was passed "by his Excellency Gabriel Johnston, Esq., Governor, by and with the consent of his Majesty's Council, and the General Assembly of this province," abolishing the Provost-Marshals of the Province and appointing instead a Sheriff in each *County*. Three Justices of the Peace in each county must be recommended biennially to the Governor by the court of the county, who must be "most fit and able to execute the office of Sheriff for their respective counties." The Governor appointed the *one* that to him seemed "meet for the office," and he served the next two ensuing years." The same act changed the name Precinct to County, and the old Precinct Court became the County Court, but its organization and functions remained the same in essence as they had been.

The next change of interest came in 1746 when there was a general revision of the courts. At this time it was enacted that the Court of Chancery, and the Supreme or General Court shall be held and kept at the town of "Newbern." But the same act created a new court, "a Court of Assize, *Oyer and Terminer*, and General Delivery." This court was to be held twice a year by the Chief Justice and Attorney General at each of the following places: "at Edenton in Chowan County, at Wilmington in New-Hanover County, and at the court house in Edgecomb County." Thus the State was divided into three judicial districts. The number of districts was increased from time to time as occasion demanded, and it came to be called the Circuit Court, and finally the Superior Court. It should be noted that it was a *splitting off* of certain of the functions of the General Court leaving it to be the Supreme Appellate Court of the State. This latter Court continued to meet twice a year at Newbern.

"And for the better establishing of the County Courts" it was enacted that they should be held four times in each year, and that the Justices of the Peace "shall have power and authority, as amply and fully, to all intents and purposes as Justices of the Peace in the Counties in England as well out of their Court of Quarter Sessions, as within, to preserve, maintain, and keep the peace within their respective Counties."

This system of courts continued without material change till the opening of the war. The great weakness of the whole system was its instability. The court laws were temporary and on account of political disputes between the assembly and the Governor their existence was generally limited to a certain specified period, usually two years.

This led to frequent legislation with its consequent agitations and discussions regarding courts and court sys-

tems. But this was greatly remedied in the closing years of Governor Tryon's administration. In 1768, the court question was again taken up, and, while the general features of the system were left unaltered, the duration of the same was extended to five years instead of two, as formerly.



TO BLANCHE.

BY D. W. NEWSOM.

(After four years in college)

When night breezes noiselessly unfold their pinions,
 And lovingly lingers the day ;
 When sunset reflections that skirted the west
 Have blushing stolen away ;
 Then comes to me
 The sweet thought of thee,
 When we'll wander together again ;

And then when the shadows of evening have darkened
 And mem'ries come trooping about me,
 I feel that life's dearest and holiest part
 Is all being lost without thee.
 The familiar old songs
 That engaged our tongues
 I long to sing over again ;

Those songs that have crested the long drift of years,
 Sung often by voices now still,
 Those songs that must live and entice tender tears,
 Other souls with high rapture to fill.
 How oft have I listened
 As stars dreamily glistened,
 And felt the wild leaping of soul !

And so I steal hither to whistle and stroll
 And drink the wild beauty of night,
 And let its deep fulness lift upward this soul
 That yearns to track stars in their flight.
 But O for your eyes
 To scan with me these skies
 And share this still splendor of night !

A wild chase of thoughts hath now chained every
 muscle,

Meditation hath settled upon me
And throws my life back to that day dim and strange
That found College a reality;
When all of these halls
The rooms, walks and walls
Wore far other looks than these.

Just as in the hour when day hesitates,
I count here and there a dim star,
Like some timid lamb stolen forth from the fold
Through deep sounding pastures afar,
And as I gaze
Through infinite haze
Far beyond leaps up a vast host :

So many young hopes have not yet found full ease,
For realms that I once longed to search,
When entered, have opened on far ampler seas
That give me wild longings unknown ;
Yet truly I know
As I study its flow,
My life-current hath deepened its course ;

For on either bank the wild flowers that grow
Have a far richer breath for me,
And a new meaning comes with the joyous lay
Of the little bird, lone and free.
The sunshine means more
Than I dreamt of before,
And the stars give a more sacred light.

And so I can love you with far other love
Than childhood's young day could e'er give :
Where closeness of bond perhaps prompted our love
Each now for the other can live.
And all the old fields,
The brooks and the wealds
I love more because you love them too.

Full glad were the hours when summer days waned
And the woods felt the fulness of mirth,
When together we read the wild longings of him
Whose home was elsewhither than earth ;
Whose deep, brooding song
Like some mighty gong
Swept tremblingly over our souls.

But the days are fast slipping away, dear girl,
And the flower-crowned Maid of May
Is scattering over the fresh hillside,
Wild blossoms we'll gather some day :
When we reach the old home
Where we used to roam
We'll wander together again.

We'll wander again to the moss-covered rocks
Where many still moments we've stayed,
Where the tall poplar spreads forth its bounteous
leaves
And the mockingbird sings in the shade :
Where the cool brooklet flows
And the bay flower grows
We'll wander together again.



NORTH CAROLINA METHODISM AND SLAVERY.

BY J. S. BASSETT.

A leading Baptist minister, now quite old, said to me recently: "About all the religion the negroes as a class got before the war, they got from the Methodist and Baptist churches." This remark, so far as it applies to the number who joined these churches, is entirely true. These two churches have been the churches for the people in North Carolina. In their doctrines and their methods they appealed to the popular mind. They have preached to the heart. They early appealed to the enslaved people around them. Other churches, undoubtedly, had negro members. All of them had a few; but no other churches had them in large numbers. In the other churches, as the Presbyterian and the Episcopal, the negroes in the church were mostly slaves or followers of families who had their membership there. In all denominations the negroes had equal rights so far as instruction and communion went; but not equal privileges in the government. They were cared for faithfully by the whites and through patient teaching, many of them came to understand and to practice the fundamental principles of Christian living—a process which undoubtedly helped the slave to bear his servitude and operated to render slavery as a state perpetual. When there were only a few negro members they attended services with the whites, and a certain portion of the church was assigned to them. Where there was a large congregation of negroes they were given a separate sermon, usually after the whites had dispersed. In earlier days there were a few negro preachers but even then the greater part of the preaching for the negroes was done by white preachers. The influence of the preacher over his flock was something that the whites very properly would not have relinquished to the negro preachers, had there been ever so many of the latter. In 1831 slaves and free-negroes were forbidden by the leg-

islature to preach, exhort or hold prayer meetings. This was a harsh law, and in some cases it was not strictly enforced. In others it was enforced and bore hardly on at least one prominent negro preacher, viz: Rev John Chavis, of Granville. The white preachers preached such sermons as they thought the negro needed and could comprehend. Naturally, this led them to emphasize the duties of servants to their masters, that is to say, they continually preached from the text: "Servants obey your masters." The most independent spirits rejected this kind of preaching. To them it seemed that the white man's religion was but another means of riveting the chains of servitude.

No other leading church in the South, except the Quakers had a better record as to the practice of slavery than the Methodist church. John Wesley pronounced the slave trade "the execrable sum of all villanies." (Luke Tyerman, iii-114.) The last letter he wrote, six days before death, was to Wilberforce, and in it he called our slavery "the vilest that ever saw the sun." (Ib. iii, 650.) Whitfield, however, believed that slavery might be made a means of converting the Africans. He did not think slavery wrong and he bought and worked slaves on his plantation in Georgia. In America many Methodists held Mr. Wesley's view. In the North especially was this true. The Conference in Baltimore, in 1780, declared that slavery "is contrarary to the laws of God, man, and nature, and hurtful to society, contrary to the to the dictatates of conscience and and pure religion and doing that which we would not that others should do to us or ours." It further declared its "disapprobation on all our friends who keep slaves." (Minutes. pp. 25-6.) This resolution was probably offered by some of the members of the Conference, although there is nothing in the records to show it. It was decided in 1784 that Methodists who bought and sold slaves ought to be turned out of

church. Public opinion was found to be against this regulation for a year later it was suspended till a later meeting of Conference. The Conference, however, was particular to add: "N. B. We do hold in the deepest abhorrence the practice of slavery, and shall not cease to seek its destruction by all wise and prudent means." (Mins. p. 55). This change of sentiment was caused by the preaching of Bishop Coke who had just arrived in the country and had begun to preach with vigor against slavery. Southern slave-holders were enraged and in South Carolina he narrowly escaped bodily violence. As a result Methodists were refused access to the slaves and it took years to overcome the opposition. If the matter was taken up in the near future no mention of it was made in the published minutes. In 1795, the church proclaimed a fast, and one of the purposes was "to call on the Lord that the Africans and Indians may help to fill the pure church of God."

An important question from the first was the holding of slaves by ministers. The spirit of the church was undoubtedly against it, Whitfield's example to the contrary, notwithstanding. The matter was before the Conference for some time, and it occasioned many disputes—just as later it was to be the cause of the division of the church. At length the two sides came to a compromise. In 1816, it was agreed and enacted that henceforth no Methodist preacher should hold slaves in the States in which the laws would allow them to be emancipated and to live there as freemen. As all of the Southern States required slaves that were set free to leave those States in a short time on pain of being re-sold into slavery, this did not operate harshly on such preachers in the South as had slaves. Such preachers were, it is fair to say, as a class against Slavery in the abstract, but they were often so placed that to own a slave seemed to them the most humane thing under the circumstances. Thus a preacher might marry a woman who owned slaves. These slaves might not desire to leave

their old homes for the colder climates of the free States, and they might have to leave relatives to whom they were deeply attached in order to do so. In such a case a benevolent and intelligent master would most likely consider that the best interest of the slave demanded that he should be still a slave.

As the North became more and more aroused on the question of slavery the Northern preachers became more and more pronounced in their views against it. The compromise of 1816, like the Missouri Compromise four years later, tendered to restrict slavery to the South. By 1844, the Northern section of the country had developed far enough to have the most pronounced views. The matter was opened in the General Conference of that year in regard to a case from Maryland in which a preacher had married a woman who owned slaves, thus becoming a slave-owner. Maryland forbade liberated slaves, to stay in its bounds. The Maryland Conference failed to pass the character of the slave-owning bridegroom, who, it was said, had flown in the face of well known public opinion in his church in coming into his new relation. The case was appealed to the General Conference and the judgment of the lower Conference was confirmed. This gave the anti-slavery movement courage and they at once brought in a resolution of censure against Bishop Andrew, whose episcopal heart had been caught in the meshes by a fair slave-holding widow in Augusta, Ga. The North claimed that the bishop by his marriage had made himself unacceptable to the North—where the people would not have a slave-holding bishop to hold the Conferences. The majority of the delegates from the free States were men of a new time—reared in the midst of the strenuous controversy over slavery. With them the spirit of the compromise of 1816 went for but little. They were immovable. The resolution against Bishop Andrew was carried by a vote almost strictly sectional.

The result, as is well known, led to the secession of the

Southern delegates and the establishment of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. But the Southern church did not change its profession in regard to slavery. It had contended for the compromise of 1816, and in its own Discipline, first published in 1846, it repeated in the exact words of the old Discipline: "We declare that we are as much as ever convinced of the great evil of slavery; therefore, no slave holder shall be eligible to any official station in our church hereafter where the laws of the State in which he lives will admit of emancipation, and permit the liberated slave to enjoy freedom. 2. When any traveling preacher becomes an owner of a slave or slaves, by any means, he shall forfeit his ministerial character in our church, unless he execute, if it be practicable, a legal emancipation of such slaves, conformable to the laws of the State in which he lives."

As to the care of the Methodists for negroes the record is clear. From the earliest time the Methodists turned their attention to the conversion of the slaves. In many communities in the South, the church began its work as a negro church. It may be said that it was the first considerable body to make the conversion of the slaves a chief object. It had success from the first. In 1795 the Conference rejoiced that many thousands of these poor people [the Africans] are free and pious." (Mins. p. 163-4). When the division between the North and the South came, the latter branch instructed its preachers to enjoin on their congregations the duty of Christians to teach the slave to read the Bible and the duty of the slave to attend church services. It also guaranteed to colored ministers the privileges usually granted to other like members, "when the usages of the country do not forbid it." The presiding elder was authorized to hold a separate District Conference for colored preachers when there were enough to justify it. Moreover, the the Annal Conferences were given the authority to employ colored preachers to travel and preach

—provided that such preachers should have been recommended according to the Discipline. Thus it will be seen that the Southern Methodist church began its life in no spirit of hostility to the negro. This body repudiated the anti-slavery sentiment of the North but it still professed an opposition to slavery in the abstract and earnestly desired the best Christian development of the slaves.

In North Carolina the progress of Methodism among the slaves was rapid. In 1787, when we have our first statistics, there were within the State, 5,017 white and 492 colored members. In 1790, three years later, there were 7,518 whites and 1,749 blacks. The census estimated at five-year periods after this runs :

Year.	Whites.	Blacks.
1795	8,414	1,719
1800	6,363	2,108
1805	9,385	2,394
1810	13,535	4,724
1815	14,283	5,165
1820	13,179	5,933
1825	15,421	7,292
1830	19,228	10,182
1835	27,539	8,766
1839	26,405	9,302*

This shows a rapid gain of the blacks as compared with the whites. A notable feature here is a tendency—not entirely absent from the white column also—for the negro membership to vary sharply, sometimes rising suddenly and then again falling as suddenly. This variation is not unnatural. It corresponds with the emotional nature of the negro. In the eastern part of the State the proportion of negro members was large. This was of course due to the fact that in this section there were vastly more

* FOOT NOTE.—This is the last year for which I have been able to get the figures.

slaves than in the East. An illustration of this is found in Wilmington. Methodism was planted here about the close of the eighteenth century. William Meredith a wandering Methodist preacher came to Wilmington at that time. He was struck with the possibility of doing good in the place. In the suburbs among the negro cabins he bought a lot. He preached faithfully to both black and white in any place he could get. At length he had raised a sum of money, mostly from the penny collection of the negroes, and he built a church building of his his own. His venture was independent of the regular connection, but he held the friendliest relation with the regular preachers as they came through Wilmington, and when he died he left his church and other property to the Methodist organization. Hither came Bishop Asbury in 1807. He preached two sermons on Sunday. At sunrise of the same day John Charles, a colored preacher, preached from the text: "Now no more Condemnation." The bishop speaks of it as a "high day on Mt. Zion." The majority of the flock were negroes. By the wealthy people the church was looked down upon as the "negro church." The only other church in the place at that time was an Episcopal church. Most of the aristocratic ladies attended this church but a majority of the men were freethinkers after the French fashion. The Methodist doctrines were considered all right for the ignorant—whose conduct was thought to be improved by a taste of hell-fire. The congregation were not however, always left at peace. The records show that on certain occasions the building was wrecked by the popular vengeance.

More striking is the story of the planting of Fayetteville Methodism. Late in the eighteenth century Fayetteville had but one church organisation and that was Presbyterian. The body, however, had no building of its own. One day there came to the place, Henry Evans, a full-blooded negro shoe-

maker who was going from Stokes county, N. C. to Charleston, S.C. where he proposed to locate. He is thought to have been born free and it is known that he was converted at an early age. He removed first from Virginia to the neighborhood of Doub's Chapel, in what was then Stokes, but is now Forsythe, county. Here he staid one year and was licensed to preach by the Methodists. In Fayetteville he was impressed by finding that the coloree people were "wholly given to profanity and lewdness, never hearing preaching of any denomination." He decided to settle here and to try to build up the negroes. He had not preached long when he found himself the object of the severity of the law. The whites, ever on the alert to detect some early sign of a slave conspiracy, passed a law forbidding him to preach within the town limits. He then met his flock in the "Sandhills," which were desolate places outside of the corporate limits. He thought he had cause to fear mob-violence and he changed the place of meeting from time to time and often his tormenters would go to break up his meeting only to find that he had moved it to some other place. No law was violated. His persecution he bore meekly, and those who spoke to him about the matter got such respectful answers that public opinion at length changed. Many of the negroes were reached, and it was soon noticed that such as had come under his influence were the more docile for it. A number of prominent whites, mostly women, became interested, and began to go to the meetings. His friends increased fast and he was at length invited to hold his services in town again. More than this, a rude wooden church was constructed and seats in it were reserved for the whites, some of whome became regular attendants on the services. The reputation of the preacher grew rapidly and the white attendants increased in number. At length they filled the entire body of the church and the boards on the side were knocked off so as to allow shed-like additions to be built for the colored

attendants. At first the organization was an independent one. But in time it was taken into regular connection and Fayetteville became an appointment on an established circuit. A white preacher accordingly had the work in hand; but the heroic founder was not displaced. A room was built in the rear of the pulpit and here he lived the rest of his life. He died in 1810.

Of Henry, Evans, Bishop, Capers said: "I have known not many preachers who appeared more conversant with the scriptures than Evans, or whose conversation was more instructive as to the things of God. He seemed always deeply impressed with the responsibility of his position. . . . Nor would he allow any partiality to induce him to vary in the least degree the lines of conduct or the bearing which he had prescribed to himself in this respect; never speaking to a white man but with his hat under his arm; never allowing himself to be seated in their houses; and ever confining himself to the kind and manner of dress proper for negroes in general—except his plain black coat in the pulpit. 'The whites are kind to come and hear me preach,' he would say, 'but I belong to my own sort and must not spoil them.'" The humility of the man, we must think, was praise-worthy. It was necessary under the circumstances. But what shall we say of the system that demanded such a prostration of self-respect from a man of the christly courage of Henry Evans! He did a great work, but might it not have been greater had he been untrammelled by the sense of his subordination.

His last speech to his people is noteworthy. Directly after the morning service it was the custom of the white preacher to preach to the blacks. On the Sunday before Evans died, as this meeting was being held, the door of the little rear room opened and the old man tottered in. Leaning on the altar-rail he said very simply: "I have come to say my last word to you. It is this: None but Christ. Three times I have had my life in jeopardy for

preaching the gospel to you. Three times I have broken the ice on the edge of the water and swam across the Cape Fear to preach the gospel to you, and if in my last hour I could trust to that, or to anything else but Christ crucified, for my salvation, all should be lost and my soul perish forever." Of these words Bishop Capers said simply and justly that they were worthy of St. Paul.

The early experience of the Methodists in Raleigh is also interesting. Here the negroes constituted a large part of the congregation. When the church was built they contributed their part and they were assigned seats in the gallery. Later an opportunity was given for them to buy a church of their own. Both blacks and whites worked to get money together until the scheme was consummated. When the slaves moved into their own building there was a two-fold rejoicing; by the blacks because they had a building of their own, by the whites because the negroes were out of the building of the whites. The negro church now became a negro mission, and was served by a white preacher assigned by the North Carolina Conference. It was the custom to send some old preacher of great kindness and usually of very good ability to the work. The negroes were very devoted to their preacher, and I have been told showed their appreciation by frequent presents of such articles as pies, cakes and socks. The white members of the churches were still interested in the negroes and exercised a kind of oversight over them, attending their meetings and teaching in their Sunday schools.

On the plantations negroes usually joined the neighboring churches. Owners of some of the large plantations in the East used to unite and pay the salary of some preacher whom the Conference would send them. In such a case the negro church would be made an appointment on a circuit and would have preaching once a month as other places. In the Cape Fear region early in the century I find that one or more missions to the slaves appear on the

list of assignments. This means probably that a preacher had several charges composed of negroes and covering a large area. Such a plan was feasible only in the East where slaves were more numerous.

I cannot close without saying just one word that a study of this part of our Methodist history brings to my mind. If we found it wise in the days of slavery actively to superintend the religious instruction of the negroes, would it not be wise now for us, as a church, to give some careful oversight and aid to him? Perhaps our entire separation from him may have been justified in the days of reconstruction, when there was much mutual distrust between the races; but no such a justification seems now to exist. This is not the place or time to make an argument on this point; but I trust that you may feel enough interest in it to endeavor to determine for yourselves. We are our brother's keepers. The black man is our brother and will remain so. To him our church has a duty. Does it perform it by letting him alone?



EXPERIENCES OF A REVENUE OFFICER.

BY RICHARD WEBB.

[CONCLUDED.]

Dodd, Sawyer, and Clay had received Stone's letter in good time, and having armed themselves as directed, had done a hard day's riding, reaching Mr. Thompson's home about sunset. On enquiry they learned that Stone had spent the night here on night before last and had gone on up the creek the next morning. When Mr. Thompson mentioned the fact that Stone had promised to return and spend the night with him again and had failed to come, the deputies at once surmised that something was wrong. They knew that their leader was not in the habit of breaking his word when nothing was at stake. Surmises and guesses as to what had happened were quickly exchanged, and the more they talked the more were they convinced that something had happened to Stone. All agreed that something must be done at once. Mr. Thompson suggested that they and their horses must be fatigued and hungry after their long day's ride, and asked them to dismount and get supper for themselves and their horses. All were perfectly willing to do this.

While at supper all the probabilities, and many things improbable, as to Stone's detention and whereabouts were discussed. Miss Nellie seemed very much interested in this discussion, and listened very attentively. Mr. Thompson agreed to accompany the party, and he was considered a valuable addition by the other men because of his knowledge of the country and of the haunts of the distillers.

After supper, when the party was ready to start, Mr. Thompson offered to lend the other men fresh horses. These were gladly accepted, not only because they were fresh but because horses raised in the mountains can cover the mountain roads with so much greater ease and swift-

ness than those accustomed to level roads. The mountain horses are much surer of foot also, especially at night. Thus equipped the party sped forth into the night at a rapid gait.

It was an ideal moon-light night. The mountains were sublime in their awful stillness and grandeur. Moonlight, so soft and comforting, always has a soothing, subduing effect on men. It is so bountiful—fit emblem of the love of God, poured out upon all men alike with generous hand. No wonder the people of ancient times worshipped the moon as the giver of this bright radiance which causes men to glory in the beauty of the world and to meditate on heavenly things.

The moon-light had its effect on the riders. They rode on in quietness, each wondering to himself what fate their leader had met, and whether that fate might not soon be his own.

By nine o'clock the party was in the neighborhood known to be occupied by moonshiners. On Mr. Thompson's advice they dismounted on the crest of a hill covered with thick undergrowth of laurel and tied their horses. Then on foot they advanced a hundred yards or more along the road. On the left, down a steep hill, they saw the reflection of light on some trees and directed their steps thitherward. As they approached the light, they saw that it came from a log cabin almost hidden away in a thicket of young trees, nearly under the base of the mountain. Cautiously and noiselessly they worked their way to the back of the house and then round to its only door in the front. With pistol in hand, John Clay rapped on the door. No noise was heard within. He pulled the latch-string and shoved open the door. To their surprise no one was within seemingly. They walked in, looked round the room, and seated themselves, as best they could; there were not enough chairs and goods-boxes to seat all and Dood was going to sit on the edge of the rough bed, but

decided very abruptly not to do so when he heard a peculiar sound come from beneath the cover. Recovering his breath in a minute, he jerked back the cover and saw crouched and cowering there a boy perhaps ten years old. They had not noticed him at the first glance round the room because of the poor light of the tallow-dip on the mantle-board. Now, however, after they had found him, they were determined to make use of him. At first the boy sat up with open eyes and mouth with the look of a frightened rabbit on his face, and only stared the harder at the men when they talked to him. At last Mr. Thompson, whom the boy had seen before, persuaded him to talk.

“Where’s your dad, boy?” questioned he.

“Dun know,” said the boy.

“Where’s your ma?”

“She’s gone over to gran’-dads.”

“When is she coming back?”

“To-morrow.”

“When did your dad leave here?”

“Tain’t been long.”

“And you don’t know where he went?”

“Naw, I don’t. Jack Daniels kum after him and I ain’t fur sure whether he went home with Jack or went to the cave.”

“What cave?”

“The one whar dad and the rest on ’em runs their still.”

“Where is that?”

“Dad told me not to tell, said he’d beat all the hide off’n me if I did.”

“You’ve got to tell or we’ll whip you too. Where is that cave? Say!”

“Will yer tell dad I told yer?”

“No, we won’t tell him.”

“Well, I’ll tell yer, but don’t yer tell dad I told yer. You go ’long the path what goes down by the spring and

up the mount'n till you kum to a big sweet gum tree—fine gum kums from that tree, I kin tell yer—and then yer take the path to the left and go down to the crik. After you cross the crik go straight up the mount'n and you can soon see the light from the cave. That's all I know 'bout it."

"Did you hear what Jack Daniels said to your dad?"

"I didn't hear nuthin' only Jack told him about ketchin' a rev'noo off'cer. I don't know what that wuz."

At this, Dodd handed the boy a nickel and commanded him to get to bed, and then the whole party left the house and followed the path of which they had learned. It was a rough way and their progress was slow. In an hour they had reached the creek which the boy had mentioned and were soon laboriously making their way up the mountain side. They kept close lookout for a light or other sign and were making as little noise as possible. The path which they had followed was soon lost in the thick rhododendron bushes and they wandered about trying to find it again. Coming to a slight opening where there was little vegetation they stopped to rest a minute and try to get their bearings. A slight noise was heard. "Hush!" whispered one, "listen! don't you hear something? It sounds to me like it's under us. What in thunder can it be?"

"I hear it now," put in another. "It sounds to me like a stirred bumble-bee nest in the leaves."

"Did you hear that?" broke in a third. "Somebody laughed sure. Well, I'll be blamed! We are over that cave as sure as shootin' and that noise we heard at first was a crackling fire and boiling water. What are we going to do now?"

"Find a way to get into it," suggested one. "We'll have to follow this barren strip till we come to the mouth of the cave. Come on."

Down the mountain they went. Soon the noise could

not be heard. In a few minutes more they came to a sudden descent, and making their way circuitously down to its foot, they found the mouth of a cave, almost concealed by the undergrowth. Signs that men were in the habit of passing in and out were found at the entrance, which was an oblong hole about four feet high. Each man thought a prayer and clasped his rifle tighter as he stooped to enter.

When once in the cave, they found that the passage gradually grew larger as they advanced. As quietly as a cat after a mouse did they creep along that passage-way, hugging closely the walls of the cave. A light was soon discovered reflected on the walls and a low noise came to their listening ears. With rifles pointing to the front, ready for hurried use, they crept along, holding their breath and straining their ears and eyes. The talking could be plainly heard now, and loud laughter was mixed with it. The passage became narrower as they neared the voices. When they reached the narrowest point they saw that it served as a door to a larger room on the other side, and in that room they could see forms seated around a great fire. Some of the men were sitting on logs of wood, some on boxes, and one man was lying down with his saddle for a pillow. Their rifles were stacked against the wall near by and the officers thought that if they could just cover them before they could lay their hands on their weapons, they had them safe. They counted the men and found there were six of them, besides one on the opposite side of the fire from them, whom they could not see very well, and whom they supposed to be Stone. The narrow entrance was a difficulty—they could not all enter at once. After a whispered consultation they decided to rush in as nearly in a body as possible and cover the first men who reached for their weapons.

John Clay headed the rush, followed by the others as closely as could be. No sooner had Clay entered the narrow opening than a yell went up from one of the moon-

shiners facing that way, followed by a stampede of the whole crew. Clay was one too many for the first man, who reached for his rifle, and called him to a halt, with his rifle clicking directly at his head. Each of the others covered a man and commanded the other two not to move if they prized their life. The two were not to be cowed by any such threat, and one whipped out a pistol and fired at Sawyer, who happened to be nearest him. Sawyer dropped, but caught on his knees and held his rifle on his man. It was only a dodge. He was not hurt. Stone, for the men had not been mistaken in the seventh man, had been stripped of his weapons, but at this juncture grabbed a stick of wood and brought it down on the man's head with such force as to bring him to the ground. Jerking his pistol from his hand, he turned just in time to see the pistol of the other man who had not been covered, pointing point-blank at his head only a foot away. Throwing up his arm he managed to strike the pistol and send the bullet over his head, and at the same time he fired at his opponent. The man, who was no other than Jack Daniels, dropped, but as he did so he fired at Stone a second time, and the ball struck him in the shoulder.

Meanwhile the other officers had their hands full keeping their men covered. As soon as Stone had quieted the two extra men, however, and had dragged himself to Jack Daniels and had taken his pistol from him, he managed to cover one of the other four men with his pistol, while Mr. Thompson, who had been guarding the man, was now free, and hunted around in search of something with which to bind his hands. He quickly cut off the straps of the saddle and making use of these, in a minute or two had the man's hands securely fastened behind him. The officers now, with Mr. Thompson's assistance, hand-cuffed the other prisoners.

The work was well done, but it had been a bloody job. Jack Daniels and another member of the crew were bleed-

ing freely, the former from a wound in his right side and the latter from the wound in the back of his head, where Stone's club had got in its work. Stone's shoulder was badly shattered, but he was too plucky to give up and continued to help wherever he could be of assistance.

While three men guarded the prisoners, the other two examined the cave and its contents. The still was one of great capacity, but it was the work of a few minutes to destroy that. A side door was found after some search, and this was found to lead into another room—a secret chamber—dug back into the hillside. In this was found stored away twenty-five barrels of genuine “mountain dew.” They decided to leave this till they could come again and carry it away.

The whole party sat by the fire till daylight. The officers chatted and laughed, but their prisoners were sullen and would not talk. Stone was requested to tell his story and he did so in a few words: “After I left Mr. Thompson's I rode about the country between there and here nearly all day, talking with any men I chanced to meet or see, always letting them know that my business was to see the country with the intention of buying land. Towards night I struck up with that man there (pointing to one of the prisoners), and asked him to let me spend the night with him. He seemed to be willing for me to do so, rather glad, in fact, and by what occurred later I guessed he had heard of my presence in the community before then. I was a little disturbed by his manner, but knew that to back out was to give myself and my cause away. After supper we were discussing my business and the prospect for buying a certain piece of land, when he branched off on his own life and began to tell me its history. He had been a moonshine distiller in his young days, he said, and had made money at the business. Later in life, however, a travelling Methodist preacher had held a revival service in the neighborhood, and he had been greatly stirred by

the meeting and put to thinking about his life, and had finally decided to give up moonshining. And now, he added, I am much opposed to the business and am trying to break it up. Well, fool that I was, I immediately guessed that I had been entirely wrong in my surmises about his readiness to entertain me for the night, and gulped down his little story at one swallow. I immediately clapped him on the shoulder and enthusiastically said, 'Good for you, old man, I'm with you. I am in the revenue business and am glad to find a man to help me.' Jingo! You ought to have seen the way he whipped a pistol out of his pocket and covered me with it! It was done in a minute, and I was a prisoner! He soon relieved me of my weapons, bound my hands behind me, had me to lie down on a rough bed, and tied me there with a rope. He went out into the darkness and I was alone in that little mountain cabin, bound hard and fast. Sleeping under compulsion is impossible, but to try to sleep under compulsion and torture, too, is unendurable. Torture can hardly express it. I have heard yarns about creeping things and biting insects, but the bugs in that bed will forever hereafter stand at the head of the list, in my estimation. They evidently relished a man from civilization, and from the way they gnawed at me, it was evident to my mind that they hadn't had a clip at a civilized man for a century. And I couldn't scratch. Torture of tortures! All I could do was to rub against the hard mattress as much as my ropes would allow me.

'Had I been left in that condition all night I am sure I'd have died, but, fortunately for me, my host returned in about two hours with his five colleagues. They freed my arms, and then sat down to discuss matters. I managed to spend the little part of the night that was left in some sort of fashion.

'Next morning I was given some breakfast. Later my captors informed me that I might spend the day in prayer

if I wanted to; that as long as I was hunting land they thought they might furnish me with all I would need—a little strip six by four, away back in the mountains. This was not very comforting, to say the least, but I hoped you would get my letter and would come to my rescue in time to prevent violence.

“All that day they kept me closely guarded and at night blind-folded me and brought me here. I have no idea where I am now, nor how to get out of here. After they built up a fire for their still they sat around and talked about me—whether they should shoot me or hang me. I was as badly frightened as a man ever was, and valued my life at a slight figure. I don’t deny that I was praying, and praying hard, and the burden of my prayer was not so much for the forgiveness of my sins as it was that I might see you all come rushing into that cave. They were about ready to re-blindfold me when my prayer was answered. You know the rest.”

By daylight the two wounded moonshiners were feeling better. The officers had treated their wounds as best they could. It was impossible for them to carry them to their homes, and so they marched their other four prisoners out of the cave, promising to send word to the wounded men’s homes, so they could be sent for and cared for. They did this. As soon as they reached their horses the officers mounted and had their prisoners to walk on before them. Stone’s wound was paining him badly, and he could hardly keep his seat on his horse.

It was nearly noon by the time the party reached Mr. Thompson’s, and that gentleman kindly called a halt to give them all something to eat. For two nights now Stone had had no sleep, and had been under a terrible mental strain all that time, and to add to that, his wound was causing him intense pain. As he started to dismount from his horse his strength gave way and he fell to the ground. The other men carried him into the house and placed him

on a soft, clean bed, in a pleasant room. How good that bed felt to him can only be imagined by those who have gone through experiences similar to his.

Stone was undoubtedly too ill to continue the journey, and young Thompson volunteered to accompany the deputies and help them with their prisoners. After dinner the party set out. Thompson was to send a doctor to Stone as soon as possible.

Miss Nellie was on the alert to do anything she could for Stone's comfort. She had been on the porch and had seen him fall, and it was she who had prepared the bed for him. At the dinner-table it was her ears that had drank in most gladly the story of the raid, and especially had she been attentive when Stone's part had been disclosed and his brave action praised. Now she was glad to do anything for her friend's comfort. Every morning she gathered her prettiest flowers to be placed in his room. Every day she prepared dainties that he relished. Whenever Stone desired to hear music her nimble fingers were ready to play the tunes he loved to hear floating in through his open windows.

* * * * *

A month had passed before Stone had fully recovered. During that time he had received the very kindest attention from the Thompson family. One day after he had grown stronger and was able to walk about, he and Miss Nellie were again among her flowers. Now they were not strangers.

"Do you remember," said he in a low tone, "the first time I saw you—out among these flowers?"

"Yes," she replied simply.

"Then I thought you the sweetest girl I had ever seen, but now I know you are. I thought I loved you then, but now I know it. Do you think you can learn to love me?"

"I've never tried," she said demurely, but with a twinkling eye.

“Oh! haven’t you? Won’t you, tho’?” questioned he very pleadingly.

“It’s not necessary,” exclaimed she triumphantly.

Mr. Thompson did not happen to be on the porch this time. It is needless to say that William Stone was the happiest Revenue Officer at that minute in existence.





D. W. NEWSOM,	- - - - -	CHIEF EDITOR.
R. B. ETHERIDGE,	- - - - -	ASSISTANT EDITOR.

It is now about time for the election of THE ARCHIVE staff for another year. Through a simple goodness of soul, attained by rugged experience, we are constrained to make a suggestion to the Junior and Sophomore classes, which they may consider or pass over, at their own discretion. Heretofore THE ARCHIVE has been operated solely by the Senior class. Of course this throws the work into entirely new hands every year. What one class learns in the management of it during one year, has to be learned again through hard experience by the following class. This makes it difficult to give to THE ARCHIVE the constant improvement that each successive year should bring. When one has handled it for one year and reaches the point where he feels that he has just gotten the work well in hand, then it falls to other hands that must likewise go through the same process of initiation. Now we see no reason why the Sophomore class should not elect their Editor in Chief and Business Manager at the close of the Sophomore or beginning of the Junior year, and let these men be associated with the Editorial Staff and Business management of THE ARCHIVE during their Junior year. This would give to them a most valuable experience which would greatly aid them when THE ARCHIVE fell to their hands. Besides, it would tend at the same time to lighten the work of the Editor and Business Manager. It may be objected that these men will not be sufficiently known as to their fitness and ability for the work, at the close of their Sophomore year. We think, however, that after a man has been in college for three years, he will have fully vindicated his ability or inability. Furthermore, this year of ex-

perience will prove of great assistance to the forth-coming Editor in Chief in making a judicious selection of his corps of assistants. We make the above suggestion in the light of experience and it can be taken for what it is worth.

If one has watched closely College Journalism, he cannot fail to note with pleasure the great improvement which has attended it during the past few years. Though there is still much room for further improvement, yet we feel quite sure that College Journalism is destined to rapid advancement during the next four years. As a rule, the college magazines of our country are read very little except by those more or less directly connected with the colleges, and even with these they are read very hurriedly. As a result, a great deal of college literary work that is well conceived and well constructed, often fails to get the appreciation which a closer examination would give it. We have often wondered if there were not some way in which the best undergraduate literary work of our colleges could be given more widely to the reading public, and we are very glad to note that Mr. George S. Hellman and Mr. William A. Bradley, members of '99 (College) of Columbia University, who were recently editors-in chief of the "Columbia Literary Monthly" and of "The Morningside," respectively, intend to begin next autumn a magazine to be called "The American."

It is their object to make "The American" a magazine through which college men may enter the field of literature. Though they realize the fact that the best writers will sooner or later receive the recognition which they deserve, yet they are also conscious of the fact that such recognition has always been slow to come, and that this delay has often caused a great many promising writers to lose the stimulus and to discontinue their writing after they leave college.

These gentlemen further recognize the fact that in the majority of the periodicals of the day, there is a tendency to give large room to pictorial, political and scientific work, and that not infrequently a great deal of the verse and fiction which appears gets its value rather from the name of the author than from any inherent merit of work. We believe that such a magazine as the

above will not only give impetus to a high grade of literary work, but will also find a ready place among the reading public. THE ARCHIVE extends best wishes to the originators of this new movement, and at the request of "The American" sends the names of those who have been its most liberal supporters. We commend "The American" to all Trinity students who are interested in the literary efforts of our colleges, and in conclusion would state that "The American" will pay for all articles upon acceptance of manuscript.

So far our baseball season has not only proved a most pleasant one, but equally a successful one. The team has done excellent work and furnished both to the college and the community a series of clever games. Our men have recently returned from Georgia where they played several games. Reports of their work among the Georgians were awaited with the greatest interest and enthusiasm by every student, and upon their return they were met by quite a body of the students who, together with the Durham band, escorted them to the Park, where President Kilgo, in a brief and encouraging talk, congratulated them in the success of their tour.

The team played two games with the University of Georgia, one with the Firemen of Atlanta, two with Mercer University, and one with the Augusta Y. M. C. A. team. The teams scored as follows:

University of Georgia, 2; Trinity, 5.

University of Georgia, 2; Trinity, 8.

Atlanta Firemen, 4; Trinity, 11.

Mercer University, 5; Trinity, 4.

Mercer University, 4; Trinity, 8.

Augusta, Y. M. C., 8; Trinity, 11.

We quote the following from the Athens Daily Banner: "The Trinity boys are fine ball players and they hit well. They played a beautiful game from start to finish, some of their work being especially fine."

"Trinity won the game in an easy walk. The boys from North Carolina show superior training. Person proved a puzzle and they could not solve his curves. Many of the spectators

went away from the grounds glad that it was the last game with the 'Tarheels,' for they proved too much for the Georgia team. The boys from North Carolina show the effects of hard work, play a great fielding game and they know how to discharge a pitcher by hard batting. * * * * Georgia was utterly unable to place Person. They hit him but with no effect. Person pitched an unusually fine game and he has very few superiors in the South. The whole Trinity team showed up in splendid form. They know the game thoroughly and are a clever set of ball players both on and off the field."

The Atlanta Constitution has the following to say:

"Trinity College has a wonderful ball team, the best that has played in Atlanta this season, and that the Firemen met with defeat does not argue that they do not know how to play ball. In fact a better team might have made a poorer showing. McAfee and Smith are to-day the best college battery in the South. McAfee has all the qualifications that go to make up a good pitcher. He has speed, good nerves, control of the ball and a cool head. The game he pitched yesterday was of the gilt edge variety. Smith caught a magnificent game and threw to bases like a rifle shot."

Such kind reports as the above, especially since they come from the home of the enemy, are very gratifying. If space permitted we should like to give summary of the games. We hope, however, to give in the next issue of THE ARCHIVE a summary or record of the games of the season.



The Business Manager of THE ARCHIVE has arranged with the publisher of the magazine to have any nine copies of THE ARCHIVE bound in one volume for one dollar, so that those who have their ARCHIVES for one or more years can have them put up in substantial book form for one dollar per volume. Any of our subscribers living away from Durham can secure the same prices, but must pay express both ways. All those wishing to have any work of this kind done should notify the Business Manager at once, and let him have THE ARCHIVES to be bound not later than May 25th.



Wayside Wares

E. S. BOWLING,

MANAGER.

UNCLE REUBEN'S REVERIE.

Call me 'Reuben,' howsom'ever I be your uncle or no, everybody does, now; you young folks are after a story. S'pose you want somethin' sorter romantic, judgin from that you're always readin.' It is su'prisin' how that stuff takes hold o' young peoples' minds. I ain't no use for these sent'mental fellows who are after paintin' up things so diff'rent from what they actually is. No use a-makin' romance out o' life when it ain't thar, no use imaginin' things with your fantastic notions such as never could be. In my experience, I ain't been able to get much romance out o' life, nor can I say it's any literature that's like life; but sometimes it do seem that life partakes right smart o' the tragedy. Still that ain't a-sayin' I believe in tragedy an' that sort o' thing.

That's neither here nor there. This winter is been so long and I been so tired a-waitin' and a-waitin' for spring to come, and all the time a-seein' nothin' done toward farmin'; no wonder I've bin kinder blue and melancholy-like, all the time a tryin' to make somethin' hard out o' the world. It right much depends 'pon a fellers feelin's after all. This weeks it's bin a gettin' warmer and warmer, and all the time I'm in a better and better humor, and quit a-pinin' and a-whinin' for somethin' as is not. Last night, after sundown, bein sorter satisfied and indifferent-like and just full o' enjoyin' things as they are, specially in this warm spring-weather, after supper, pullin' off my shoes and these socks that's bin a-prisonin' my feet all the winter, here on this front porch, I jes' leant back in my chair as far as I could reach. I jes' kep' on enjoyin' the spring feelins 'till I was half-way dreamin' o'

things that happened when I was a boy. I was 'bout persuaded that this old man was a boy agin fishin' on that old creek bank a-settin' here and there for the cat, with the mud on his pants and a-never mindin' it a bit; and right then I jes' says to myself, 'I jing, it wouldn't feel bad if I could have some o' that mud stickin' there yet.' The frogs were tunin' up and a-crokin' jes' as satisfied-like as if they were around that old creek bank with me spittin' on the bait and swishin' the line. Then the whippoorwills were talkin' o' corn plantin' time, and everything were calculated to make a feller believe that whatever he wanted, it were right thar, and that there was not much past after all and no future whatsom'ever.

A little gust o' breeze begin to rustle through my hair and somehow I begin to turn my thoughts back to the days o' my schoolin' and such little eddication as has been to my lot. It were to a country boardin' school that my pap sent me for to be educated, and Mr. Kinch, the schoolmaster were about as good as the average of his time, perhaps he whipped no more than six nor seven in the course of a day. I boarded at Thatchers' and I allus call to mind first and foremost the preparin' for school 'o mornin's. There was Tom Thatcher, little Susan Ann and myself, who all had to have our dinners fixed, wash our faces and hands and submit to such a combin' process as I hain't never yet seen the beat. I needn't say more about about it when I tell you that it were a fine comb, and that my head was that still all the time as it had been in a vise. Susan Ann was always the last to be made ready for school and Tom generally run off from her, but I always agreed at her ma's request to wait and go along with little Susan Thatcher to school, whether it pleased me or no.

Children, it is enough for me to tell you that I got tired 'o school in time and sick of things about that same school. An' I'd jus' like to say to you chaps there o' mine, that you must not be s'prised at what you hear tell o' your Pa from this on. Your Pa were not such a bad boy, he was jus' disgusted wi' things as he seed them, and they 'peared worse every day, so he wanted to be what he thought a man o' his own were, and this ain't a sayin' that he were pa'ticular what he had to do to be one. So that Pa, this Uncle Reuben o' your'n, he sure enough run away,

children. An' he were right hard-headed about it too, for he did without three meals and slep' all night on the ground, and still he weren't any notion turnin' back.

Well, that next morning' settin' on the foot-log at the ford of a creek, this same youth was feelin' mighty solemncholy for one o' his age; he had soured on the world jes' as much as some grown men do, and it didn't seem for a fact that any o' the earth were for him. Purty soon a black boy ridin' a horse and leadin' another come toward the log to water his horses. "Hey dar white boy w'at's de matter wid you. Looks like you'se loss somethin' or 'pears mo' like you los' yeself." I told him a little about my troubles and enquired if he knew about work that was to do. "I'se gwine to fix you up white boy, bein's you're runnin' away, I'll get you still further away. I belongs to the gipsies, I does, and I'll 'range so's you can 'company us. Stay right here til I comes back, 'n'en you will be ready to jine the gipsies."

This were just the opportunity o' my life, and I thought it 'ud be so grand to travel with the gipsies and see the country. In about fifteen midutes this black boy returned with two fresh horses. "Now white boy doan' ax me no question. To be one uv us you got to 'come a black boy for a while." He took somethin' black outen his pocket which I have learned since to be burnt cork. Before he used this, he took some grease from a little tin box and smeared over my face, then he rubbed the cork over the skin o' my face an' neck fast as he could. "Now, white boy, you looks purty black and shiny, all you needs to make a black boy is the black boy's clothes." He made me strip every rag o' clothes on my back and put on his dirty old rags and shoved a hat down on my head which it were hard to tell whether it had no brim or no crown. He then helped me on one of the horses and gave me the other to lead and showed me the gypsy camp and told me jes' to go ahead and it 'ud be all right.

The last time I saw that black boy, he was trottin' along toward where I had come from the day before, hollering, "good-bye white boy, be good to ye' self." When I seed that black boy leavin' wi' my clothes and the little bundle o' belongin's which had been mine, I actually couldn't felt any worse, children, if my skin had been eternally black forever.

I ain't time to tell you how them gipsies did treat me. I stayed wi' them gipsies long enough to steal everything that growed to eat along the road, chickens not excepted. They kep' such an eye on me I could not run away, so I jes had to mind and obey orders. It seemed to be one o' their favorite enjoyments to black me agin' when they wanted much stealin' done. One of them days they had me stealin' sweet pertaters out of a place where a farmer had them banked up at the edge of his patch. I had my head and shoulders in at the openin' fillin' a sack with taters, when purty soon a horse whip popped across my hide and I jumped in with the taters and they shook down about my head until I was about as stupefied when somebody pulled me out as if my head was jes' an ordinary sweet tater. Then the farmer led me on to his house, after givin' me a few lashes which set me to cryin', but I stopped and dried my tears wi' my sleeve, rubbin' a streak o' black off, for I did not want to be seen a-cryin,' because I saw a little girl as I came in the farmer's yard, she was a-sittin' on the doorstep eatin' eatin' bread and jam. She looked at me more sympathetic-like, than any other person had for a long time. "O, what a funny little black boy," were what she said.

I might go on and tell how she discovered and notified her pa that I was not a black boy at all. A little streak o' white on my face and some white toes peepin' out my ragged footwear were enough to convince her. Everything was made right so's I could stay with the farmer, the gipsies were afraid to make any claim to me. I was a long ways from home, but a planin' to go back some day to my folks. The little girl that were sittin' on the doorstep grew older an' so did I. Now, children, somethin' intervenes to the end of my story, such as touches and concerns me so that I must go back to my dream on the porch last night.

It was growin' kind o' misty but still the air were warm and I were dreamin' away there. It seemed that my sweet little girl o' the doorstep were with me again and I dreamed of pickin' among the blackberry vines, jes as we used to do, and o' crossin' meadows and walkin' along brooks where the willows were hangin' and the cows a-wadin' in the waters. I dreamed o' those cliffs where we come together when she were older and looked across at the sun a-shinin' on the corn and the mornin' glories a-climbin' and a-growin' an' everything a lookin' peaceful. And then I came there afterwards,

and looked a-longin' and disparin,' because she were no longer by my side. But I am happy in my dream when it seems that she is wi' me again and nothin' can take her away. Then Susan Ann comes and shakes me and I wake and feel the damp mist about me. "Reuben come in 'fore you catch your death o' cold." My dream was at an end and I was glad to obey the call of my wife. This is the same Susan Ann as I used to school with and I love her now, and as far as I knows she's been jes' as good a wife as that one I was a talkin' a dreamin' about, if she hadn't been took away long ago and had o' lived for me.

My parents died, children, when I returned to this part o' the country years ago; and then after several months, more'n that after a year a-still findin' myself a-never bein' satisfied, what was there for me to do but marry dear old Susan Ann.

J. R. COWAN.





Literary Notes

W. N. PARKER,

MANAGER.

The appreciative audiences that have greeted Dr. Watson since his recent arrival in New York would indicate that his popularity with the American people has by no means waned since his first visit to this country, but has rather increased. He is now on the Pacific Coast under the direction of Major Pond, and will deliver a number of lectures there before his return to the East in May.

Mr. Ira Seymour Dodd's sketches of the incidents and scenes of the Civil War, entitled, *The Song of the Rappahannock*, are quite out of the common style of such studies. Mr. Dodd has the rare powers of a suggestive imagination, a freshness of touch and an eye for the dramatic. It required the touch of a genius to set the scenes of the Civil War to the music of the roar of cannon, the explosion of shells and the singing of rifle-balls. The sketch from which the volume takes its name is original in conception and treatment and there is a touch of the poetic in it.

So popular has been the sale of *The Chior Invisible* that it has been necessary to publish another edition of fifty thousand copies, which means that nearly two hundred thousand copies of this book will have been sold before Mr. Allen's new novel will have been published. The title of this forthcoming novel is *The Mettle of the Pasture*. It is to be a story of Kentucky life and it is said, the most important work yet written by Mr. Allen. It will be ready for publication some time in the autumn.

One of the most recently published stories and one which has aroused some interest in its author is, *A Herald of the West*, by Joseph A. Altsheler a Kentuckian by birth. Mr. Altsheler was educated at Vanderbilt University and since then has been

engaged in journalism, having served upon the staff of the *Evening Post*, the *Courier-Journal* in Louisville and at present has charge of the *World's* tri-weekly edition. He is now writing a romance of the Civil War which will be published later in the year.

A volume of poems by Dora Sigerson Shorter entitled, *My Lady's Slipper and Other Poems*, has recently been published. This is not Mrs. Shorter's first appearance in the *World of Letters* and the readers of her first volume of poems, *The Fairy Changeling*, will welcome her later work. As her maiden name would imply, Mrs. Shorter is of Norse lineage and is the daughter of a distinguished Celtic scholar. She may be said to have rediscovered the almost lost secret of ballad writing, and in her poetry there is all that adventurous spirit of the Viking. As an illustration of this we quote a few lines from her stirring lyric, "A Vagrant Heart:"

"Oh, to be a woman! to be left to pique and pine,
 When the winds are out and calling to this vagrant heart of mine,
 Whist! it whistles at the windows, and how can I be still?
 There! the lost leaves of the beech-tree go dancing down the hill.
 All the boats at anchor, they are plunging to be free—
 Oh, to be a sailor and-away across the sea!

Ochone! to be a woman, only sighing on the shore—
 With a soul that finds a passion for each long breaker's roar,
 With a heart that beats as restless as all the winds that blow—
 Thrust a cloth between her fingers and tell her she must sew;
 Must join in empty chatter, and calculate with straws—
 For the weighing of our neighbor for the sake of social laws.

Oh, chatter, chatter, chatter, when to speak is misery,
 When silence lies around your heart, and night is on the sea.
 So tired of little fashions that are root of all our strife,
 Of all the petty passions that upset the calm of life.
 The law of God upon the land shines steady for all time;
 The laws confused that man has made have reason not nor rhyme.

The seas that shake and thunder will close our mouths one day,
 The storms that shriek and whistle will blow our breaths away,
 The dust that flies and whitens will mark not where we trod.
 What matters then our judging? We are face to face with God."



Editors Table

F. T. WILLIS,

MANAGER.

A writer in discussing "College Literature" in *The Georgian* says that a college magazine necessarily goes through a period of development, during which it serves as a local newspaper in addition to answering the demand that a literary atmosphere brings forth. It is not possible for a student body to produce a magazine of the degree of perfection at the start that it can after some experience. For a reason allied to this many magazines fail to take the final steps in development which the writer alludes to. The lower classmen take a small part in the affairs of the magazine and consequently when they become Seniors it is necessary that they take the lead in what they know practically nothing about. Even then they fail to learn much from the exchanges that would be of inestimable service. Towards the close of their terms of office they become aware of mistakes which it is too late for them to remedy. Their successors, however, have to start over again and learn of these errors from their own experience.

The editorial writers seem in many cases to be largely influenced by the newspaper editor in their writing. Questions as far removed as possible from the supposed interests of college magazines, are elaborately discussed. When national issues have been exhausted they take up some such subject as "New Year" which has been treated until merely a glance at the title suffices for the ordinary reader.

The April number of *The College Message* is the best issue that has appeared. The sketch of Dr. Craven is good. "The Twenty-Second" in G. F. C." is well written and much after the style of "House Boat on the Styx."

Among the excellent stories of the past month were "A Matter of Business" in *Vassar Miscellany*, "But Once a Hero" in *Dartmouth Lit.*, "Shadows at Evening" in *University of Virginia Magazine*, and "The Blunting of His Sword" in *Amherst Lit.*

KLARCHIN'S SONG.

Full of joy, full of sorrow,
 Full of thanks heart-felt;
 Waiting sadly for the morrow,
 Proudest hearts must melt.
 In an ecstasy of gladness
 Seeming heaven to gain—
 In an agony of sadness
 Death-like in its pain.
 Oh, in joy and sadness,
 Death-like pain—God's peace above—
 Only souls are truly
 When those souls can truly love!

—R. U., '99, in *Vassar Miscellany*.

THE EVE IS STILL.

The eve is still; the fields
 Moon-haunted breathe of sleep;
 Long since the village voice ceased,
 And now the silence keep.

Ah! whither must I go,
 While speeds the night's soft reign?
 Past orchards, past the dreaming woods,
 Out to starry main.

For there the slow tides glide
 To music born of the sea;
 And the murmuring voice of the waves is hushed
 In sould-deep mystery.

—P. H. Hayes, in *Yale Courant*.

AT SUNSET.

Mark where the shadows of the twilight fall,
And creep across the meadows to thy feet,
And lingering sunbeams pause to kiss thee, Sweet,
Ere hurrying homeward at their lord's recall,
To wait with him night's dark and gloomy pall.—
But hark, I hear the rosy hills repeat
The promise of new day. With swifter beat
My heart grows big with love of thee, of all !
And vale and woodland voice a glad refrain ;
While the full splendor of the golden glow
Rests on my vision with a weight of pain.
Why mar the glory of it with a show
Of gaudy words ? our silence is not vain.—
Sweet silence, when thou knowest and I know.

—*L. K. K., in Amherst Lit.*





Y.M.C.A. Department

J. H. BARNHARDT,

MANAGER.

“Religion is a necessary and indispensable element in any great human character. There is no living without it. Religion is the tie that connects man with his Creator and him to his throne. If that tie be all sundered, all broken, he floats away, a worthless atom in the universe, its proper attractions all gone, its destiny thwarted, and its whole future nothing but darkness, desolation, and death.”—*Webster*.

* * *

The devotional committee has announced the following meetings for May:

May 7: Missionary Sunday—Dr. Turnbull.

May 14: Union Meeting.

May 21: After College, What?—Dr. Cranford.

May 28: Senior Day.

* * *

In this day of fast living, there is a tendency among most christians to neglect the little duties of life as small and therefore unimportant. Usually men are willing to perform those duties which in the ordinary sense are considered great, while those equally important to the welfare and happiness of their immediate friends, are sadly neglected. Such conduct is based, not primarily upon false conceptions of duty, but rather upon wilful negligence in the performance of duties which are clearly defined. Yet, after all, the little deeds of kindness performed here and there are the ones which most affect the heart of humanity, and determine the practical value of a man's life with reference to the needs of his fellowmen. This subject was presented to us in an able and forcible way by Professor Dowd at the last meeting in

March. His address was full of practical thought from beginning to end, and was enjoyed by all who were privileged to hear it. This is one phase of the christian's life which should be emphasized more than it has been in former years.

* * *

Sunday, April 2nd, Mr. Frank Willis spoke on the life and labors of John Kenneth McKenzie. The address was not only interesting but was instructive as well. An appreciative study of such lives cannot help bringing us into closer touch and sympathy with the great missionary movements of history. It is a source of genuine satisfaction that the missionary spirit is so pronounced in our college, and we hope the day will never come in the history of our association when any member of it shall fail to appreciate the greatness of the work.

* * *

It was our privilege to hear Professor Merritt on April 9th. His subject was "Christ in the world of Athletics," or more properly, christianity applied to athletics. He showed that the principles of christianity should underly not only the work of an institution but also its athletics. The rule of right should be applied to all games and any feature of athletics which cannot satisfy this test should be discountenanced as harmful. His remarks were to the point and were heartily endorsed by the christian men of the institution. No one is more interested in Trinity's welfare than Professor Merrit, and his advice should be acted upon by every man who desires to see a healthful, robust, christian spirit predominate in the field of athletics.

* * *

At the meeting on April 16th, Mr. S. A. Stewart spoke on the all-important subject of "The Christian at Work." He that would be greatest must serve. This is the fundamental idea of christianity, and Christ emphasized its importance many times. The positive, aggressive spirit of service as applied to our religion is the only hope of permanent result. Faith is good but it cannot be separated from works. Nothing can be accomplished in the church or out of it without an earnest, conscientious effort to bring about the desired success. Mr. Stewart always has something good to say, and never fails to have appreciative hearers.

The summer school committee is planning to send a large delegation to the Southern Students' Conference which meets in Asheville in June. At least, six of our men ought to attend, and if possible, even more. Trained leadership is of supreme importance—it cannot be too highly valued. Every member of our association should sacrifice a little money if need be to meet the necessary expenses of the men who go to represent us. It is necessary to know not only *what* to do, but also *how* it is to be done. At this Conference, all phases of College work will be taken up and considered in a systematic way under the immediate direction of the very best talent enlisted in the Y. M. C. A. work of this country. Let us as usual send a full delegation and thus equip our men for larger usefulness during the coming year.





At Home and Abroad

E. R. WELCH,

MANAGER.

Dr. Kilgo recently made a ten days tour in South Carolina lecturing in behalf of the Twentieth Century Fund, visiting Charleston, Camden, Sumter, Blacksburg and Georgetown.

Prof. Edwin Mims lectured on Browning at Wake Forest on the 6th inst. On the 7th he lectured at New Berne, taking as his subject, "The Church's Attitude Towards Literature." On the 15th the student body was highly favored by having the Professor lecture to us on "The Religious Movement of the 19th Century as Reflected in Literature." The lecture was especially good and was highly appreciated by all who heard it. Professor Mims will deliver the Alumni address at the approaching commencement of Vanderbilt University.

At the recent meeting of The Science Club, Professor Pegram announced the reception of a handsome collection of native minerals from the North Carolina geological survey. Professor Edwards gave us a very instructive lecture and exhibition of the X-Ray and wireless telegraphy.

We neglected to state in our last issue that Mr. R. A. Mayer class '96 and member of the Board of Trustees, paid a flying visit to friends in the city during the Y. M. C. A. convention. As his visit was of a very pressing nature he did not have time to visit the Park.

Rev. J. W. Clegg, of the Western North Carolina Conference, spent a couple of days on the Park not long since, the guest of his brother, Mark, of the Junior class. We are very sorry that Mr. Clegg's failing health forces him to resign his pastorate.

Rev. Dr. Lander, President of Wiliamston Female College, Wiliamston, S. C., was recently the guest of Dr. Kilgo. We were glad to have him conduct Chapel exercises for us.

Mr. Alba Heywood with his troupe of artists came up to the Park on the 16th inst. and gave a concert complimentary to the student body. It was select, entertaining and highly appreciated. By being located in a live town the students get the benefit of many advantages of which they would be otherwise deprived.

Mr. Bruce R. Payne, Principal Morganton Academy, and class of '96 has been elected Superintendent of Public Instruction for Burkē county.

Mrs. C. P. Turner, of South Carolina, has been visiting her mother, Mrs. John C. Kilgo.

Dr. W. P. Isley class '97, who recently completed the medical course at Vanderbilt University, paid us a pleasant visit a few days ago. Dr. Isley will locate at Norfolk, Va., in the near future. We bespeak for him a successful career.

Headmaster Bivins went up to Graham 19th inst. to act as best man in the marriage ceremony of Rev. J. A. Daily, class '96, now stationed at Burlington, and Miss Tillie Howland, of Graham.





Resolutions of Respect.

WHEREAS, It has pleased God suddenly to remove from our midst William H. Branson; and whereas, he, as a member of the Board of Trustees of Trinity College, labored constantly and devotedly for the betterment of the institution to which we belong, be it, therefore, resolved—

1. That while we bow in humble submission to the summons which has called him away, we express great sorrow over the sudden and irreparable loss of one so strong.

2. That the students of Trinity College have lost in him not only a warm personal friend and supporter, but also the inspiring presence of one who, by his daily walk, has left us a worthy example of manly and heroic character.

3. That Trinity College and the Church of North Carolina has lost one of its most capable and consecrated workers.

4. That the State of North Carolina has suffered a great loss in the death of one who spent all the powers of a strong character for her educational and material advancement.

5. That we express to the bereaved wife and children our heartfelt sympathy, and, as participants of their sorrow, beg for them that consolation which alone is sufficient.

6. That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the bereaved family, and copies to the Raleigh Christian Advocate and THE TRINITY ARCHIVE for publication.

STUDENT BODY.



THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

TRINITY PARK, DURHAM, JUNE, 1899.

MANAGER'S NOTICE.

All matter for publication must be in by the 20th of the month previous to month of publication.

Direct all matter intended for publication to D. W. NEWSOM, Chief Editor, Trinity Park, Durham, North Carolina.

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H. M. NORTH, - - - - - MANAGER.

WILLIAM H. BRANSON.

BY JNO. C. KILGO.

Very few American families can trace their ancestry beyond three or four generations. This is due to the lack of a historical spirit among the early settlers of a country. They make no records, and only vague traditions carry their histories down to other generations. When the Branson family came to America cannot be accurately determined. It is, however, certain that early in the eighteenth century Thomas Branson came from England and settled in Chatham county, N. C. This makes the Branson family one of the old families of North Carolina, and identifies them with all the periods of the State's growth.

William Henry Branson belonged to the fifth generation from Thomas Branson. William's father was named Thomas, doubtless for the original Branson, and was born in Randolph county, near Asheboro, in the year 1800. For four generations the Branson family remained in this section of the State, a fact which indicates an indisposition to rove from point to point in search of easier fortunes.

Thomas Branson, the father of William H. Branson, was twice married; the first time to Miss Mary Lewellyn, the second time to Mrs. Prescott, who was a Miss Buck. William was the only child by this second wife. He was born near Cedar Falls, Randolph county, May 23, 1860. His father was a blacksmith, a vocation of large importance in the first half of the nineteenth century. The blacksmith was then a manufacturer, making not only all the implements of farming, but all the pieces of iron furniture in the best homes. Longfellow's "Village Blacksmith" commemorates the true dignity and character of the hero of the anvil. So Thomas Branson was a central figure in the industry of his community. He is described as a man with a large and erect frame, strong intellect, and noble character. He was a man of deep convictions, and held to them with unshaken fidelity; he was energetic and honest in all business transactions, while his genial nature drew about him a host of friends. One who knew him said, "Never was there a more upright man than Thomas Branson." His second wife was a woman of genial nature, and very full of energy. Their only son, William Henry, got a good start in his parents, and his record fully sustained their character in the larger world of activity to which he belonged.

Thomas Branson died when William was very young. This, joined with the extremely poor educational facilities, gave young William no opportunity to attend any other than a local school. Nevertheless, he succeeded in grasping the principles of arithmetic before he was twelve years

old, for he never attended school after that age. Nature had endowed him with large mental powers, and from the earliest he seemed to have superior control over his faculties of mind. Young men who cite such instances to defend their indifference to educational opportunities, should first be sure that nature has extended to them such a beneficent hand as it held out to him. He not only had faculties, but they had impetus, and he was always learning. Minds run down, and growth is arrested, but he had the genius of endless growth.

His half sister, Miss Jennie Prescott, married Mr. J. A. Odell, a merchant in the town of Greensboro, N. C. At the age of twelve he went to live with them as a member of the family. This was a new era in William's life. Mr. Odell is not only a man of stalwart character, but his business genius puts him among the business leaders of the South Atlantic States. Young Branson had the life of this man to touch him from the intimate relation of the home at his most impressible age. This may be called good fortune by some men; it was destiny to William Branson. He went into the Odell home, and the Odell home went into him. He worked in the store as a clerk, and developed his powers to deal with large and varied classes of men. A young boy behind the counter of a busy store is not in the poorest school. To succeed as a clerk requires energetic study and large self-control. William succeeded.

He did not receive a salary for the first four years. He was a member of the Odell home, and was cared for as a son. His fidelity to the home relations was so marked that his sister was never forced to punish him. Mr. and Mrs. Odell always knew his plans, and as long as he was with them, he never left the home without their knowledge and approval. To him manliness and honor were inseparable, and freedom was obedience to duty and truth. It is no surprise that the confidence which grew up in those years never diminished in later years.

William was sixteen years old when the Centennial Exhibition came on in Philadelphia. Mr. Odell, as an expression of appreciation of him and his work, took him to Philadelphia. This opportunity to look out on the world and feel the throb of its energy and genius, meant much to this lad of sixteen years. He did not return home the same boy; he did not live again in the same world; he came back a larger boy in a larger world. The country school in Randolph county, the Odell home and store, and the trip to Philadelphia, and at the same time a short visit to New York, were the schools in which William H. Branson was educated. In the first, he gained access to books; in the second, access to business and society; in the third, access to the impulses of the world. These three attainments in the possession of a highly endowed man aggregated no small capital with which to begin life.

When William returned to Greensboro from Philadelphia he had his wardrobe and fifteen cents in cash. From this time he became an employee of Mr. Odell on a salary of fifteen dollars a month. Thus he entered on his business career. In this day of restless youth, impatient for a rapid rise to easy and lucrative positions, the history of William H. Branson is a sharp reproof. He began at what men call the "bottom round," not because those who loved him could not have elevated him at once to a higher position, but because their wisdom suggested a better plan. Men rule best who have served most faithfully in every sphere to be ruled. Young Cornelius Vanderbilt is a common laborer in the shops of the New York Central Railroad in order that he may be a better president of the system. Rapid progress means early bankruptcy, and against this calamity young Branson was trained. As the years passed his salary grew, so having learned to live on a small salary, he knew how to save from a larger one. The best product of education is the control that it gives a

man of all the powers of his nature. To think accurately is not enough. Unless a man can master his moral desires, high thinking will prove to be disastrous thinking. William Branson had been trained to deny useless desires, and he was no longer in the way of his own success.

At the organization of the Durham Cotton Mill, in 1884, Mr. J. A. Odell was elected President, and William H. Branson was chosen Secretary and Treasurer. Young Branson was practically placed at the head of this new enterprise, for through him Mr. Odell directed the business. At this time the cotton manufacturing interest entered on the period of expansion in the South Atlantic States. The growth was rapid, but the fact that untrained men were necessarily placed at the head of new mills, made it a critical period. Not only were new markets to be opened and new business affiliations formed, but unexperienced labor was to be trained, and new social relations were to be adjusted. It was into the midst of these problems that Mr. Branson was suddenly thrown. He met them with an assuring faith. He was born to lead men. He knew how to plan a work, and to organize and inspire his forces. No crisis could throw him into a spasm of excitement, but he was calmest when the ordinary man was most excited. During the business panic of the first years of this decade, he showed no timidity, but maintained that stability which alone can secure the integrity of business. Business genius is rare enough, and great enough to command the admiration of all true men, and only a moral quackery discounts it. It is as foolish to think that every man can build or control large business enterprises, as it is to expect every man to write Shakespere's Hamlet, or Goethe's Faust. This talent belongs to the few, just as the poetic genius is a rare talent. Too much may be attributed to opportunity, or so-called "good fortune," but the real opportunity is the man. The modern teachers of economy rest their hopes too much in

natural agencies, expecting to produce wealth by changing circumstances. The problem is to be solved in the man, not in the conditions, for the man who lacks the power to control circumstances, lacks the very element of success. Mr. Branson did not wait for times to change and conditions to become better, he changed the conditions. The real leader of men will never lack men to lead. By the force of moral energy the public mind moves about him as an appointed center. He seeks nothing; everything seeks him. The large number of enterprises that sought the fostering care of Mr. Branson illustrates the truthfulness of the statement. He was a Trustee of Trinity College, a Member of the Executive Committee of Trinity College, Trustee of Greensboro Female College, Director of the Fidelity Bank, Secretary and Treasurer of Durham Cotton Mill and Pearl Cotton Mill, Director of the Durham and Oxford Railroad, Director of Odell Manufacturing Company, Treasurer of the Joint Board of Finance of the North Carolina Conference, Steward of Carr Church, a Trustee of Church property, and associated in some way with various other institutions. These were not honorary positions, but enterprises which sought the wise direction of this strong man. So they were to him responsibilities, and got from his closest study and faithful direction. In the meetings of these Boards he was always active. Mr. Branson's success as a business man cannot be attributed to any one element of character. He was a man whose faculties compassed large and varied spheres, so that he put into his plans ideas gathered from many points of view, and protected on every side.

Men who have large aptitudes for business rarely develop social tastes. There is an antagonism between the two spheres, and only men of great adaptability can so harmonize them as to make them serve each other. The business man regards a social occasion as a waste of time, and when forced into a social assembly, finds himself

cramped and vexed. Close calculations and stern facts injure, if they do not destroy, those sentiments upon which society rests. The loss of faculties is a common calamity, especially the more unselfish faculties that cannot be traded in the markets. Mr. Branson was an exception to this rule. He could lay aside the calculations of the office, dismiss from his mind the conditions of the market, shut out the roar of machinery, and throw himself with genial enthusiasm into a lawn party of his little girl, or a social function of largest proportions. He was not dragged into these; he had a highly developed social nature. Three things made him social. He was naturally a man of deep and refined sympathies, and could not, therefore, find his life's satisfaction in himself. The second cause is found in the genial associations of the Odell home. In it he had his natural social sentiments trained and gratified. The third cause was a happy marriage. December 17, 1885, he was married to Miss Clara Sargent, of Greensboro, N. C. Two lives may make one great life, or they may destroy each other. The union in married life is not a legal agreement, to which society sets its approval. It is a mystical unity, where two thoughts and two impulses so fuse into each other as to consume all separate identity in a new and larger expression. This, and this alone, is marriage. Legal contracts and ecclesiastical ceremonies cannot so unite what nature has forever divorced. The law of congeniality is as rigid as the law of gravity, and ruin can only come from an attempt to reverse it. Forced nature is wrecked history. *William Branson and Clara Sargent were married.* She was to him the ideal woman. Genial, sympathetic, loving, and faithful, she was to him a poem, the passion of whose movement was a divine impulse, keeping alive the diviner sides of his nature. With him, she could never degenerate into a soft social show; with her, he could never become a hardened man of the market. Society is at its best, or its

worst, in the home. In this house it was at its best. Mr. Branson had his business day, but when that ended he gave himself to his family. The city of Durham will not forget the evening rides he took with his family. The sight was a sermon on "how to love and how to be loved." Little William, his only son, was sent to the home of a neighbor on the morning of the accident that robbed him of a father, and was not allowed to return home till night. He was brought into his mother's room just at the hour of the day when the family circle was at its best. The little fellow at a moment felt the distress of his father's absence, and his first utterance was, "Mamma, where is papa?" His little life had its joys in the hours of a father's presence in the home. Little Annie's parties, his wife's social occasions, companionship with his friends, and the annual social functions of Trinity College, all received his best contributions of joy and gladness.

His social nature did him great service in his business relations. It not only gave him ready access to the sympathies of men with whom he had transactions, but it saved his business plans and methods from the monotony of hard and cold mechanism. Between the manager and the laborer there must be something more than a contract. Otherwise, trickery and suspicions arise that hinder, if they do not ruin, an enterprise. Legislation can do very little, if it can do anything, to prevent friction between capital and labor. Likely, it has created more friction than it has prevented. The friction has its rise in that margin which lies outside of legal control, a sphere which modern sociologists have ignored. There must be a point of personal contact between labor and capital, and no increase in wages will ever act as a substitute for this personal and moral bond. Labor wants the inspiration of personal regard; capital wants the assurance of personal confidence. The necessity is a common necessity. Mr. Branson solved the problem, just as very many other wise men have solved

it. He touched the lives of those who worked under him with a sincere sympathy and regard. He did not patronize them, as he did not patronize any man. He never called them his "operatives," "hands" or "laborers," but "our people." This was not a conventionalism, for he held them in the high esteem of kinship, and never met them on any other basis. The entire community organized around him with perfect confidence. Free himself from the feelings of lordship, they were free from the sense of serfdom. Friction is not possible under such conditions, and the sorrow of "our people" when this man was smitten down, attested the wisdom and sincerity of his leadership.

When Mr. Branson was seventeen years old he was converted at a meeting held in West Market Methodist church, in Greensboro, N. C. At the same time he joined the Methodist church. His parents were Methodists, and his associations after he left the home of his mother, preserved in him the faith of the household. He was never a bad boy, and knew nothing of "sowing wild oats," an expression used to apologize for the unnecessary sins of youth. The most intimate companion of his boyhood tells with joy that he never heard young Branson use an impure word, or relate an unclean joke. Upon this foundation of purity and integrity rested his faith in the power of Christ to save him. Into his church membership he put all of his energies. He was a great churchman, studying the doctrines and polity of his church, and using his knowledge for its best interests. He was no bigot, but he was loyal at all times to the church of his choice. In every matter affecting the work of his church, he supported an aggressive policy, and took a broad view of every movement. With the ethics of narrow and selfish men he had no sympathy. Though young, he was one of the most potent factors in the North Carolina Conference. In his own church, his pastor found him an ideal layman, true to his vows, active in all church work, and the center of

greatest influence. He was not only active in the business of the church, but in revival services gave his energies to the one work of saving his fellowman. As treasurer of the Joint Board of Finance the entire financial work of the year in the North Carolina Conference passed under his review. He was always present at the sessions of the Conference, never allowing business to keep him away, or to call him home before his work was finished. No man ever heard him complain that the church work interfered with his business. He did not carry his factories to the Conference sessions, and did not fret to return to them. Such fidelity commands confidence, and his church was glad to honor him. Some men use church honors for selfish ends, and seek them for distant aims. Mr. Branson sought nothing; everything sought him. Twice he was a member of the General Conference; the first time at the session of 1894, in Memphis, Tennessee, and as an alternate in the last session, which met in Baltimore, Maryland, May, 1898. In this body he was an important legislator. Broad-minded, aggressive, and wise, he threw his influence where he judged best for the life and progress of the church. His faith could not be disturbed by those alarmists whose mental horizons were tortured with imaginary storms. "Their wild dreams do not disturb me," he would say. "Our Bishops are wise and godly men and we can risk them," was fundamental with him. Some men are monumental characters whose records impart assurance and give great stability to cardinal truth. In the church, William H. Branson was such a character.

He was a true man. His appearance spoke out the magnificence of his character. Tall and erect, weighing nearly two hundred pounds, with a large head, broad brow, bright and expressive eye, strong features, and noble movement, he was the embodiment of high honor and noble impulses. He had the model figure of a hero. God does not build such temples in which to house bats;

the occupant of such a divine structure has exalted rights which, if obeyed, makes him God's nobleman. William H. Branson obeyed them. He was just reaching up to that period of life when everything is full of glad prophecies. All the years of his life were years of apparent preparation, and his friends rejoiced that the depth and breadth of the foundation measured an immense future. In the glow of these hopes, death came to him while he was in the path of duty, the only path in which he ever made a foot-print. A darker shadow never fell on any community than the one that came to the city of Durham when, on the seventh day of April, 1899, William H. Branson, by a fearful accident, was taken away. In him seemed to be unborn history. It will have its birth in higher realms, for there is no cessation of life. Noble powers may not have sufficient time in this life, they will get it in the life beyond.



PHILOSOPHY AND REVELATION.

BY G. T. ROWE.

Let no one be deceived by this imposing heading. Each word suggests thought enough to fill volumes, and neither has ever had bottom found in it. The subject is entered into with no intention of bringing up sand. As lads steal away from their allotted tasks in the corn field and endeavor to explore the depths of the bottomless swimming holes, the writer would break away from the accustomed treadmill of sermon production, and by way of giving himself and his congregation a rest, sport about for a while in the widest and deepest sea. It is hoped also that the students who are now treading the charming fields of Plato's tillage may derive some benefit from the words of one who has given those early lessons time to soak either out or in.

To the average mind, philosophy is abstruse bosh. It appears like exploring the unexplorable and explaining the inexplicable. Men are not seriously averse to drawing patent conclusions from surface phenomena, but when it comes to delving for the source of all phenomena, they draw the line. The many look upon philosophy as uninteresting, and anything pertaining to thought in religion they consider dry. Hence, the popularity of the expression, "I love reason, but I hate philosophy; I despise theology, but I love religion." They really say by this that they love the surface, but hate the depths, they love to feel but despise to think, and from anything like honest effort at knowledge they beg to be excused. To talk to such about philosophy, revelation, or any kindred subject is like preaching to paupers on the danger of riches, and is the surest way of "wasting one's sweetness"—or whatever it may be—"on the desert air."

But the college student is another type of *genus homo*. The influence of collegiate training is such that it either devel-

ops a strong mind in the subject or reduces him to a state of cultured imbecility, according to the nature of the specimen, and a dissertation on philosophy and revelation is calculated to hasten either process. Hence, I feel sure that the students will read this article with the hope of finding something, whether their efforts are rewarded or not. If you have been brought face to face with perplexities, arising from the study of conflicting systems, and scarcely know how to distinguish the true from the false—why, you are perplexed—and you are likely to be no less so, when you have finished this article. But if you have been fascinated by the breadth of philosophy and have been tempted to abandon the creed of your fathers, you are on slippery ground, and if you abandon the religion of Jesus Christ, the time will come when, adopting the language of Saul, you will say, with perfect candor and truthfulness, “Behold, I have played the fool and have erred exceedingly.”

Philosophy has been defined as “the rational system of fundamental principles.” It is an effort at answering the child when he asks, who made God? The philosopher’s aim is high and holy, and the philosopher must have a single eye and martyr’s blood in his veins. He is a seeker after truth for truth’s sake. His production scorns the dollar mark; he seeks not his reward in gold. The pleasure of knowing is the only reward commensurate with his search. This definition appeals to the mind, in that it tries to get back of the seen, to the somewhat, the why, and the how. Men are not content to be forever seeing without perceiving. Phenomena are interesting for a time, but they cannot satisfy.

This attempt has gone on for ages. The first intelligent human beings were to some extent philosophers, and the search for the *esse* has continued through every generation. There is scarcely an age that has not been colored by its peculiar system of philosophical thought. Every man is a

philosopher either consciously or unconsciously and tries to live according to his system. Therefore the name of systems and their adherents is legion, varying from the grossest animalism to the highest spiritualism. But all the diverse schools may be classed under three systems: Materialism, Idealism, and Dualism. The Greek schools, beginning with Materialism and ending in Idealism, have furnished a basis for all subsequent systems. I will attempt to give a practical, popular description of these three systems.

Materialism makes matter the substance of all things. To the materialistic mind, there is nothing in existence but matter, and all other things are simply manifestations of it. There is no room in this system for God. Dirt is God to it. Men are manifestations of dirt, and are enabled to think by virtue of the peculiar relation of particles of matter. Thought itself is simply the result of a fortuitous conglomeration of particles of dirt. Particles gyrate till they make worlds; others gyrate till they make beasts; while other expert gyraters produce men. This system is "of the earth, earthy," and Paul refers to it when he speaks of men being "blinded by the god of this world." Although some of its adherents have been great reasoners and moral men, the tendency of this system is downward toward the dirt upon which it is founded, and which it has deified.

Practically, this is the most popular system. The majority of men give utterance to noble creeds with their tongues, and at the same time, work with their muck-rakes looking downward. They profess to believe that they are spiritual beings, and at the same time indulge their bodily appetite and look to them for their highest happiness. We permit those sins that destroy the spirit, which our creed professes, without apparent concern, but, if the body is injured for life, or riches are taken away, we

say we are forever ruined. Thus we contradict ourselves and stand

“With one eye upward condemning moral evil,
The other downward winking at the devil.”

The system opposite to Materialism is Idealism. It regards the idea as the highest manifestation of being and teaches that spirit is the essence of things. Materialism teaches that the mind or spirit is the result of matter. Idealism teaches that matter is the manifestation of spirit and claims that spirit is supreme. Theoretically, I am an Idealist “from Beersheba even unto Dan.” Spirit is supreme. Spirit is all in all. Absolute spirit is superior to, and independent of matter, and it degrades men to yield to the debasement of themselves by dirt and flesh. Theoretically, this is true, but practically, it will bear modification. The mind can say, I am supreme, and can act independent of my body, but when it attempts to act it encounters a stoppage. Theoretically, your body is unreal, a delusion. Practically, an ingrowing nail or an aching tooth testifies that the body is very real—wherein lies the error?

The third system tries to avoid this difficulty by teaching that the essence of all things is not a unit, but a duality. The Dualists hold that two natures are the basis of all things. Both mind and matter are real and eternal, according to this system. They are capable of acting upon each other, but at the same time are mutually independent. The mind does not like to accept this system. It feels that at heart the universe is a unit and cannot be reconciled to a duality. This system teaches that both mind and matter are eternal. If they are eternal, they must be self-existent. If self-existent, they must be supreme, and this is a contradiction, for if they were supreme each would be greater than the other. Dualism, being so contrary, is not accepted by many thinkers.

Dualism, apparently correct in practice, is incorrect in theory, Materialism is incorrect in both theory and prac-

tice, and Idealism, apparently right in theory, will not bear the test of practice. Many Materialists practice their system, some Dualists practice theirs, but I have never heard of but one Idealist that tried to put his system into practice and it was necessary to lock him up in a cell to keep him from killing himself. Said he, "Spirit is supreme and matter is unreal, and to prove this true, I am going to jump off of a cliff a hundred feet high." And the fool was prevented from doing it only by being locked up.

Wherein lies the error? What system is true? It is impossible to find out except through Revelation. Philosophy is not the "hand-maiden of religion," but religion, on the other hand, is of vast advantage to philosophy in assisting to untangle its knottiest problem. Philosophy, having never seen anything destroyed, must suppose that everything is eternal. Philosophers have never seen either matter or spirit destroyed, and therefore they can but conclude that they are both eternal. Upon this conclusion contradictions must forever rest. But revelation comes to the rescue of Philosophy. It says: "Idealism is correct in theory. Spirit is supreme. God is the Spirit, all in all, eternal, omnipotent, invisible to the physical eye. But in the beginning, God—this Spirit—created the heavens and the earth. Then matter began to have a real existence in obedience to a creative act of Spirit. Spirit is still supreme and absolute spirit can control matter at will." Thus Revelation explains the inexplicable and gives conflicting systems rest.

A SANER CITIZENSHIP.

ADDRESS BY JUDGE HENRY G. CONNOR

On the occasion of the first annual Civic Celebration of the Trinity College Historical Society, February 22, 1899.

(*Stenographically Reported by D. W. Newsom.*)

Ladies and Gentlemen :

When, at the conclusion of the last political struggle in this State I came out of it somewhat the worse for wear, I was in a frame of mind which made me willing to accept an invitation to do almost anything that looked to the welfare of North Carolina and her people. It did not occur to me when the kind invitation came, that in the discharge of the duty of this hour I should find myself wearied in mind and body, by the duties of the Speakership of the House of Representatives. If so, I should not have taken advantage of the invitation of the President of your Historical Association to impose my thoughts upon you. But I have in the past forty days lived in an atmosphere in which a great deal has been said about the keeping of pledges and promises—a most convenient thing for politicians to do or not to do, according as the exigencies of the times, and the political outlook may suggest to the prudent. I am reminded that “boys make men,” and we men to-day are interested in how the boys are going to think and act. I am not announcing myself as candidate for any office, but want to say a word in season. I have found it very prudent about my own household, not to make promises unless I intended to keep them. I bring to you a message, and trust that you will pass my imperfections by, in regard to the manner of its delivery, in consideration of what I have been endeavoring to do for the welfare of the State.

It is a subject of congratulation to me, as to every citizen of North Carolina, that this institution, under the guidance of these able and zealous gentlemen who so well

lead you in the paths of knowledge and fit you for the duties of citizenship, has established this Society and has inaugurated a series of exercises upon this day. I shall not undertake to indulge in any eulogium upon the father of our country—a subject which has not been exhausted, because it is inexhaustible—but I shall undertake to present to you some thoughts suggested by the example of this gentleman and citizen. The words given you in his message, which has just been read, present him to you in a far better manner than I can do, but we are reminded upon this day when we consider the life, services and example of George Washington, that the heritage which he left us was not only one conferring great rights and privileges but imposing responsibilities and duties. It is the part of wisdom, where one is the inheritor of these, to seek for, and learn to discharge, those duties. It has occurred to me that it would not be an entire waste of this hour, to talk about the demands, the needs and the necessities of North Carolina in a special sense, and of our country in a larger and more general sense, of the coming generation, of the boys who are soon to be men. We are living in a most interesting, I will not say “the” most interesting, age; and it may be that when the history of these days is written, unprejudiced historians will tell our children that we did live in one of the most important periods of the world’s history. We have passed through one of the centuries filled to overflowing with important events, respecting the welfare of the human race. But what the coming century has for us will depend, in a very large measure, speaking from a human standpoint, upon the lessons which we learn from the past and present, and the manner in which we use those lessons, in the discharge of those duties which will come to us in the near future. There can be no question that the political, social, and industrial conditions which demand our attention as citizens, do call for and demand a sane—that is, healthy, strong, type of civic virtue

and manhood. Civilization is but the result of those forces, social, intellectual, and political, which are constantly working out their results, using human agencies as the factors in the problem. That these forces have culminated and brought forth in these the last years of this century, conditions of exceeding interest and importance, no thoughtful man can fail to see. It forces itself upon the attention of all thoughtful men. The first requisite for a good citizen is that he shall be healthy-minded, that he shall be sane, that he shall not be insane or unhealthy. I think it is Carlyle who says, in speaking of Scott, that he was of all men the "healthiest-minded." That is, he had that type of mind and character which took a sound, sane, healthy view of life, its duties, responsibilities, and problems. He says that to be healthy-minded is no small thing. It has sometimes occurred to me that many of the political evils which come to us, and prevent the logical working out of the political forces by which we are surrounded, are brought about by a want of a healthy-minded citizenship, a failure on the part of the citizen to take in the entire situation. A man must not simply look at one side of a problem. That is what we call small politics. There are some who have been in our General Assemblies, if not in the one now in Raleigh, who imagine that every time they vote upon some little measure, for instance, whether the Clerk of the Superior Court shall have twenty-five or fifteen cents for some services, his whole political future is involved. To see these men talking at white heat upon such matters is amusing. Now that is what I call unhealthy-minded citizenship; men who permit their minds to be distracted in dealing with large problems by such influences are not healthy-minded, they are affected too largely by the small things. The truly healthy-minded man enjoys all his surroundings and conditions, because his body is in a healthy condition, and he breathes the pure air and all which comes with it, and he gets life and

beauty and happiness out of it. So the healthy-minded man morally, as I believe Mr. Drummond says, is "in correspondence with his environments." Now the thing to do is to get in a healthy environment and then get in sympathy with it. This is what we need in North Carolina, because, as I said, we have passed through a period in which there has been great disturbance, in which conditions have been such that the healthy laws of political life have not been permitted to operate, or their operation has been disturbed. I am not going to talk to you about any practical political questions. That the political development of affairs in North Carolina has been disturbed by conditions, and I think, to a very large extent, by some very unhealthy conditions, is beyond controversy.

We have reached a period in the political development of North Carolina, when the people have said that they desire to get upon a healthier basis; and to do so, it is necessary that some very important changes be made in their laws, both statutory and organic. These changes are going to impose upon the citizen a degree of responsibility, and upon you young men, duties and responsibilities which will demand the exercise of your very highest faculties. One of the first questions for a healthy-minded citizen to ask, is whether a proposed measure is right. That is the first question which a healthy-mind asks itself. Too often it has been the case in the past that this question has been passed by. Too many simply ask whether it is expedient. Undoubtedly, conditions have existed among us which *have* prevented, I do not say *ought* to have prevented, the best and freest exercise of the highest type of citizenship. We who are living factors in North Carolina, hope that by our efforts, and by the endorsement of the great mass of people of North Carolina, we may present to you, when you shall enter upon the stage of life, conditions which shall enable you, and shall demand of you, that you shall never answer a question

in regard to your political duty in respect to its expediency.

As we all know, this question has given grave concern, and been a disturbing factor in the development of a healthy and sane and civic mind in North Carolina. In obedience to what we understand to be the will of the people of North Carolina, we are seeking to get rid of that disturbing factor. Till we do it, past experience has taught us that it is not possible to give free play to the best type of citizenship in the State. If we shall succeed in the effort there will come to the white man of North Carolina, having put this thing away from them, responsibilities which will call for the very highest, sanest, strongest type of citizenship and manhood. I would impress upon you young men, I would impress upon your minds and hearts, that you must learn and begin now to understand, appreciate, and strengthen yourselves for the discharge of those duties which will come to you when you shall have in your keeping the manhood, reputation, and character of North Carolina; when the political antagonism between the two races shall have disappeared, as I most firmly believe it will do, believing that in my effort to bring it about I am acting from the highest patriotic motives, and without any reward for any party views in this matter, but looking at it as a man and citizen. When done we can no longer excuse ourselves from discharging our duties in regard to the Negroes of the State, but we must meet the responsibilities like men, like sane, sound, virtuous-minded citizens. A man who has no higher conception of what "white supremacy" means in North Carolina than the subordination of an inferior race to the superior is an unpatriotic citizen. It is not for any such purpose that I tell you that for night after night, till past midnight, the best thought of the Assembly of North Carolina has gathered together and worked and struggled to bring about this result, and I trust that the people of North Carolina, and especially the young man-

hood of North Carolina, will not so understand it. When we present to the people an opportunity to remove this disturbing factor from them we at the same time present to them the demand to take with this deliverance a sense of responsibility for these people. This is one respect in which those conditions which are soon to come upon us demand a high order of sane citizenship—to deal justly and rightly with these people, to see that their rights are protected. And by so doing we strengthen ourselves. The whole philosophy lies in this, that in constant antagonism and struggling for supremacy, the worst of both races is brought into play, but by removing this condition, the highest, best and purest motives of both races will be given play and operation. We trust to the young manhood of North Carolina that we shall not be disappointed.

The next subject which engages my mind on this line of thought is this: I believe that the Rip Van Winkleism, with which North Carolina has been twitted, is a thing of the past. If you observe the tendency and the signs of the times in North Carolina, and in keeping with the entire nation, we are on the eave of a great forward movement in the development of industries and in the accumulation of wealth. The carrying of our commerce into all parts of the world, the unbridling and loosing of American commerce and going into the markets of the world to compete with all other nations and peoples, is to my mind one of the brightest signs of the times. I have longed to see the day when commercial slavery should be ended; I believe that the very highest type of manhood is produced by the freest possible play of those faculties with which God has endowed man, so I believe in a community sense, the highest and best in the community, state, and nation, is brought about by the freest possible play of those forces which build up and make a grand and glorious people. Were it in my power I would raze every custom house in the world. They have been the barriers of Christian civil-

ization, done more to delay the time when there shall be a common brotherhood among all the peoples of the world, to retard the development of the human race, to bring about wars and strife, to develop selfishness, and to cause a thousand other obstacles to the highest development of the peoples of this world. I think I see in the signs of the times a removal of these barriers, and as this comes about you are going to find that right here among us, and I see it every day, I see it when sitting in the speaker's chair in Raleigh, when bills are sent from every section of the state, asking us to charter industrial corporations and make the waters do service, to give to the state opportunity to develop its great resources. Now this condition of things is going to bring about a demand that we shall regulate and practically control this new development, this new spirit of enterprise and progress in North Carolina. Nothing that is good should be obstructed, but we know that some times it happens that the very highest aspirations of man have to be guided with discretion, because something is said to us about a zeal that is without knowledge. Therefore it becomes the duty of a sane, sound citizen in North Carolina, to deal wisely with these forces. To thwart or to hinder the development of the state by legislation, to say to the young man whose mind is active, who sees in the river that he passes along in the forest that surrounds his home, an opportunity for usefulness in the acquisition of wealth, that we will not encourage him, to stifle that ambition, is unwise. We should see to it that it develops along healthy, sound lines, that shall work out the highest and best results.

Freedom is defined somewhat like this: It is the right to exercise ones faculties, to do those things which one has a right to do, and in doing them not to interfere with others' rights to exercise like faculties. When you get that condition of things, then you have a Utopia, when every man can move along in harmonious relation with

every other man, working his destiny and reaching out for the highest and best results of his labors, without doing any injury or injustice to any other man. Then you have a sane, sound, political condition, and it is to that end we should strive. In doing that you find a great many disturbing elements.

In the first place, when you go out and begin your life work, you will find a great many people who are always believing that the country is about ruined, that this or that particular industry is overdone, that this or that thing don't pay. These croakers who go about complaining because, forsooth, they have not put in enough industry or skill, have not been willing to fit themselves to discharge the duties of life, that therefore it can't be done. They are unhealthy, or sickly people. A healthy-minded, healthy-bodied young man who has built up for himself a strong, vigorous body, and strong mental, or moral calibre, should not be discouraged by them. I have been hearing about this old state being on the down grade ever since I was 21 years old. In the town in which I live I have heard it prophesied year after year that the town had outgrown itself and was not going to grow any more. I have some friends there who thought that real estate had reached the very highest value years ago. Yet it is higher to-day, worth more, more folks want it, is put to more useful purposes, than ever in the history of the town. So don't get discouraged when you encounter these sickly minded folks, who are always prophesying that the State of North Carolina has reached its acme and is going to take a down grade. That is not a healthy-minded condition. I was very much pleased in reading the other day what I thought was one of the best addresses which I have read for many years, that of Senator Hoar, from Massachusetts, made in Charleston. I think it was one of the best tributes to the civilization of South Carolina and her people, and one of the finest settings forth of the present conditions, by a

wise and good man, I ever saw. He said that the older he grew the more hopeful he became and the more confidence he had in his fellowman. And it struck me that no human being could have paid to that old man so grand a tribute as he unconsciously paid to himself. He had evidently led a healthy life, he was in a healthy frame of mind. He is a man of seventy years, who has spent a large part of that time in public life. And that which gave his words a special value, was that he was in a city and said those words, and applied them to the conditions which he there found, a city which, some forty years ago, expelled his father because of his views about a peculiar institution to which those people were then attached. Now, gentlemen, I tell you it demands a *man* to have said those words, and to have said them in that place. If you and I can live to be three score and ten years old, and can, at that time, give that testimony, if that is our experience, we shall have lived to a grand purpose. The address so impressed my mind that I love to dwell upon it. There are thousands of like experiences. I believe it is the experience of all good men, but it was so generous and brave to have said it then and there. I trust that the time will come when the very highest type of manhood in North Carolina can go to Boston and say the same thing.

Speaking upon this line of what I think to be the future of North Carolina, in respect to the industrial development of the state, I want to say this to you, gentlemen: A man who makes the accumulation of wealth to worship it, to make an idol of it, is a base human being; but the man who makes it, who works and labors and makes it honestly that he may use it for the benefit of his fellowman, is entitled to and should receive, the respect of all good men. Of course advantageous circumstances often give a man an opportunity to make great wealth. You go into the country where our boys are raised, walk about the roads and come upon an old man who has a good farm and a

comfortable home, talk to him and you will find that he is a sane man. He may not be an intellectual man, or have a very broad view of questions, but you will find in general, that he is a man endowed with a good strong mind, and has got sense. I do not speak about those men who, by sharp practices, make money. That is a different class of people altogether. Now, I favor very much that we should put into the constitutional amendment the provision, that a man who has three hundred dollars of taxable property, should vote, whether or not he could read or write. I believe it would be a conservative provision in our law. Were you aware that, by the laws of this state, for many years a man could not sit upon a jury unless he was a freeholder. There is nothing in the possession of a piece of land that confers upon him any fitness for service upon the jury, but it was a recognition of the fact that he had a stake in the welfare of the state, and that was the philosophy of it; that if he was a freeholder and took enough interest in his country and state and family to buy for himself a home, that it gave him an interest and made him a conservative citizen.

Now, there is another thing that I think indicates in a high degree a sane, sound citizenship—and I say that in North Carolina we haven't got as much of it as we ought to have—and that is "patience." Did it ever strike you how many failures North Carolina had to record because her people were so impatient? They were so unwilling when a new line of work was undertaken, to wait and abide the result. I do believe that more harm is done to our best development by this spirit of restlessness and unwillingness to wait than any other. They too frequently forget that you cannot manufacture institutions. You boys have learned this was tried in the early settlement of North Carolina. A wise philosopher in England sat down and wrote a constitution for North Carolina, and it was a beautiful piece of work, but you know that when they

sent it over here and tried to make it fit our people—these people that lived in the woods and had good practical sense, they rejected it. It had not grown out of their political conditions and wants. Probably there is nothing in North Carolina affecting its material welfare, which is more needed than good roads; and yet I pledge you my word that if you read the statutes of North Carolina for the last fifteen years, there has hardly been a road law passed by one legislature that was not repealed by the next. I want to say one thing to you about that sort of thing, that in the development of the material resources and other interests of the state that you must have patience. The good things in this life don't grow in a day. One of the saddest and yet one of the noblest lives I ever read in this day and generation is that of Mr. Gladstone. I think he was one of the finest specimens of manhood the 19th century has produced, and pardon me for saying so, but I believe I have read every biography that has been written of him. But this thought always occurs to me in reading of that old man in his great efforts to advance the highest and best interests of his country, that it did seem that every time when he was about to accomplish the great work he had in hand something happened for which he was in no sense responsible, which thwarted and dashed all his hopes. And yet that old man never complained, but went right ahead. He finally succeeded in a large measure. One of the lessons taught us by that old man is the necessity for patience. That is equally true of him whose birthday we celebrate. General Washington rendered to his country no greater service than that which he did between the treaty of peace and the making of the constitution, and that service was rendered not on the battlefield, but when he was with patience and courage holding together the discordant elements which had come out of that great war of the revolution, and which were threatening to separate, disin-

tegrate and destroy the results of that great struggle. If you will permit me, in the presence of these professors, I will advise you to read that chapter in the life of Washington in which he reached the very highest point of greatness. When his soldiers, feeling that injustice had been done them under the instigation of General Gates, and others were threatening to destroy the fruits of the great victory which they had won under his leadership. How he waited and waited! How he held together all those discordant and disturbing elements till, in the Providence of God, and the operation of social and political forces, the constitution of the United States was formed and fixed as the basis upon which has been built the grand and glorious progress of this American nation, and by a due regard to which is to be gained all that is safe and honorable for this great nation in the future.

It is a high test of citizenship to be patient—not to be restless, not to be disturbed by the little passing breezes. Do as David Crocket said, “Be sure you are right then go ahead.” Stick to your guns, and if human experience is worth anything in life, you shall have your reward. There are men in North Carolina to-day who are striking illustrations of this truth, men prominent in political life, who have been rejected over and over again by the politicians. The late Judge Merrimon said to a young man who got uneasy about his political future (he had voted to prohibit the sale of liquor, and the wise men told him he was *done for*, in the political phrase) Judge Merrimon said to him, “Now my young friend, if you want to run for Township Constable, I think that thing would hurt you very much, but if you have aspiration for anything great and grand, do not trouble yourself about it. Be patient and wait, because the patient judgments of men will always be just and right.” It is an unhealthy condition of mind that permits itself to be disturbed and restless over every little obstacle.

Now, another thing. It is not necessary that a man should exert a considerable influence over this world, or that in his life he should be a United States Senator or a Governor. The fact is that we have got a Governor in North Carolina who is just now exerting as little influence as any man in the State. If it wasn't that I am reminded every day that I see a door leading to the executive office, I should have forgotten that he had any office. That is rather a sad condition of things. Why is it so? I will not stop to inquire. I hope it will not be so in the future. But what I was going to say, is this: It is not only necessary that a man shall have character himself to make a good citizen, but shall have enough force behind that character to impress itself upon the community in which he lives. There are many men in North Carolina to-day who are good citizens, that is to say, who pay their debts and taxes, but do not bother themselves about who is nominated for office. If a question comes up in their community, affecting its material or moral interests, they put their hands in their pockets and say like Gallio of old, "we care nothing for those things, we have our families to look after." If they are merchants, they say, "we have our customers to look after, we don't care about these questions." If lawyers, they say, "now our clients take different views of these matters." Now my young friends, such are not sound, strong citizens.

It was said to me by a gentleman in North Carolina some time ago, speaking of one of the best men we had, Judge Joseph J. Davis, "There never arose an issue in the little town in which he lived, that he did not take an active interest in it. No matter what it was, no body had to wait to find out his opinion, because he had at once arrayed himself on the side of right and put his character in the scales." I tell you I have very little sympathy with men who sit about in their stores and offices and on the streets and whittle goods-boxes and the like, who are always talking

about the bad men in their town government, and those who are not the right sort to make aldermen, and this and that always wrong; yet when you call a meeting to get the expressions of the best and highest citizens in the town you never find them there. It is not necessary, and I do not advise you, to be politicians, in the sense that you should enter into the scramble for office, except in so far as it gives you an opportunity to discharge high and responsible duties. In that sense there is a great deal in it. It is not necessary for every man to enter into political life in that sense, but it is necessary when you get twenty-one years old and you get what of course all students are going to get, an education, to be true to the State and the community in which you live, and every time an issue comes up in your town, if nothing more than opening a new street, if it affects the health, the moral, the mental, or any other interest of your town, make up your mind what your duty is and be active. And then you have been a sane citizen. I did not come here to tell you anything new, my young friends, but there is another thing. Be conservative, and what conservatism means is this: it does not mean to be an old foggy about things, but being conservative is always to do this: first, find the condition in which the subject matter of any proposition is; find out its past; if any evil incrustation has grown up around it which demands to be stricken from it, go to work and strike it off, but do not destroy the thing itself. That is one serious trouble in American life, we have not enough reverence for the past. I think it was Burke who said that the great strength of the English people lay in the fact that they never cut loose from their past. They took that which was and made it the basis of that which was to be. You see a striking example of the contrary in the conduct of the French. When things don't suit them the first thing they do is to cut off the heads of the king and of a number of other people, and then some idealist fixes up a scheme of gov-

ernment, ill-suited, and they undertake to fit it on to their body politic, and the last condition is about as bad as the first. The Englishman does not do anything of that kind. When he finds that a certain unhealthy condition exists, he destroys the condition but not the government. As Tennyson says :

“May freedom’s oak for ever live
With stronger life from day to day ;
That man’s the best conservative
Who lops the molded branch away.”

It is to preserve the trunk, the germ, the thing. Knock off the dead branches, and growth that is not healthy. As an illustration of this, we felt, and we feel, that we have a growth, something that is not natural, that would not have been there if wisdom and sanity and sound statesmanship had been there ; something that has been fixed to the body politic, and in the interest of the thing itself, and for the preservation of the best there is in the State, we cut it off and separate it from ourselves. We get rid of the body of this death that has been hanging upon us. That is conservatism, not radicalism. I say to you that it was the most intense conservatism in the General Assembly of North Carolina that fought day and night for the Constitutional Amendment which will be submitted to the people of North Carolina. It is not radicalism. It was the conservative element in that body that produced that document and it was by labor and effort that the people of North Carolina will never know. That document, whether it will be indorsed by the people of North Carolina, it will not be for me to say, but it was wrought by men with tears in their eyes. I saw men wrestling with what they thought to be duty to themselves, on the one hand and duty to the State on the other. That was generous and manly citizenship. We need that.

Your Historical Society is doing a great and noble work in unveiling the records of the past that you may see what

has been done by the good men of North Carolina, that you may learn and preserve that which is worth having and saving. It is by conserving and preserving the best of that which is, as the basis of building up the best and highest which is to be. That is wise, sane, conservative.

Now I have taken up more of your time than I intended. I confess that this is a subject in which I am deeply interested. I know that you, young men, whose minds and hearts are being stimulated day by day, feel an interest in it. I know that these thoughts, whether you agree with me or not, are of interest to you, and I have taken the occasion to avail myself of your kindness to say this much. But let us all remember that in addition to, and as the complement of, these things, that the highest and best standard of citizenship is always measured by a faith in God and man. I have no confidence in the political purity and welfare of any community that is not based upon Christian manhood. You need not talk to me about a man's having faith in man, who has not faith in God. It can't be. I think it is Benjamin Kidd who says that the work of the people who have done anything for the upbuilding of their State, is based upon a recognition of a supernatural power, something divine. We should, in dealing with these questions, remember always, not that we should in any sense, or under any circumstances, pass the line which the wisdom of the fathers and the experience of the past have shown us, in respect to the mingling of the affairs of church and State. But the difference between the preservation of Christian manhood, and the mingling of church and State, is as far removed as day and night. Cultivate these virtues of manhood and citizenship, but remember always that the basis upon which thy are to be built, and the only safe basis upon which the individual or political life of the community can be founded, is the recognition of the great truths taught us by God himself, an implicit faith in God and man. Do that, and then wisely abide by the experiences

of the past, a recognition of not only the present conditions by which all interests are to be harmonized, to be made work for the glory of the State. Then, and not till then, may we hope that this grand old commonwealth may take her place beside others of her most prosperous sisters in the community of States, that we may exert our influence in the affairs of the nation; when these new problems shall be for us to deal with, we may be enabled the better to take our stand beside them and move along side by side with them in a national sense, in working out the problem upon which the hopes of the whole human race depend because as the history of this great republic soon is to be written for the next century, so I believe the history of the whole human race will be written. So it has been given to us to carry the light of Christian civilization, wherē, I do not know, but wheresoever His hand points and guides and directs it is our duty to go.



A COMEDY OF THE GOAL.

BY H. M. NORTH.

PREFACE.

The critics are not at all agreed as to the date of the composition of this play. Some think that it is the author's masterpiece, and for that reason place it as the very last of his productions, claiming that it is the culmination of the development of his powers as a dramatist. Internal evidence also favors a late date; for instance, the mention made of the battle-field of Cardenas. And also the use of certain slang terms and profane expressions which were not known until the coming of the Spaniards. But those holding to an earlier date claim that there is even more evidence in their favor. One critic says that he saw it acted in the Globe warehouse when he was quite a boy. The age of this man is not known, but he is thought to have been born during the administration of Madison. These critics go on to say that the style and character of the verse is crude, and call especial attention to the "rhyme-tag" which is never used in those works that we know were of a later date. Possibly the best evidence in support of an early date is an old copy of the *Babylonian Herald*, in which a column is taken up with a discussion of the merits of the play which had just appeared. But this overshoots the mark in that it places the time of composition just seventeen years before the birth of the author. Finally there are those that hold that it was never *composed* at all, but only happened. These men, however, belong to the school of extremists, and of course their opinion has but little weight.

As to the source of the plot. It is almost universally agreed that it is from observation and the distorted imagination of the author.

The duration of action of the play varies adversely with the seasons, being two hours in the winter and three in the summer. The reason of this is that eggs are more abundant in the warmer months, so that the audience may use them in preventing the performance.

Whatever else may be said about this work, it is certain that it is a great contribution to the literature of this age. It deserves to take its stand with such works as "The African Count," "The Singing Sign Post," and "What the World Believes."

As to the disputed points, the reader must decide for himself. We know, however, beyond doubt, that the play has reached its eighth edition.—
EDITOR.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

The Members of the Visiting Team.

The Members of the Home Team.

College Students.

Spectators.

Ugly Dan, the Janitor.
Managers of the Teams.
Substitutes.

SCENE: The College and Park.

ACT FIRST.

SCENE I.

[*The morning before the game. The college guest-chamber. Enter Janitor followed by visiting team, carrying bundles, valises, etc.*]

CAPTAIN (*to Janitor*).

Thou son of darkness, tell us now thy name;
For thou art darkest sun that ever rose.

JANITOR.

An 't please you, sir, they call me ugly Dan,
A very worthy name as I might say.

CAPTAIN.

Well, go thou, Dan, and bring some water straight,
To lave our dusty countenance withal,
Before I crush that ancient, greasy hat,
That sits awry above thy grinning face.

JANITOR. Anon, anon, I'll come again in haste,
Or ever you can tell a half a score.

[*Exit Janitor.*]

FIRST PLAYER.

The hostile team did practice on the heath,
Displaying each his form with agile show,
While we were walking hither from the town.
They seem to have the pitch of health and strength,
Most fearsome now it is to see them play.

SECOND PLAYER.

Cheer up, my lad, and swallow down your fear;
We'll bid defiance to their strength, and wear
The lion's look above the chicken's heart.

FULL BACK.

A sorry team, I say, a sorry team!
 It seems the running gear of evil luck;
 Some as thin as Pharoah's starving kine,
 And one there was for very fright did quake,
 Each knee forlornly smote against his fellow.
 A very Freshman band, or like to Preps;
 An' we do not o'ercome with half our force,
 I'll foot it homeward i' the dead of night.
 [*Enter Janitor with water, soap and towels.*]

JANITOR.

Good, my sir, here's soap to bathe your face,
 And towels for the man with shaggy locks,
 And water for the homely one just there,
 Though much it seems he needs to use them all.

HALF BACK (*throwing chair at Janitor*).

Avaunt, thou prating offspring of the night!
 [*Exit Janitor and Manager.*]
 [*Some of the players bathe, some do not.*]

RIGHT TACKLE.

'Tis now full noon and past the dinner hour;
 The inner nature craves some sustenance;
 Marry and we should better enter in,
 To find the bill of lading for the day.

MANAGER (*coming in from dining-room*).

Beshrew me now if any one shall dine,
 For I have just returned from out the hall,
 Where they commend us to a strange repast,
 Befitting more or rav'nous beast than man.

CAPTAIN.

What deep suggestions bring this angry tone?
 Was there a drug or charm within the dish?

MANAGER.

Aye and worse; take down upon the list
 The items of the feast while I discourse.

CAPTAIN (*with pencil*).

Call them forth and I will mark them down.

MANAGER.

A steak from twenty-summered beef there was,
That wintered near Cardenas' battle plain;
The pale-faced loaf that stood on end hard by
Had naught of leaven to expand its sides;
A bowl of grease, as clear as Fundy's Bay,
Sat grinning at a turnip's verdant top;
The coffee-pot in sheerest weakness stood
With arms akimbo, holding both his sides.
There was no sack nor fowl nor any fruit,
But union butter guarded all the board.

LEFT TACKLE.

Why call you butter by that pseudonym?
Were there so many sorts conjoined in one?

MANAGER.

A plague upon a silly-pated fool,
Dost thou not know in union there is strength.

CAPTAIN.

'Tis passing strange that they should serve us thus,
And we have tasted nought of food since morn,
It likes me not at all; a ruse it seems
To win by foulest means the unplayed game.

MANAGER.

Who cares to dine on day so great as this,
When high and low are calling to the fray.
Let each man handle well the ball,
And the game is ours ere evening fall.

[*Exeunt all to the field, giving yell.*]

SCENE II.

[*Before the game. Room in college building. Enter Captain in uniform.*]

CAPTAIN (*of Home Team*).

Not to have the cigarette or sack,
Deprived of what the palate deems the best,
To run the track to scrimmage and to bathe,
This the most prosaic part of all.
For three score days we've all been fleshed on beef,
To make us clamor for the coming game;
Almost my suff'ring patience is spent,
To train, to train, to train but for a day,
And then perchance to lose the game,
And hasten homeward, hissed by mocking crowds,
The very crowds you tried in vain to please,
Who have no gratitude; as thankless hounds
That rav'nous rend the master's kindly hand,
That stretches forth to them the daily food.
But why do not the players come to time?
By all the pipers some may lose their place!

[*Enter Home Team in uniform, followed by a half dozen Freshmen.*]

FRESHMAN.

I've just returned from off the foot-ball field,
Where now the opposing team is drawn for play.

CAPTAIN.

How now, Freshman! How appear the team?
Do they with show of confidence come on?

FRESHMAN.

As warriors gird them for the fray, and haste
With ever quick'ning tread to meet the foe,
So come they on, impatient for the hour.

CAPTAIN.

Their eyes, you worthless scamp, how look their eyes?

FRESHMAN.

Like hissing, crawling, serpents' vengeful orbs,
Their sanguine eyes do flash with seeming fire.

CAPTAIN.

Are all arrayed for war, in armoured dress,
Or more in pleasure's flaunting garb attired?

FRESHMAN.

For strife with visored nose and cleated foot,
And body clad in jerkin gory red,
By churls and vulgar tongues clept a sweater.

HALF BACK (*trembling*).

I would the game could be of milder form,
This custom savours much of savage sport.
And even now it fears me for the time.

CENTER RUSH.

I've heard it said that in the Northern games,
Where teams contend for doubtful mastery,
That life is held to them as little worth,
And broken limbs and hair uprooted from
The scalp are common heritage of all,
So beastly and so bloody is the game.

FULL BACK.

I' faith 'tis so, for I thus once engaged,
Nor storm nor Spanish war could be more rude.

RIGHT TACKLE.

I marvel much that you returned alive.

CAPTAIN.

What make of ball is there to start the game,
And such a puissant team to cope withal?

HALF BACK.

A goodly ball from skin of year-old pig,
That battened on the mast in Harnett's wild,
And on the dark of moon was slain and drawn,

And by the hand the pelt was shaped and stitched ;
That every sign and season he observed,
And all the elements mixed with greatest care.

CAPTAIN.

Is there no song to whet our courage up?
For where the pipe and sherris are forbid,
A tune will course along the fibered nerves
Of men, and fit them for the royal game.

FRESHMAN.

An' it please you all, I know a simple lay,
The self was sung on Rugby's famous field.

LEFT TACKLE.

Silence all, the song, my boy, the song,
No one shall stir while you discourse the words.

FRESHMAN (*sings*).

A cloudless sky,
An eager air,
A grand-stand full,
An umpire fair ;
The conflict enter,
Call the time,
Rush the center,
Force the line ;
Bravely thus 'til the conflict's done,
Bravely thus 'til the game is won,
With joyful shout
The yell rings out,
And then and then away for feast and fun.

CAPTAIN.

Well sung, my boy, for one of unripe years,
I, too, had once the mellow, soothing voice,
But age hath coldly locked it in my jaws.

LEFT TACKLE.

But hark, the college clock is striking two,
Her slender hand a revolution lacks
To point us to the fatal hour of strife.

CAPTAIN.

What preparation is there yet to make?

CENTER RUSH.

There's naught, my liege, for all was done ere noon.
The game now stands on expectation's toe,
And Fresh. and Soph. are gathered on the field.

MANAGER.

Then go we out to play like men,
And win or ne'er give yell again.

[*Exeunt all for the field.*]

ACT SECOND.

SCENE I.

[*The game is just over. Each side claims the victory, because of unfair advantage taken by the other team. Slugging and angry words were resorted to in every direction. The players retire in confusion from the field, carrying with them several of their wounded and bleeding companions. The crowd follows, as it always does. All enter a vacant lot in front of the college building.*]

CAPTAIN (*of Visiting Team*).

Zounds, but the game is ours and fairly won,
For they with iron heel upraised on high,
In vilest manner trod upon our men,
Downfallen i' the thickest of the fight.

FIRST SPECTATOR.

I saw thy Full Back drive upon a man,
And slug him i' the face, a bloody stroke,
That caused the stars to fall about his head.

FULL BACK (*Visiting Team*).

If thou hadst less of tongue and more of eyes,
It would better serve thy mother's only son,
Who now doth warp the vision's normal trend.
He slugged me that I had seized the ball,
I slugged him that he did strike at me,
This the only violence I have used.

SECOND SPECTATOR.

But thou didst pass the ball a forward thrust,
To gain by unfair means the distant goal,
And cursed with loudest mouth the umpire's word.

CAPTAIN (*Home Team*).

I mainly broke through line of twelve good men,
And then did lie headlong upon the ball.

MANAGER (*Visiting Team*).

Aye sure didst *lie*, but not upon the ball,
But i' the face of most apparent fact,
For there were not twelve men upon the field.

SPECTATORS.

Out, out, thou thieving dotard, out!
We'll show thee how accuse the best of men,
Now seize him, lads, and drive him driv'ling hence.

[*The spectators rush upon him. A rough-and-tumble fight ensues. The visitors depart, followed by stones, bricks, and the curses of the crowd. Each declares for vengeance against the other. The Home Team gathers around their captain.*]

CAPTAIN (*Home Team*).

And now, my lads, the day is waning fast,
And Saturn's disk is hanging tree-top high;
The coolish evening air with chilly touch
Commands us all to seek the glowing hearth,
Where wine wassail, jest and song,
Shall cheer the heart the whole night long.

[*Exeunt, giving yell.*]

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

BY E. F. HINES.

Village and country life has truly been a nursery of American literature. It is not in the din and hurly-burly of the busy city as it hurries to and fro with its work, but in some sequestered place where murmurs the brook and sing the merry birds, where nature is alive, that we are to look for the poet. Life in such a place is so free and genuine that it is conducive to poetic genius. The village life of a quarter of a century ago in the middle west has already brought forth its representative. It has nurtured a youth—James Whitcomb Riley—whose name has a sure place in literature and still more lasting place in the hearts of our people. The farms and villages of long ago have formed the nucleus of our present cities, and as these are knitted together by railroads and telephones, the pleasures of the urban population will be had in the country. This will be a death blow to dialect and a provincialism, and it will obliterate the genuineness and simplicity of the humanity of the rural districts, and though these be a thing of the past in reality, yet they live in the verse of the Hoosier poet.

Mr. Riley's father was a lawyer of large practice. He regarded his son Jim as a great case, and for this reason wished him to study law. He was fond of having the little fellow with him, and thus he spent much time at the courts, and this partially accounts for the poet's familiarity with the language and the habits of the people around such places. Mr. Riley tried to study law, but was not made for a lawyer, for he found no poetry in Blackstone. He became a painter and perhaps would have made a good artist had he not given up this and become a common sign painter. He did not like this trade, so he ran away and joined a pageant wagon troupe and travelled through the sparsely settled regions of Indiana and Illinois. He became a poet from sheer necessity, for he found it difficult to get good original material to recite, so he

determined to write some himself, and from this determination came "When the Frost is on the Pumpkin," and other of his earliest poems, which he recited from this wagon. He did not accumulate wealth in any of his vocations, and yet he obtained an experience, he learned the language and manners of men, and from this experience and knowledge as a fountain-head, pours forth his elegant verse for the delight of his countrymen.

He finally abandoned the pageant wagon and determined to devote himself to literature. He settled down in his home—26 Lockerbie street, Indianapolis, Indiana—a large two-story brick house that stands back in a terraced yard, surrounded by a pretty iron fence and beautified by iron and stone vases. Those who read his poems well remember the familiar lines—

"Such a dear little street it is, nestled away
From the noise of the city and heat of the day,
In cool shady coverts of whispering trees,
With their leaves lifted up to shake hands with the breeze,
Which in all its wide wanderings never may meet
With a resting place fairer than Lockerbie Street !

"There such a relief from the clangor and din
Of the heart of the town, to go loitering in
Through the dim narrow walks, with the sheltering shade
Of the trees waving over the long promenade,
And lettering lightly the ways of our feet
With the gold of the sunshine of Lockerbie Street."

Several years ago, at an evening party given at the White House by President and Mrs. Cleveland, Riley recited before a large company, including not only the President's family, but also many American statesmen and famous writers. His first public appearance in New York City was at Chickering Hall in the early eighties, which meant immediate success to him. At his first appearance in Boston, a large and cultured audience gathered at Tremont Temple to hear the Hoosier poet. As usual, he was pale with fright before he began to recite, but he entirely lost himself in his poem and the appreciative audience gave an outburst of enthusiasm. One sees

himself so plainly reflected in Mr. Riley's poems that he is at once drawn to the author. A few days before his appearance in Boston, he returned to his birth place, Greenfield, where he had spent childhood; this was an epoch in his life. He was met at the station by the old "Saxhorn Brass Band" and welcomed by many of the living characters represented in his poems and with whom the world is familiar through his verse. The band played "Hail to the Chief" as he responded to the chorus "Howdy, Jim." In the little town he is still known and loved as "Jim." What greater triumph could a man desire than to be welcomed back to his childhood home after a long absence and to be hailed with honor and love.

Whether we regard Mr. Riley as a poet or not, no less a man than Oliver Wendell Holmes says: "James Whitcomb Riley is nothing short of a born poet and a veritable genius. I think he is a later Hosea Biglow, quite as original as the latter and more versatile in certain respects. I own a good deal of enthusiasm for this later product of Indiana soil, this delineator of lowly humanity, who sings with so much fervor, pathos, humor and grace." William Dean Howells says: "The fact is, our Hoosier Poet has found lodgement in people's love, which is a much safer place for any poet than their admiration. What he has said of very common aspects of life has endeared him; you feel, in reading his verse, that there is one of the honestest souls that ever uttered itself in that way, and that he is true to what we all know because he has known it, and not because he has just verified it by close observation."

Mr. Riley has been called the "Burns of America." He is a poet of the soil, and one who sings sweetly of childhood, of humanity at large, of nature, and of simple emotions. He—as Burns—sings in the homely language of his own people. The western villages lack picturesque scenery, but the poet supplies the lack of scenic effects by a close study of the people. We see human nature in the farmer that comes to

town, in the people that gather at the stores to talk of politics, crops and weather; in the house-wife that goes through her routine of duties for the day as the years roll by, and all this furnishes a basis for literature. It is a striking fact that Mr. Riley, in all of his works, has never drawn a villain nor used the sharp-edge of satire. It is quite singular that the Hoosier poet, who has so kindly sung *for* children and so tenderly and sympathetically *of* children, has none of his own. It is difficult to think of the author of "That Old Sweetheart of Mine" as a bachelor. It may be, as a looker on, he has seen only the tender, sweet side, whereas, had he experienced it, this sweetness might have been dimmed by the reality.

Though our poet has the plaudits of the nation, yet it has not turned his head. It is one of his pleasures to stroll down the street about four o'clock in the afternoon and chat with his old friends. It is not only the exalted, but the humble laborer as well, that finds a place in the verse of our author. It is gratifying to see this spirit manifested in the literature of our day.

It is indeed a pleasure, when the day's work is ended and one is tired and weary, to take a volume of Riley's poetry and read and re-read some of his poems. They bring back so vividly one's experiences and scenes of childhood,

"When life was like a story holding neither sob nor sigh."

Though Riley writes of every-day themes from the standpoint of a common man, yet there is deep and pure sympathy, there are the tenderest sentiments of life, in his poetry.

"My mother she's so good to me,
Ef I was good as I could be,
I couldn't be as good—no, sir!—
Can't any boy be good as her!"

His philosophy is not modelled after Plato's or Aristotle's.

"I ain't, ner don't p'tend to be
Much posted on philosophy;
But there is times when all alone
I work out idees of my own.

* * * * *

My doctern is to lay aside
 Contentions and be satisfied.
 Jest do yer best, and praise or blame
 That follers that, counts jest the same."

What boy has not gained the following information by
 experience:

"You better not fool with a Bumble-bee !—
 Ef you don't think they can sting—you'll see !
 They 're lazy to look at, an' kind o' go
 Buzzin' an' aroun' so slow,
 An' ac' so slouchy an' all fagged out,
 Danglin' their legs as they drone about.

* * * * *

Wunst I watched one climb clear 'way
 In a jim'son-blossom, I did, one day,—
 An' I ist grabbed it—an' nen let go—

* * * * *

They has been folks, I guess,
 'At thought I wuz prejudust, more er less,
 Yet I still maintain 'at a Bumble-bee
 Wears out his welcome too quick fer me !"

How well do some of us remember :

Oh! the old swimmin'-hole! In the happy days of yore,
 When I ust to lean above it on the old sickamore,
 Oh; it showed to me a face in its warm sunny tide
 That gazed back at me so gay and glorified,
 It makes me love myself, as I leaped to caress
 My shadder smilin' up at me with such tendernes.

Oh! the old swimmin' hole! In the long, lazy days
 When the hum-drum of school made so many run-a-ways,
 How pleasant was the journey down the old dusty lane
 When the tracks of our bare feet was all printed so plane
 You could tell by the dent of the heel and the sole
 They was lots o' fun on hands at the old smimmin'-hole,"

and,

"The Old Hay-mow's the place to play
 Fer boys, when its a rainy day!
 I good-'eal ruther be up there
 Than down in town or anywhere,
 When I play in our old stable loft,
 The good old hay's so dry an' soft,
 An' feels so fine, an' smells so sweet,
 I 'most forget to go an' eat."

and again,

“On the banks o’ Deer Crick; There’s the place for me!
 Warter slidin’ past ye jes as clair as it kin be,
 See yer shadder in it, and the shadder o’ the sky,
 And the shadder o’ the buzzard as he goes a-lazein’ by;
 Shadder of the pizen-vine, and shadder of the trees—
 And I purt’-nigh said the shadder o’ the sunshine and the breeze!
 Well, I never seen the ocean ner I never seen the sea;
 On the banks o’ Deer Crick’s grand enough fer me!”

Among such a variety of styles as characterizes Riley’s poetry it is impossible to give anything like an adequate idea of even a single volume. Each poem seems to stand out distinct from all others, and yet there is an air which seems to underlie and distinguish every line he has ever written. I close with a verse from the “Iron Horse” which is considered a model of pure poetic expression :

“Then stretch away, my gallant steed!
 Thy mission is a noble one:
 You bear the father to the son,
 And sweet relief to bitter need.
 You bear the stranger to his friends,
 You bear the pilgrim to the shrine,
 And back again the prayer he sends
 That God will prosper me and mine.
 The star that on thy forehead gleams
 Has blossomed in our brightest dreams;
 Then speed thee on thy glorious race!
 The mother waits thy ringing pace;
 The father leans an anxious ear
 The thunder of thy hoofs to hear,
 The lover listens far away,
 To catch thy keen, exultant neigh;
 And where thy breathings roll and rise,
 The husband strains his eager eyes,
 And laugh of wife and baby glee
 Ring out to greet and welcome thee.
 Then stretch away! and when at last
 The master’s hand shall gently check
 Thy mighty speed and hold thee fast,
 The world will pat thee on the neck.

Life is the more tolerable, the more full of learned sympathy, and thereby of joy and value, for the very existence of such a man.



D. W. NEWSOM, CHIEF EDITOR.
 R. B. ETHERIDGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

It is with fear and trembling that we have tried to present our readers with a June issue of *THE ARCHIVE*. "The jingling of the guinea" has not been clear and distinct enough for us to venture where our hopes and aspirations would lead us. Still, such as we can, give we unto you, and we trust that our readers will show their appreciation of our efforts by a prompt balancing of all accounts with the Business Manager. It is not our hope to realize any heavy dividends, but it will be gratifying if we approximate expenses.

We tender our thanks to all those who have taken our work to heart and rendered us any aid. To one whose office it is to preside over the destinies of manuscript it is very gratifying to find at the close of our work about twice as much good matter as it will be possible to give place to. However, we shall take pleasure in handing the surplus over to our successors.

—•••—

Nothing has given us more keen pleasure than to watch the steady growth and progress of our college during the past year. We think we can discern a general quickening along all lines. The instruction we have received from the classroom has been most thorough, comprehensive and inspiring. The spirit which has animated the student body has been exceptionably fine and promising. We have watched with

great satisfaction the first year's work of the High School in our midst, the building up of a hearty and enthusiastic athletic spirit as the outcome of the new gymnasium, the great and continued improvement of the college grounds, but lastly, and with intense pride, do we welcome the completion of the Craven Memorial Hall. Nothing could have expressed more happily the gratitude of the Alumni of our college for the arduous, persistent and devout work of Dr. Craven, nor will anything more worthily perpetuate his memory as the years go by. Added to all this, we learn that four or five new buildings are soon to be erected. These things not only give us great cause for gratitude, but bring with them large hopes of a fuller life.

The Junior Class has elected as Editor-in-Chief of THE ARCHIVE for the next year, Mr. J. M. Flowers; as Business Manager, Mr. S. A. Stewart. We feel sure that under their management THE ARCHIVE will meet with much success. We wish for them a year of pleasant work, and trust that all those who have been our helpers will give to them the same faithful support.

In the October issue of THE ARCHIVE last year we made three prize offers, to be contested for by the Freshman, Sophomore, and Junior Classes.

(1) A prize for the best Historical article, the subject matter to be confined to North Carolina history.

(2) A prize for the best Poem, not to exceed 75 lines.

(3) A prize for the best piece of Fiction.

The Committee on Decision, consisting respectively of Dr. J. S. Bassett, Prof. Edwin Mims, and Dr. W. P. Few, has passed upon all the work done along these lines by the three above named classes, and have awarded the prizes as follows:

(1) For best Historical Article, Mr. S. A. Stewart, "Court System of North Carolina Before the Revolution."

(2) For best piece of Fiction, Mr. J. R. Cowan, "Three Chapters of a Romance."

The prize for the poem will be withheld, since in the judgment of the Committee, no poem of sufficient merit has been presented.

We congratulate Mr. Stewart and Mr. Cowan, and wish to extend to them, to the gentlemen of the Committee, and to all who have been of aid to us, our thanks and best wishes.

Last September there came from the press Mrs. D. E. Osborne's new book, "Under Golden Skies," or "In the New Eldorado." It is so seldom that North Carolina gives birth to a book, that the appearance of a literary product ought to bring great interest and enthusiasm. We have always been slow to recognize talent, and still more so to appreciate and encourage it. Mrs. Osborne's book should be read at once by all North Carolinians, not alone because it is the product of North Carolina effort, but because the book is worth reading. It is the story of a wealthy North Carolina family, and portrays North Carolina life. It contains a good deal of North Carolina history, told in an interesting way. The book will be interesting and instructive reading, especially to North Carolinians, and can be secured from the Author, Mrs. D. E. Osborne, Greensboro, N. C.

RECORDS OF TRINITY BALL PLAYERS.

For Season of 1899.

The record of each player for the season is given under these heads: The number of times at bat, number of games played in, base hits, number of times made first base, number put-outs made, number of assists made, and number of errors. Passed balls and wild throws not included under errors:

	A. B.	B. H.	R.	P. O.	A.	I B.	E.	G.
Jordan,	75	34	26	26	24	49	9	17
Person,	64	21	13	11	21	31	4	16
Lambert,	79	25	24	49	35	39	13	17
Card,	67	21	18	23	3	29	0	16
Anderson,	66	19	13	16	29	27	15	15
McAfee,	52	12	11	11	13	17	2	13
Smith,	81	21	21	101	30	32	6	17
Flowers,	53	12	7	18	4	18	5	15
Nicholson,	60	12	5	130	8	15	9	15
Mims,	19	5	1	4	7	6	1	6
North,	12	4	2	14	0	4	1	3

At Durham, N. C., March 9, 1899: Horner's School vs. Trinity—Horner 0, Trinity 10.

At Durham, N. C., March 20: Mebane vs. Trinity—Mebane 0, Trinity 16.

At Durham, N. C., March 29: Lafayette vs. Trinity—Lafayette 9, Trinity 10.

At Durham, N. C., March 30: Lafayette vs. Trinity—Lafayette 6, Trinity 5.

March 31st: At Durham—Boston vs. Trinity—Boston 11, Trinity 4; April 2nd: Boston 16, Trinity 5; April 3rd: Boston 11, Trinity 1; April 5th: Boston 19, Trinity 1.

At Athens, Ga., April 10, 1899: Georgia 2, Trinity 5; At Athens, Ga., April 11: Georgia 2, Trinity 8.

At Atlanta, April 12: Firemen 4, Trinity 11.

At Macon, April 13: Mercer University 5, Trinity 4; at Macon, April 14: Mercer University 4, Trinity 8.

At Augusta, April 15: Y. M. C. A., 8, Trinity 11.

At Durham, April 20: Roanoke College 1, Trinity 17.

At Durham, April 21. University of Maryland 0, Trinity 6.

At Durham, April 29: Wake Forest College 0, Trinity 9.

At Charlottesville. Va., only four innings played.



J. H. BARNHARDT,

MANAGER.

Rev. W. C. Tyree, Pastor of the First Baptist Church, gave us an excellent talk the first Sunday in May. We are always glad to have Mr. Tyree speak to us. He is interested in the christian work of our College, and we are glad for the inspiration he has given us.

* * *

A "Summer School Rally" was held on May 14th. It was a union meeting—the two Y. M. C. A's and the Y. W. C. A. meeting together. The attendance was good and the meeting enthusiastic. Messrs. W. J. and J. A. Ramsey were present and led the singing. Several addresses were made, and Mr. Newsom read an excellent paper written by Miss Elias. No doubt much good was done in preparing the way for a large delegation at the Summer school in June.

* * *

Mr. S. A. Stewart, the President of our Association, was recently called home by the death of his brother. Our sympathies and prayers are extended to him in the hour of bereavement. We were glad to see him back after a few days' absence.

* * *

At a business meeting of the Y. M. C. A. recently, the following gentlemen were elected delegates to the Summer school, which meets at Asheville in June: S. A. Stewart, R. Webb, J. M. Culbreth, J. M. Flowers, J. M. Ormand, and E. S. Yarborough. Alternates: C. M. Lance, J. C. Blanchard, D. D. Peele, and W. A. Sessoms. The committee certainly

made no mistake in selecting these men. They are all active men and good workers, and will represent our Association well at the conference. Those of us who stay at home should not forget to pray for the boys who go to represent us. May they receive that training and inspiration which will enable them to carry on the work next year in such a way as to reach every boy in college.





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